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July 9, 1938

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Collier's

THE NATIONA KLY

Coal Black and the Seven Dwarfs

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July 9, 1938

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ORIGINAL FORMULA
Hiram Walker's
NINETY PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
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90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

Frank Hawks

FAMOUS AIR ACE, CALLS THIS

"ACE SERVICE"

WHEN IT'S YOUR SERVE, treat your guests to the ace of Summer 'coolers'... a foamy, icy Silver Fizz. And pick your drink-mixing partner from the gins that have won the national taste tournament year after year. The score shows that America buys more Hiram Walker Gins than any other kind!

HOW TO SERVE

Silver Fizzes

FOR TWO

Juice of 2 Lemons
2 Tbspns. Powdered Sugar
*3 ozs. Hiram Walker's Gin**
Whites of 2 Eggs

Put ingredients in shaker, adding egg whites last. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and fill up with carbonated water.

*The Silver Fizz, of all drinks, *must* be made with a smooth, perfectly balanced gin. So be sure you use Hiram Walker's. These gins are made by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniform smoothness in every bottle!

AMERICA BUYS MORE HIRAM WALKER GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

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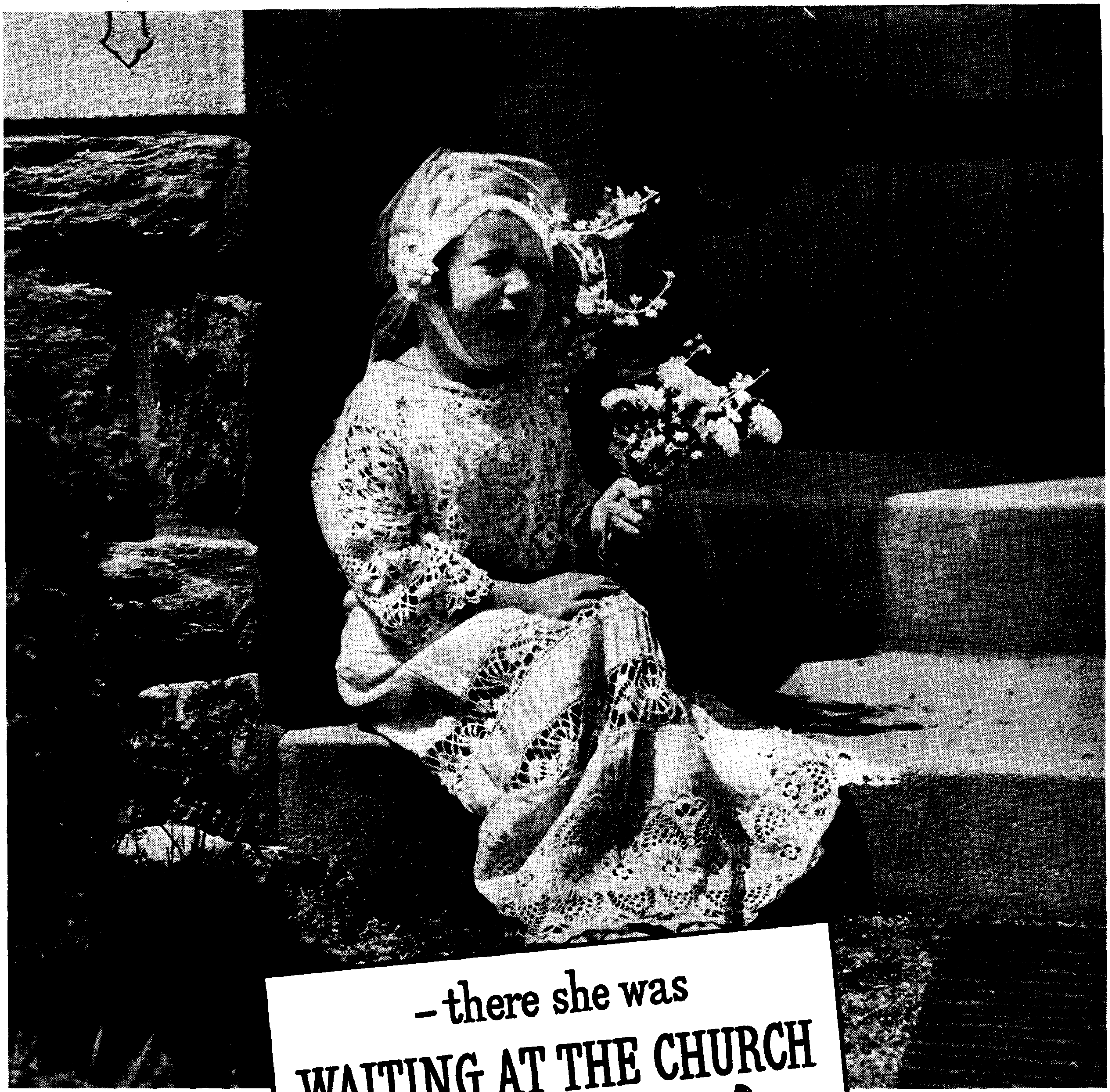

–there she was WAITING AT THE CHURCH

. . . waiting at the church because the cutest boy in the neighborhood, playing "groom" to her "bride," walked out on her—*and told her why*. Lucky little Edna, to learn so young, that halitosis (bad breath) is the fault unpardonable. Later in life, radiant, beautiful, sought after, she always used Listerine Antiseptic to make her breath agreeable.

How's *your* breath?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that it affects everyone at some time or other—*without them knowing it*. So they often offend needlessly. At this very moment *your* breath may be questionable.

Why take the chance? Why guess? Use Listerine Antiseptic to halt food fermentation in the mouth, a major cause of breath odors. Then you will know that your breath is sweeter, purer, more agreeable. Fastidious people rinse the mouth with Listerine morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

Why don't *you* acquire this delightful mouth freshening habit? It pays rich dividends in popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

FOR HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

July 9, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editors

Next Week

MRS. ROBERT EMMET LACEY was—or believed she was—fifth cousin by marriage to Mark Twain. She gave that as the reason for buying a new summer place on the Mississippi. "I'm really doing it for Bobby's sake," she explained. "He should know Cousin Sam's river intimately."

And naturally, she knew nothing about the Dixie Belle. Thirty-eight years ago, before she crashed and got buried in the mud at Pike County Landing, the Dixie Belle had been a crack stern-wheeler. When Bobby found her she was serving as home for a group of river folk who would have rejoiced the heart of Cousin Sam. But Mrs. Lacey did not approve. Next week Frederick Hazlitt Brennan begins a magnificent story of the Mississippi, "The Honor of the Dixie Belle."

IT CAME as a shock to us to find out that there was anything the matter with baseball. We'd been under the impression that it was all right and getting on fine. Along comes Mr. Rogers Hornsby to set us right. All is by no means well, says he. Far from it. The trouble lies with the business managers who have never been players. "They get their ideas of baseball out of fiction stories," says Mr. Hornsby. And, having thus warmed up, he proceeds to put the blast on these unhappy outsiders, using a few well-chosen words and a lot of personal experiences. The article is called "Here's What I Mean."

IT WAS a funny thing that Johnny Chester, whose heart was in New Hampshire, should have become the right-hand man of Rodney Roberts, New York's biggest gambler. And it was tough on Johnny when Rodney fell in love with "A Girl Named Dora." Dora was from New Hampshire, too. It isn't often that a love story reaches its climax at the poker table, but that's what happened this time. The story is by Quentin Reynolds.

FOR four years Oswald Jacoby has stood first on the list of the First Ten in Bridge. No one in the history of the game has equaled his record. In "How to Win at Bridge," he gives you the simple principles that make vast differences in scores among players of equal skill.

WALTER DAVENPORT takes the political situation in Kentucky apart and shows you the springs that make it run. Alan LeMay, Katharine Roberts, Richard Connell, Kathleen Norris, Irwin Shaw and others supply articles and fiction.

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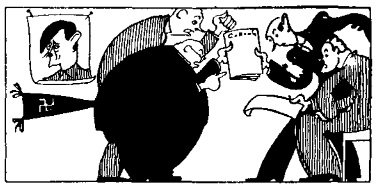
COVER JON WHITCOMB

Any Week

WE'VE had a feeling for some time that we're pretty lucky to be working for an American publication. A Dr. John Dolff Renn of Chicago, Illinois, notifies us that nothing like this could go on in his native country, Germany. "In Germany nothing but the truth about Hitler is permitted," says Dr. Renn. "You have slandered and libeled Hitler beyond our endurance. My friends met in my house with two lawyers and we have paid these lawyers to find out how you can be punished. In Germany you would not be in such danger. You would be properly instructed as to the truth. If you did not, you would be dealt with. This is the truth so you will not publish same. Heil Hitler."

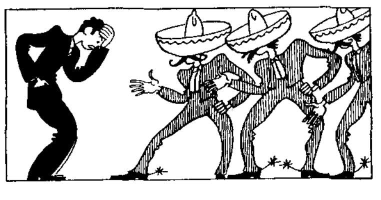


IF YOU'D care to listen to Mr. George G. Harker of Cleveland, Ohio, you'd learn that Mr. Harker doesn't think much of the way his city's affairs have been conducted. "We need a few million dollars for relief," says Mr. Harker. "We're asking the state to provide it and the state legislature goes economical on us. We appeal to Washington and Washington turns us down. Well, both the legislature and Washington are right. Industry and individuals owe Cleveland $98,000,000 in back taxes. We either haven't had the guts, hands or honesty to collect. And now the big shots who haven't paid their taxes are demanding that Roosevelt give Cleveland extra relief money so that they can devote their spare cash to defeating him because of his too-liberal relief program. But if anybody out here suggests that that $98,000,000 be collected at once to feed the jobless with, he is liable to be chased out of town for being a dirty Red. Somebody or something is screwy here."

AND Mr. R. H. Boulware of Rock Hill, South Carolina, read Cameron Shipp's "Shotgun Houses" in this magazine and didn't like it. To Mr. Boulware, Mr. Shipp "did not seem fair to give only one side of the houses while he should have given both sides. We will always have slums," goes on Mr. Boulware, "just as the Good Book says the poor will be with us always and so will shotgun houses. My dad served four years in the War between the States. He raised nine children and also had to raise high taxes in order to pay the pension dole which I have been told was seventy-five grand a month to the winners. The government apartment houses are mighty fine but the slum dwellers could not live in them. They hunted new slums and they found them in their kind brothers who were willing to share their homes."

FROM Mrs. Josephine G. Keight of Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, we learn that the Honorable Bible Bill Aberhart, the Social Credit Premier of Alberta, has quite a few brush-beaters working in his neighboring province. "They are telling us," says Mrs. Keight, "that it has been impossible to establish social credit in Alberta because Albertans are both dumb and stubborn but that it can't help being a success in Saskatchewan because we're so much smarter and more progressive. A pair of Aberhart's orators spoke to us the other night asking us how we would like to enjoy a handout of twenty-five dollars a week free of all obligations. We all said we would. They told us that all we had to do was to join Aberhart. And that done they passed the hat for gas and oil to the next town."

THERE'S nothing we can do about this except to oblige a friend. This friend of ours raises horses—Clydesdales. Having raised them he tries earnestly to sell them. But raising Clydesdales requires a lot of feed. Having lots of room on his place to raise feed, he notified the Department of Agriculture that he'd like to raise it—none for sale but all for his own animals. He received word from the department that it was all right, that he might go ahead and raise 6½ acres of feed. "So I've compromised with them without their knowing it," said our friend. "I am raising ninety acres of corn and oats. I'm depending on you to visit me in jail."



AND Mr. Jerry Blare of Clovis, New Mexico, says that he met three Mexicans who told him that they had just returned from a visit to their families in Monterrey, Mexico. Apparently things were not wholly agreeable there. "In fact," said one of them, "if this keeps up, Mexico will be as crazy as the United States."

MUST be exaggerating. W. D.

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"IT SNAPS RIGHT INTO Action!"

—*says* **MISS SALLY CARLTON**
Richmond, Va.

"Our Chrysler Royal snaps right into action. Its pickup in high gear is amazing. It leaps ahead swiftly and powerfully and gives you command in any kind of traffic. Yet it's wonderfully smooth and I love the quiet comfort of its ride. I think the Royal is beautiful and we chose it only after careful comparison. The safety features are outstanding and so is the handling ease."

CHRYSLER ROYAL $975*

5-PASSENGER TOURING BROUGHAM, READY TO DRIVE IN DETROIT
FEDERAL TAX PAID

"AND IT GIVES ME UP TO 24 MILES PER GALLON!" "In my fourth Chrysler since 1933, a Royal, I drive faster and worry less than ever before, because of its great safety features. The Gold Seal engine has everything . . . power, pickup, smoothness, economy. On a recent 240-mile trip I used exactly 10 gallons of gasoline. A beautiful car."

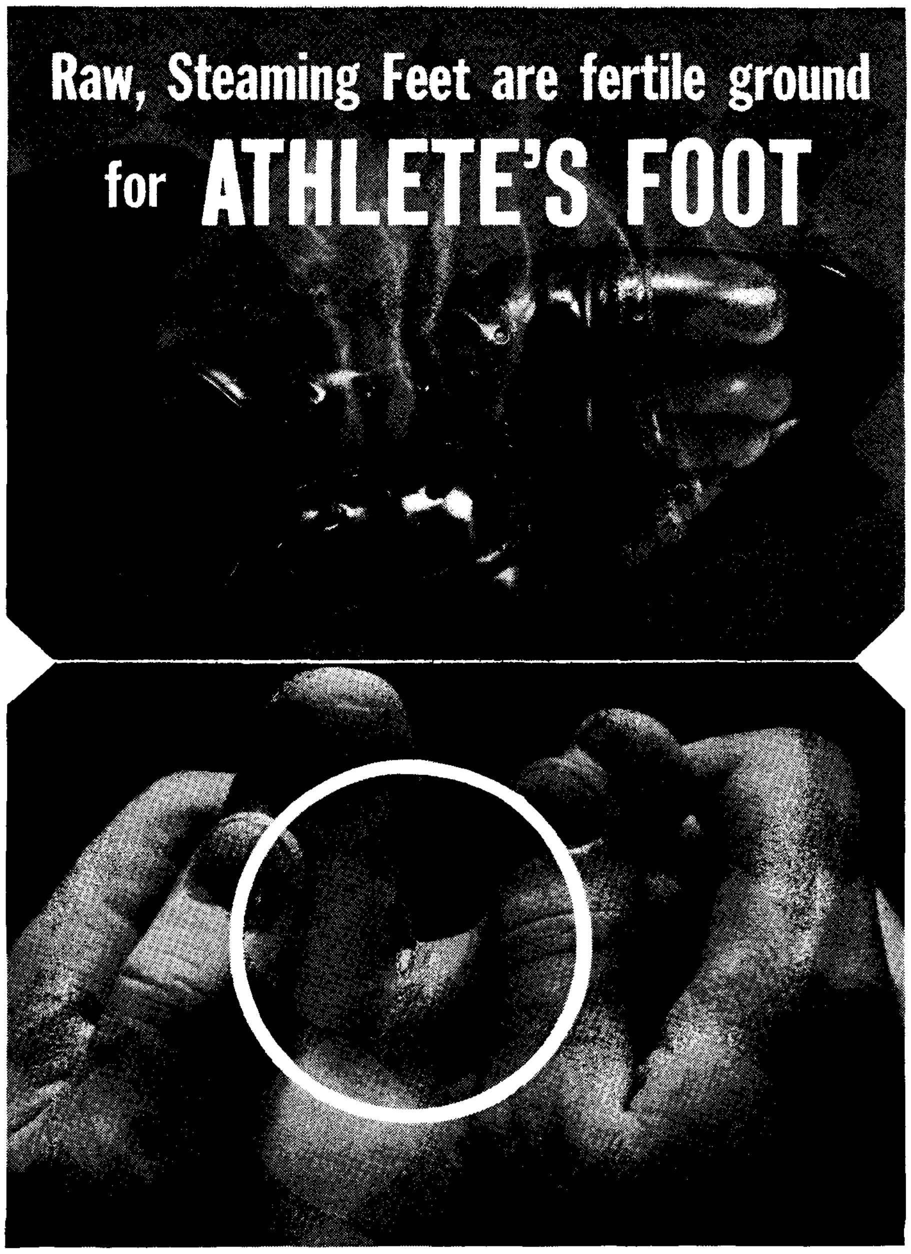
—**O. M. CHRISTIANSEN**
San Francisco, Calif.

"500 MILES A DAY IS NO WORK AT ALL!" "I drove the Royal to Florida, averaging 19 miles per gallon. Driving 500 miles a day didn't fatigue me a bit. Even my 14-year-old daughter drives it with ease. It's powerful, smooth, safe and has extraordinary room and comfort."

—**MRS. ELIZABETH K. ANDERSON**
Detroit, Mich.

*Prices ready to drive in Detroit including Federal tax. ☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . Coupe, $918. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $1010. Eight other body styles. ☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . Coupe, $1123. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $1198. Four other body styles. ☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 5 or 7-Passenger Sedan, $2295. Sedan Limousine, $2395. Prices do not include state or local taxes, if any. For delivered price in your locality, see your Chrysler dealer. ★ Tune in on **Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.**

Raw, Steaming Feet are fertile ground for ATHLETE'S FOOT



Athlete's Foot breeds on perspiration—attacks where skin is broken

Cracks between your toes are DANGEROUS—Drench them Tonight

WHEN you take off your shoes tonight—do your socks stick to your feet? Hot and damp? Look between your toes—is the hot, perspiring skin cracking open? Then watch out! Those raw, painful cracks may mean signs of Athlete's Foot!

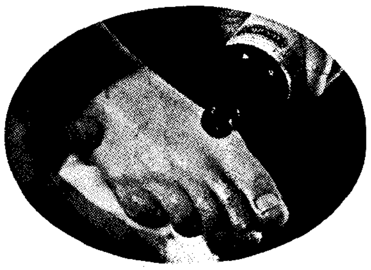
The dreaded Athlete's Foot fungus *thrives* on perspiration products. When that damp, soggy skin between your toes cracks wide open, it gets right in; bores deep into your skin and spreads. Before you know it, it has taken firm hold. Then red, itching toes, inflamed cracks, white blistery patches peeling off tell you you are another victim of stubborn Athlete's Foot.

The U. S. Public Health Service estimates 50% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time.

So tonight look between your toes! At the first sign of cracked skin, pour on Absorbine Jr.

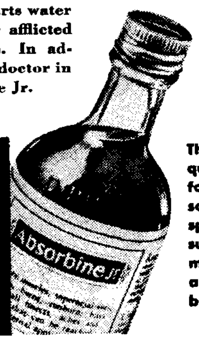
It *dries* the damp, soggy skin between the toes.
It *dissolves* the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
It *kills* Athlete's Foot fungi.
It *soothes* and helps *heal* the broken tissues.

Start treatments tonight! At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.



DIRECTIONS: Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. For supplementary treatment, place cotton saturated with one part Absorbine Jr. and three parts water between the toes or other afflicted part, and lightly bandage. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.
–Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi



The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although the average weight of the matured American lobster is about two pounds, there are records of thirteen of them that weighed more than twenty pounds each, one of which, the largest known, tipped the scales at 35 pounds. It was caught off Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, in 1897, and is on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

One Detroit automobile manufacturer has four machines for grinding and polishing plate glass, which are of such length—600 feet—that their design and construction had to allow for the curvature of the earth so they would produce glass of uniform thickness.—*By Carl Kuesthardt, New York City.*

The smallest sum of money ever spent in this country in winning a *senatorial nomination* was the two cents expended by Republican George W. Norris of Nebraska in 1924, while the largest sum was the $800,000, or forty million times as much, expended by Republican William S. Vare of Pennsylvania in 1926. Both were elected.—*By Larston D. Farrar, Atlanta, Georgia.*

Many Siamese wear "tattooed teeth," which are decorated, in a variety of colors, with swastikas, crosses, bleeding hearts, the four suits of playing cards, the initials of sweethearts, Charlie Chaplin, Mickey Mouse, and little Danny Cupid.—*By Murray Fox, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.*

The record for staying under water without a breathing device is believed to have been made by M. Pouliquen in Paris on November 3, 1912, when he submerged himself for six minutes and 29.8 seconds.

The duck hawk is the speed champion of the animal kingdom. This bird, the American variety of the peregrine falcon, has been clocked at 180 miles an hour.—*By Frank G. Menke, New York City.*

Houseflies, bees, wasps, butterflies and moths do not grow larger after emerging from their pupa or chrysalis; erupting volcanoes do not pour out flames, the "fire" being the reflection of the molten lava on a cloud of vapor; and diminutive paintings called "miniatures" do not get their *name from their size*, but from the Latin word *minium*, the red lead or cinnabar in which they once were painted exclusively.

The world's longest milk-delivery route is operated by the Dairymen's Association of Honolulu, which delivers fresh milk, via the Pan American Airways, to the islands of Midway, Wake and Guam, the last being 4,000 miles away, or farther than the distance between New York and London.—*By Willard M. Eller, Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii.*

For thousands of years, salt has been the symbol of loyalty and fidelity among many peoples. Thus "a covenant of salt," or an agreement, pledge, pact or bond of friendship ratified by a meal that includes salt, is held to be permanent, unalterable and sacred.

The sky-writing airplane, which is sometimes used to write a word a mile wide by five miles long, usually travels at a speed of 125 miles an hour at an elevation of 10,000 feet, and produces smoke at the rate of 250,000 cubic feet a second.—*By Cecile McKeand, Jackson Heights, New York.*

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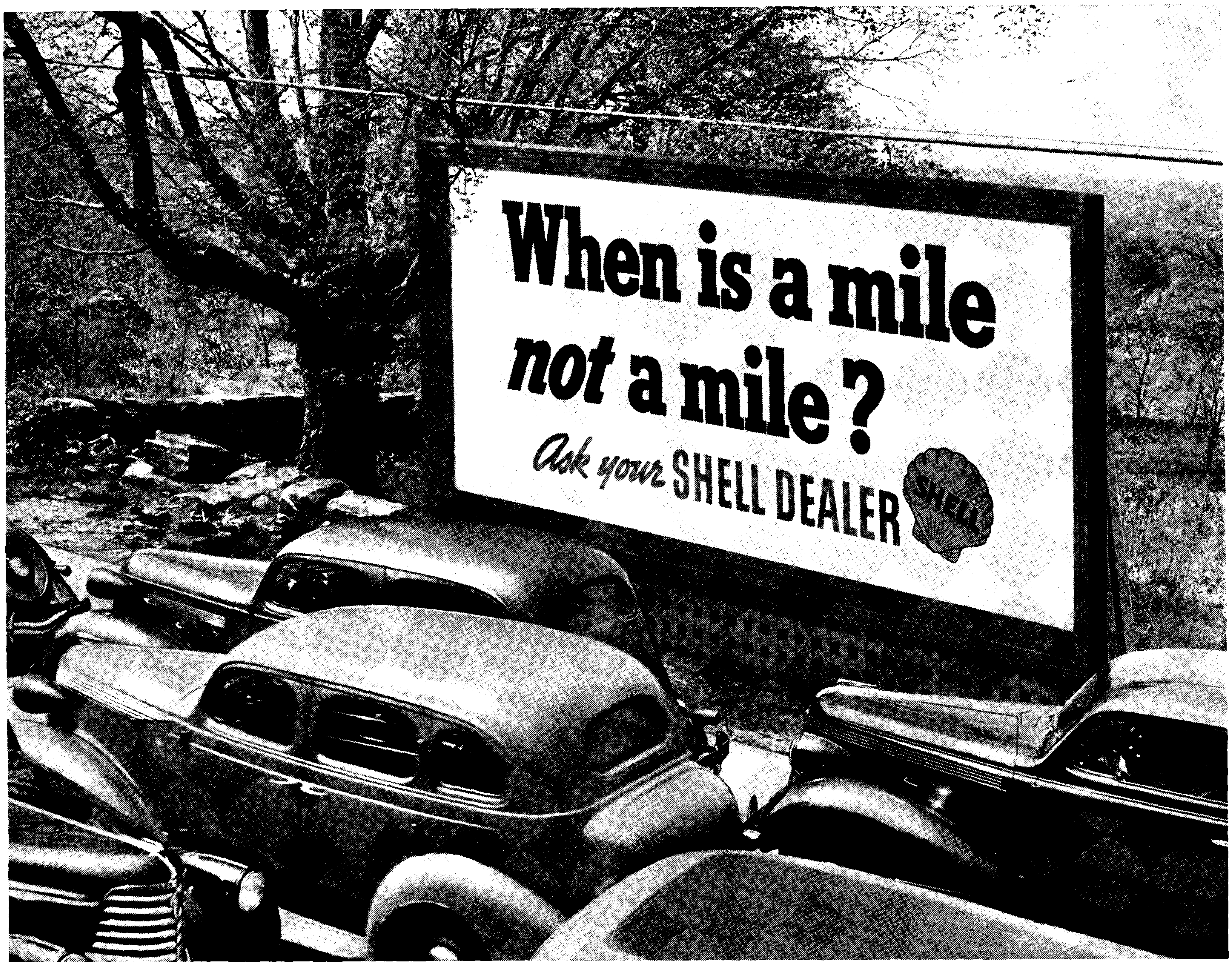


In STOP and GO, a mile STRETCHES

In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high—*uses 3 times as much gasoline*

STOP-AND-GO driving fools your speedometer—while your car is going a mile, your engine may go the equivalent of *two*.

The number of extra revolutions your engine makes depends on how many times you stop and start—how much of your driving is in low and second gears.

You can't avoid stop-and-go driving, but you can do something about its high cost.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅓ of a mile.

To cut this costly waste, they rearranged the chemical structure of gasoline. They make every drop of Super-Shell "motor digestible"—every drop usable in stop-and-go driving.

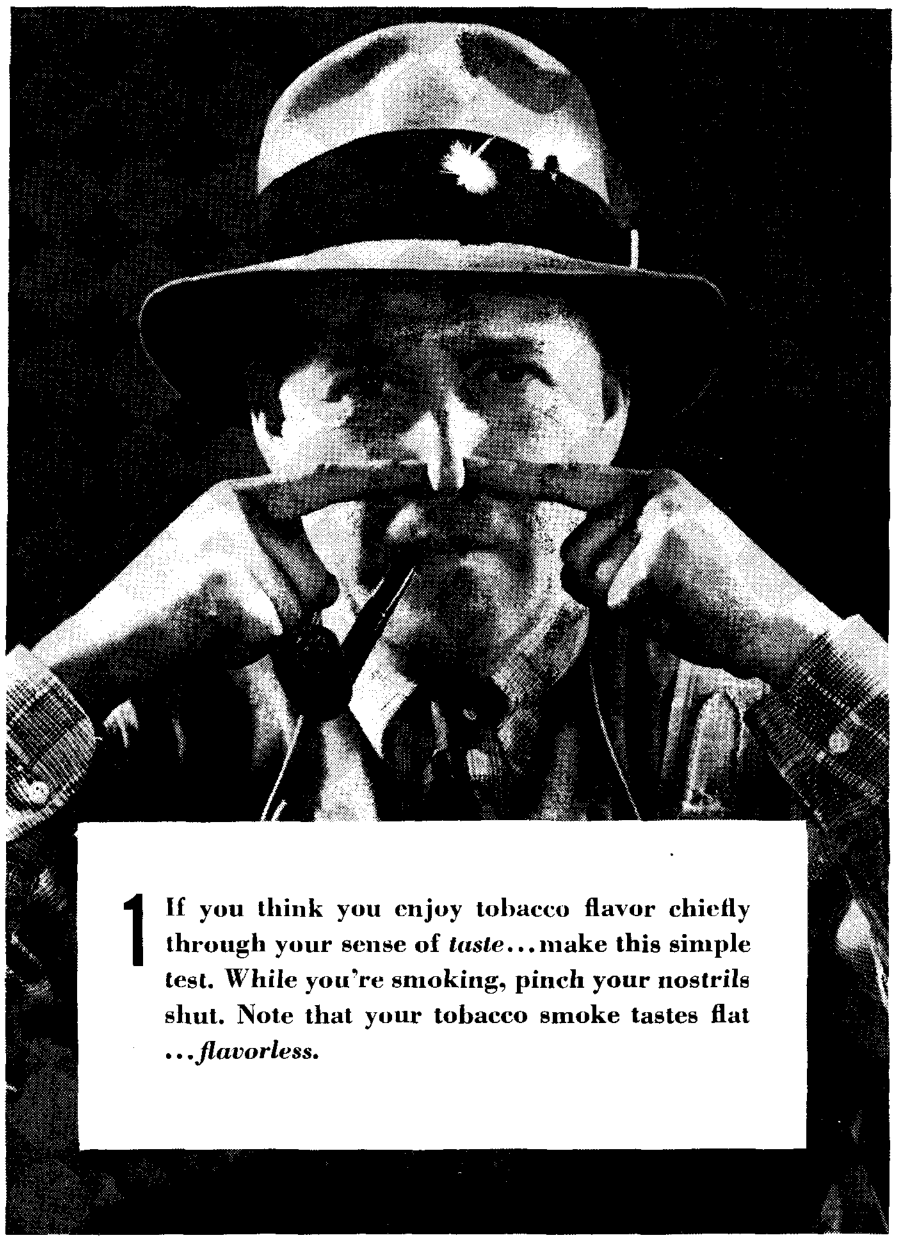
There is a Shell dealer near you. Use Super-Shell regularly and your savings count up.

SUPER-SHELL

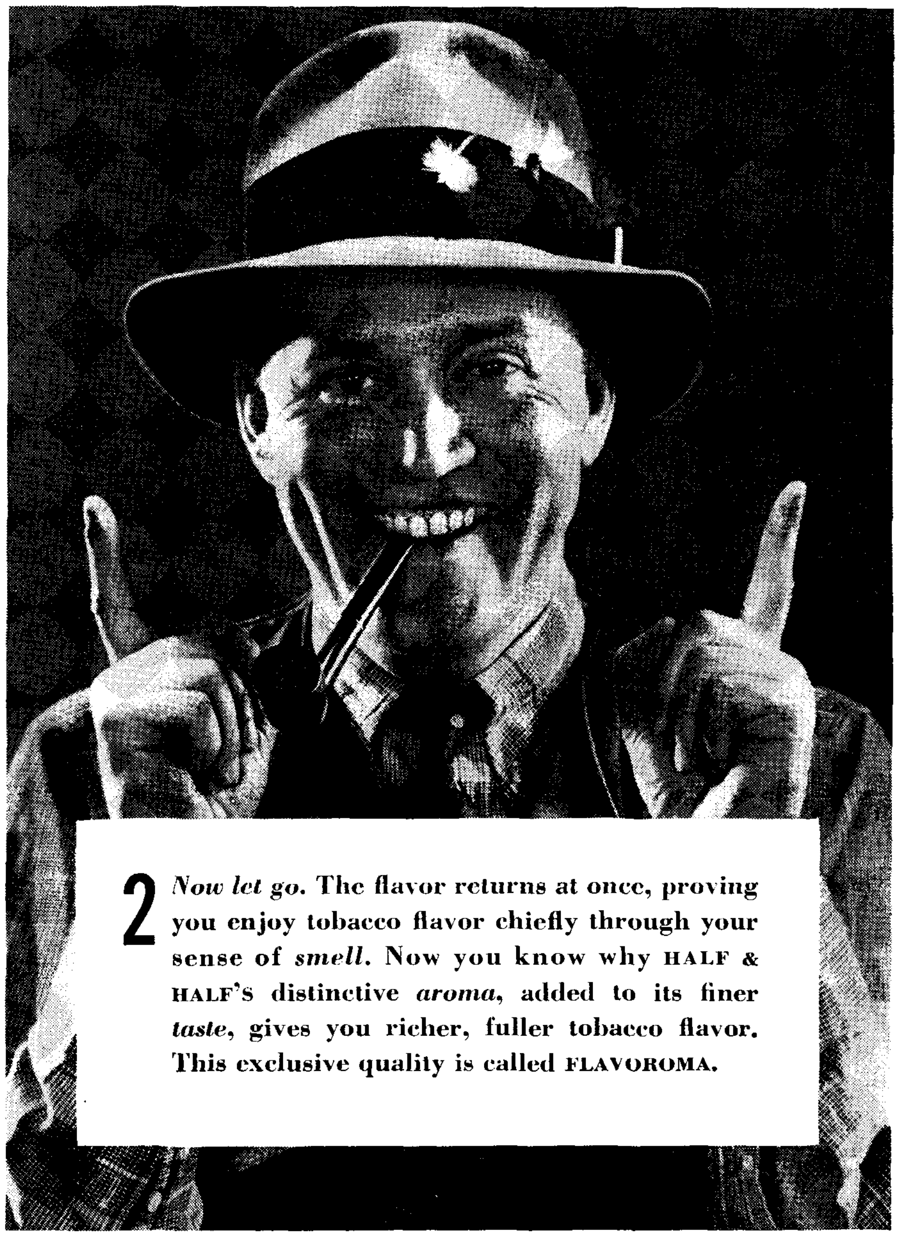
SAVES ON STOP AND GO

SHELL

MAKE THIS TEST and discover a better smoke!



1 If you think you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *taste*...make this simple test. While you're smoking, pinch your nostrils shut. Note that your tobacco smoke tastes flat ...*flavorless.*



2 *Now let go.* The flavor returns at once, proving you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *smell*. Now you know why HALF & HALF'S distinctive *aroma*, added to its finer *taste*, gives you richer, fuller tobacco flavor. This exclusive quality is called FLAVOROMA.

Why you get FLAVOROMA only from Half & Half

As the test shows, you enjoy tobacco flavor only *partly* through your sense of taste, *largely* through your sense of smell.

Knowing this, we set out to blend a tobacco appealing partly to your tongue, but *especially* to the keen nerves at the back of your nose.

In HALF & HALF, we finally got a blend that does just that. A blend with a very special quality which we call FLAVOROMA...a perfect combination of AROMA and TASTE that produces finer tobacco flavor.

It is this exclusive quality of FLAVOROMA in *Half & Half* that gives you more pipe-smoking pleasure than you've ever known before.

Try HALF & HALF yourself. Learn why FLAVOROMA is switching so many pipe-smokers to this tobacco every day.

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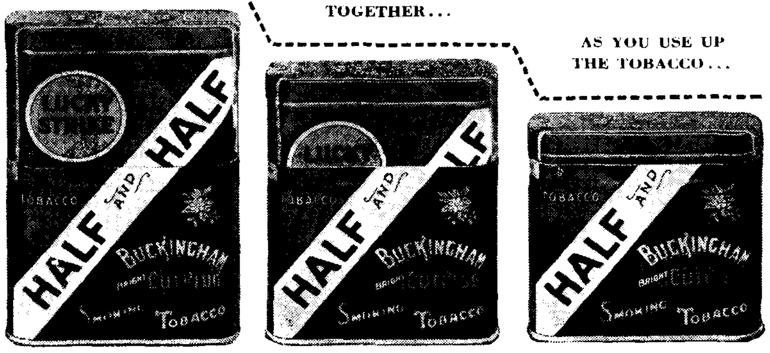
THE TIN TELESCOPES!

JUST PUSH IT TOGETHER...

AS YOU USE UP THE TOBACCO...

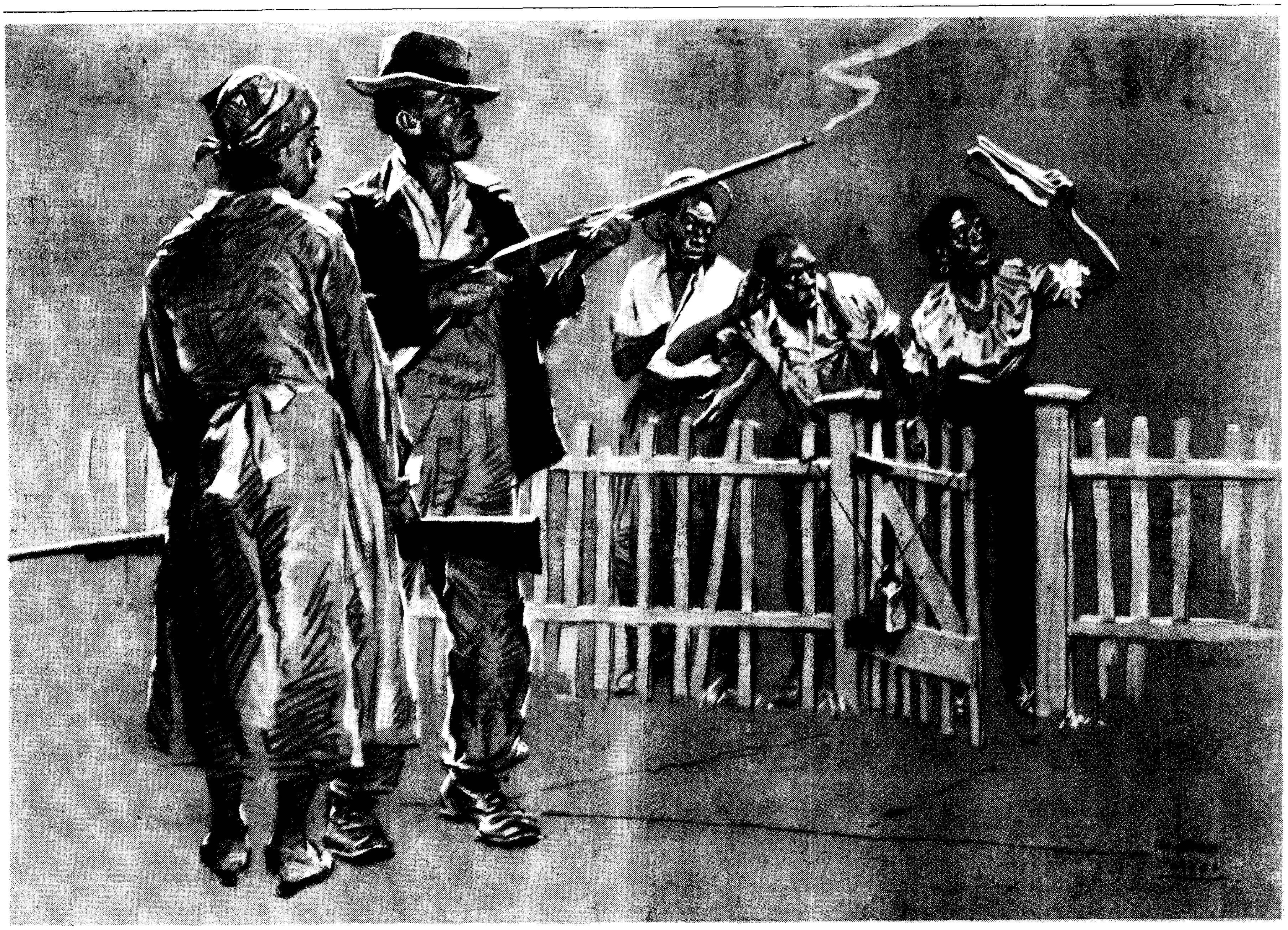


The Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use it, makes tobacco easy to get at all the way down. No scraped fingers as you reach down for the last load. (Patent No. 1,770,920.)

Enjoy the FLAVOROMA of

HALF AND HALF

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE



"Efn any y'all feel like you wants him bad enough, jest open dat gate and wawk in," Giles said

The Stepbaby

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

A kidnaping on the plantation requires all the Widow Duck's profound knowledge of life, mules and steppappies

THE man said his name was Albert, but Giles disliked him from the first moment he set eyes on him. Yet something had to be done, for the sun was getting low in the sky and the baby was crying.

Albert had walked across the field and intercepted the foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation, halfway between the Windmill Cut and the barn.

"You say," Giles questioned, "dat you is a widow-man, 'cause yo' wife died off and left you wid dis hyar stepbaby?"

"Dat's right," Albert admitted haltingly. "Bessie died off in de levee camp, a week ago come Sad-day night, and lef' me wid dis boy-chile."

"And you's fixin' to quit de levee camp and come to farmin'?"

"Dat's what I had in my mind."

"And who's fixin' to take keer er dat stepbaby whilst you's out farmin'?" the foreman wanted to know.

Albert shuffled uncertainly. "I might," he suggested timidly, "marry me up wid another wife, efn y'all got plenty gals around hyar."

"Us got plenty gals," Giles told him severely, "but hit don't always come to pass dat we's gals marry up wid ev'y shif'less levee-camp nigger dat come down de road."

"Yas-suh," Albert mumbled. "But I sort er figgered—"

Giles had been squinting at Albert, as though trying to make up his mind about certain things. "Nigger," he said abruptly, "I smells somethin' which smells like a cucumber. You ain't sort er figgered nothin'. You's jest standin' up dar, figgerin' as you go. You might be what you say you is, and den you might not. I can't tell, yit. But f'm whar I stand, I kin smell a cucumber smell. Hit might be a cucumber or hit might be a snake in de grass."

"Naw-suh," Albert protested. "I ain't tryin' to snake-in-de-grass nobody."

"WELL, don't," Giles warned him. "Efn any nigger ever try to snake-in-de-grass me, bad luck sho' gonter overtake him. Onderstand de motion?"

"I ain't snake—"

"Don't lie," snapped Giles. "You sayin' you ain't don't make hit so. And whether you is or whether you ain't, don't make me no diff'unce. Dat baby sound like he figgers hit's about time to cook and eat again, and you ain't got no feed for him."

"Yas-suh, I 'speck he hongry."

Giles frowned, and then pointed across the field. "You see dat house over yonder, behime dem two cottonwood trees? Dat's whar I live at. You take dat baby over at my house and give him to Betsy and tell her I said to git him fed up and straightened out."

"Yas-suh," Albert sighed with relief.

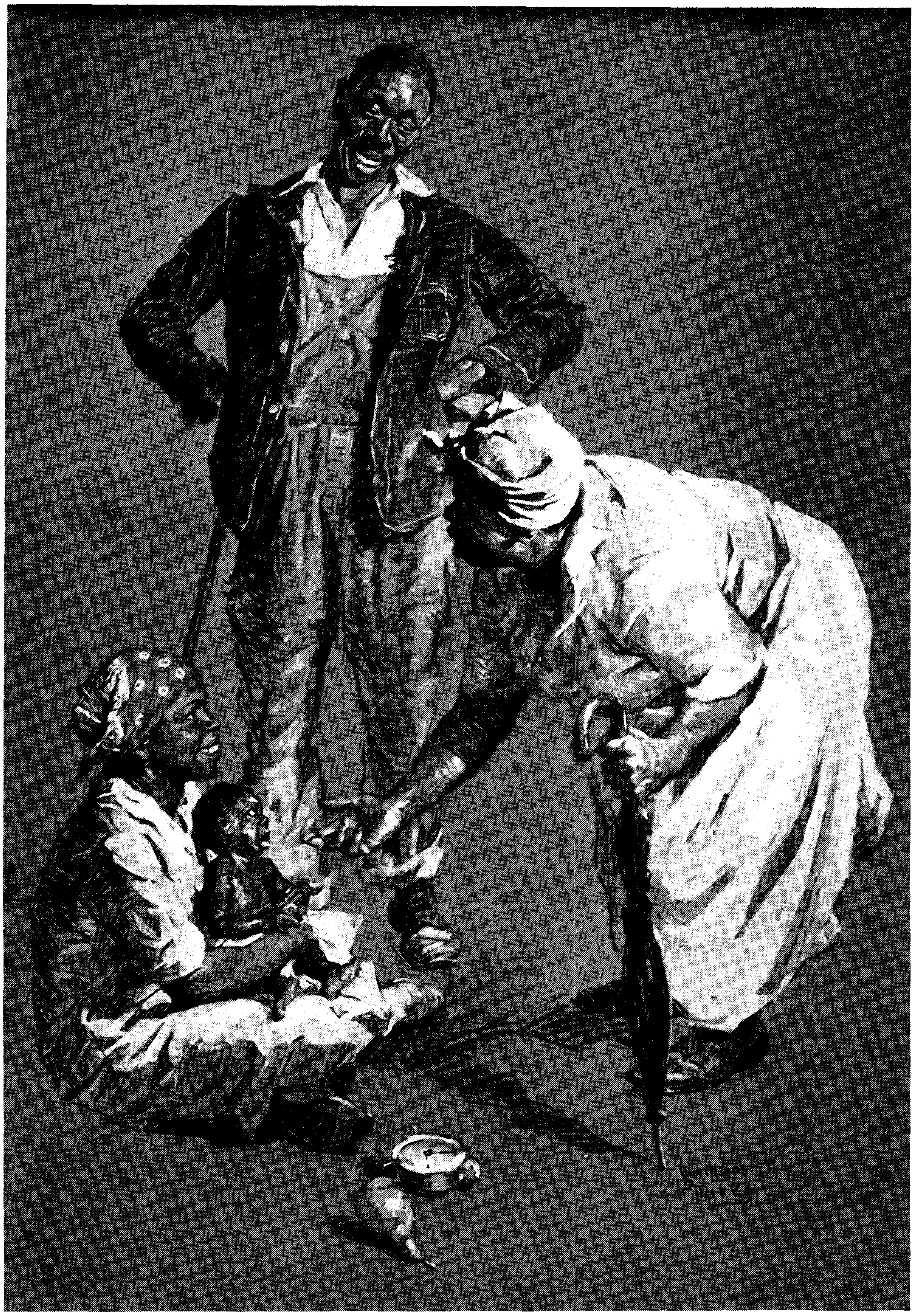
"Den drap on over by de barn," continued the foreman, "and he'p old man Henry feed and pump water."

"Yas-suh." Albert was backing away.

"You kin eat supper at my house," Giles went on, "and you kin bed down in de seed house to you gits set. But I better see you at de lot wid a bridle in yo' hand, at sunup in de mawnin'."

"Yas-suh." Albert was fast disappearing as Giles finished his orders.

"You better," the foreman shouted after him, "take off yo' hat and drag yo' foot at Betsy, 'cause she don't like



"Yep," she declared. "He fixin' to cut some mo' teef, and hit make him ail"

levee-camp niggers no gooder den me. And efn you rile her up she'll hit you wid her long-handled ax."

The warning was lost on the retreating, uncertain man. Giles watched him go across the field, but his mind was on the baby that Albert carried. It was a nice-lookin' child, Giles decided, and it was a sin and a shame to wrap him up in a piece of old dirty quilt like that. "I wonder how come a nice-lookin' step-baby like him," he ruminated, "come to pick hisse'f such a no-'count-lookin' man for a daddy?"

The foreman had too many things pressing on his mind to spend much time on just one child. Grant had twenty-six children over at his house, which reminded Giles that he was due to ride down to New London field to see how Grant was getting on with his cotton chopping.

"Come on, Prince," Giles commanded as his horse picked up a slow gallop down the turnrow. "Efn Grant don't keep dem chilluns busy choppin' de Johnson grass, dey won't make enough cotton to buy rations. I don't see how him and Sugar kin count all dat many chilluns, let alone feed 'em."

As Prince galloped rhythmically, the idea of children continued to stay uppermost in the foreman's mind. He and Betsy had never had any, and at times Giles had thought it was a shame. But as the Widow Duck often told him, "You can't never miss what you ain't never had," he had never felt too unhappy about it.

Grant was having his troubles, Giles found. A dozen or more of the older children were in the field with him chopping cotton, and Sugar was minding the ones who were too small to handle a hoe. As Giles rode up, one of Grant's crew suddenly decided it was more fun to climb a tree than to wield a hoe. Forthwith, the child dropped the hoe and shinned up a small pecan tree.

"You, Abeline!" yelled Grant. "Come down outn dat puck-kon tree!"

"AW, SHE jest playin'," Giles grinned.

"She ain't got no business playin' in a puck-kon tree," protested Grant. "She break dat tree down, and de Bossman'll let me and you bofe hyar about hit."

Giles rode under the tree and picked the offending Abeline from the limb. As he eased her to the ground, it occurred to him that she was very small. "Grant," he said, "dis chile is mighty puny to whup a hoe in de grass. I bet she won't weigh a hund'ed pounds."

"She kin swing a hoe, all right," Grant said.

"She ain't got de weight," Giles stated, and to Abeline he added: "You take to de shade, over yonder, wid yo' mamma. You he'p her take keer er de young'uns to you gits bigger."

As the foreman rode off, Grant shook his head in puzzlement. "Wonder what come over him?" he speculated. "Dat's de first time he ever told anybody to take to de shade."

When the foreman reached his own house, it was nearly sundown. He dismounted, hung the reins over the saddle horn and rapped Prince across the rump with his hat. "Git over to de lot," he told the horse, "and tell somebody to on-saddle and feed you, and I'll see you in de mawnin'."

Betsy was on the porch, holding the sleeping baby in her lap.

"Supper 'bout ready, ole woman?" Giles asked. "My stomach feel like hit's jue to be."

"Naw, supper ain't about ready," Betsy snorted. "I been takin' keer er dis baby."

Giles tiptoed up and peeped at the baby's face. "He was hongry, wan't he?"

"SHO'," said Betsy. "And sleepy."

"I figgered he was," Giles whispered.

"He et like a pig," Betsy stated proudly. "Den I had to bath him up, good. And he drapped right off to sleep."

"Couldn't he sleep on de bed?"

"Not as good as in my lap," Betsy told him. "He ack like he was kind er lonesome." She adjusted the light blanket about the baby. "You was lonesome, wan't you, Loveless?"

"You got him named already?" demanded Giles.

"Sho'," answered Betsy. "I jest tuck one look at dat no-good man which brang him hyar, and so I named de baby Loveless, on account er didn't nobody love dis chile."

Giles chuckled. "Reckon dat'll do as good as any name, when he start ridin' de fields wid me. Quick as he learn how to tawk a little, I'm fixin' to learn him how to tell de fiel' hands to keep turnin'—"

"Humph!" Betsy sniffed. "I bet he fixin' to be a preacher when he git big. You ought to hyar him yell and go on!"

"Well, hand him to me, and you go dish up some supper. And put on a plate for dis baby's papa. I tole him to eat hyar tonight."

"Dis baby's papa won't be back," Betsy prophesied as she gave him to Giles. "I took one look at dat nigger and tole him he c'd travel. And he headed straight for Shrevespo't."

"I figgered he wouldn't stay," Giles agreed. "He didn't had farmin' on his mind when I was speakin' wid him."

After supper, people began "dropping by" to get the straight of the story that was going around the plantation. They

(Continued on page 51)

Loony Lew

By Kyle Crichton

AFTER extended research, it has been established that Mr. Lew Lehr acquired that face on the S. S. Mongolia en route to France in 1918. The foundation, of course, had been previously laid and age had yet to furnish the overlapping effects of the jowls that at times give Mr. Lehr's mush the appearance of a discouraged boot, but the S. S. Mongolia was responsible for the mustache. The mustache, as most of the English-speaking world knows, is ridiculous. There couldn't be a mustache like that or a face like that and yet Mr. Lehr has both.

The truth about Mr. Lehr may as well come out: he is the best-known movie star in America. Garbo, Gable, Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Paul Muni, Luise Rainer. . . . Phooey! When the audiences at the Gem Theater in Jessup, Georgia, see the newsreel come on, they sit up and prepare. They move carefully toward the edge of their seats. They are all ready for that supreme instant when Lew Lehr's magnificent phiz will appear upon the screen. The instant his countenance arrives and begins to take on the look of a squash that has been pushed rapidly at once in all directions, the audiences fall completely out into the aisles and go into convulsions. Mr. Lehr is an American institution and also a wow.

The strange part of this phenomenon is that the gentleman is an old vaudevillian who never in his life did dialect stuff on the stage. When he gets his face properly disarranged now, he breaks into a form of Germanic English that will of necessity be stopped by law if it ever becomes epidemic.

"Monkeys are funny people," says Mr. Lehr and a writer would be more brave than sensible if he attempted to render that into the Lehr dialect. In the middle of the sentence will be a laugh, half arrogant, half apologetic, half witted. The sentence will end with the Lehr face held sternly aloft, the head twisted grotesquely to a point where the mustache looks like the fluting on a bird cage and the mouth wrung into a knot. This is held to be marvelous by an audience estimated at 30,000,000 weekly. It is a lot of people for such nonsense.

Lehr came to his present high position as the nation's fool from a comparative state of prosperity. True, his vaudeville days had ended on a sad note. He and his wife (Lehr and Belle, Light Patter and Songs) had ended their Orpheum route in Omaha. They considered the matter. Here it was early April and they were through.

"Mamma," said Lew, "look. April, yet; and where are we . . . Omaha. What do you think? Do you see great big large handwriting on the wall?"

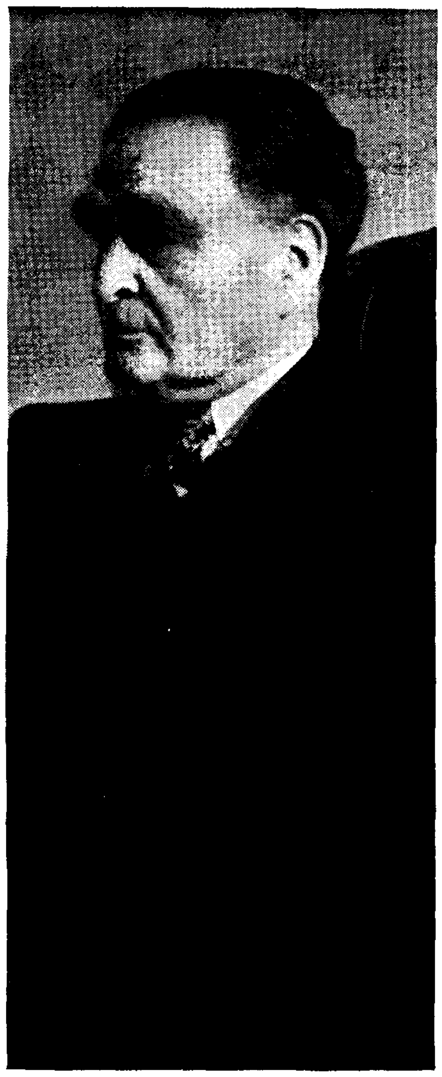
Mamma said she did. So they came back to New York and Lew hunted up one Harry Miller who had occasionally taken a sketch written by Lew and sold it to a vaudeville act. Miller thought the time was probably ripe for a bit of collaboration, so he made a deal with Dave Stamper, who had a reputation on Broadway, and the firm established itself in Steinway Hall to write material for acts. Steinway Hall was an inspiration. It had class.

"When the act came in, they'd see those grand pianos in the ground-floor window," says Lew. "They'd have an idea of $500 in mind. At the second floor, they'd see a lot of high musical people and the price would automatically rise to $750. After rubbing elbows with world-famous yodelers and guys with bull fiddles, they would be even more impressed. When they saw our red plush sink-down furniture, they were ours. We socked them $1,500 for an act with three punk songs and a bit of come-on dash-off patter. We did stuff for Leatrice Joy, Trixie Friganza, Tex Guinan and a lot of others."

This was soft business, and through it Lew ran into Frank Kirby and George Lane, cameramen who had been with Edison in the first days of films. They had an idea of releasing a lot of old reels, including the Great Train Robbery *(Continued on page 53)*

What Lew Lehr sells the public is hokum and he understands it fundamentally. He doesn't turn back halfway. He goes the whole hog

Thomas S. Haymond



John C. Lewis

Pleas Greenlee

Charles F. Hosford, Jr.

Coal Black and the Seven Dwarfs

The story of what has happened to the Guffey (mispronounced goofy) Coal Act

By John T. Flynn

PHOTOGRAPH OF CHARLES F. HOSFORD, JR., BY HARRIS & EWING. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

THIS is the story of Coal Black and the Seven Dwarfs, including Dopey, although there may be more than one Dopey in this story. Coal Black, of course, is our ever-faithful servant, bituminous—soft coal. And the Seven Dwarfs—well, we'll come to them later. But there are others in the cast. For the story is all cluttered up with coal and contractors, politicians and polo players, bosses and bootleggers. But the most important elements in the tale are Pennsylvania's two greatest industries—coal and politics.

You, gentle reader and payer of coal bills, probably imagine yourself very little interested in Pennsylvania politics or the politics of West Virginia, Kentucky or a score of other states where coal is mined. You may never put a ballot into a Pennsylvania ballot box, but Pennsylvania and one or two of the other coal states do put coal into your coal bin or those of the utility to which you pay light bills. You can't get away from coal and the price of coal and the gentlemen who use coal to make light and votes.

The little comedy we are about to witness is something more important than the politics of Pennsylvania, which we need not worry about since we know that it will never get worse. It has to do with the creation of a new state—the building of another and different kind of principality, or a new kingdom, if you will—the Kingdom of Coal. It is an episode in which, here in our midst, an entirely new type of government, an economic government, has been set up. Up to now we have cut up our society for government purposes into geographic units. And these units have been governed on the democratic pattern—by officials elected by the people. This is a beginning of cutting up the society, not into geographic, but economic units—great economic provinces—like the economic province of coal. It is an immense province that includes over half a million workers, about 5,000 communities and millions of people dependent on the industry for a livelihood. But this province, in the story, is governed, not according to the democratic pattern, but more by an oligarchy with the selection of whom the population of the province has nothing to do. It is a form of government in which you will have nothing to say, though it may and did attempt to reach into your pockets to extract therefrom by means of an order in council, concerted behind closed doors, a huge sum perhaps as high as 300 million dollars. Here is how it happened:

The history of coal is the story of trouble. Coal is the fountain of wealth and abundance to the countries that have coal. But to those who dig it out of the ground it yields only a sorry existence. To those who have their money invested in it, it has brought little more than headaches for dividends. Over the years in Illinois, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Colorado, Alabama, it has left a trail of turbulence, bitterness, want and starvation for the miners, and bankruptcy for the operators. There is no doubt that there, in the great soft-coal regions of America, is one of the most difficult, even baffling problems confronting the nation. It is a problem that somehow must be solved. It calls for the attention of our ablest organizing business, economic and social minds. What we are about to look at is a great economic and social problem in the hands of bewildered small businessmen and self-seeking politicians.

There are two kinds of coal, to follow the scientific classification used in an old miners' song, just as there are two kinds of hearts—hard and soft. The hard hearts, sings the song, are in the breasts of the operators, the soft ones belong to the brave and honest miners. The hard coal—anthracite—is in eastern Pennsylvania. The soft coal—bituminous—is in western Pennsylvania and in a score of other states. But about eighty per cent of our soft coal comes out of about six Eastern states.

Like everything else in the mine world, the explanation of the coal miners' troubles is simplicity itself. Things are bad in the soft-coal fields because of competition. They were bad in the hard-coal fields because there was no competition. That's what the miner will tell you. And that, seemingly, is what the wise men in Washington tell you. They denounce the hard-coal men for establishing a monopoly. Then they pass a law to force the soft-coal men to set up a monopoly.

C. E. Smith

Percy Tetlow

Walter H. Maloney

In 1933 the mines had run into their darkest days. Mines were closed. Misery and want haunted the coal fields. The hard-coal miners in Pennsylvania took to the hills of the anthracite counties and set up that strangest of all industrial fantasies—the bootleg coal industry. The United Mine Workers was broke. No one could pay dues. Burly, bushy-browed John L. Lewis seemed completely stopped.

Then came the dawn. Franklin D. Roosevelt got elected President, and suddenly out of a very murky atmosphere sprang the NRA. The miners had been very generally Republicans. John L. Lewis, Bill Green and the leaders had always followed those great radicals, Andy Mellon, Bill Vare and Boise Penrose. Now Lewis and Green proceeded to play politics like the very pragmatic gentlemen they are, according to the rulebook.

The NRA gave the mineowners a chance to get together, arrange production schedules, fix prices, limit competition, and John L. Lewis helped them do that. What he wanted was a raise for the miners. He got it. He got the soft-coal wage raised from about $2.70 a day to $5. And, under the "collective bargaining clause," he went out for a great drive for the rehabilitation of his shattered armies. The United Mine Workers was soon on its feet. Its membership increased. The dues—a dollar a month apiece from half a million men—began rolling in. It was possible now to lay a little assessment of a dollar a man and pile up half a million dollars for any worthy project—a political campaign, for instance.

Things had been happening in Pennsylvania. That hard-headed old state has always been overrun with Republicans. Joe Guffey was the Democratic boss of Pennsylvania. But being Democratic boss there was a good deal like being Republican boss of Mississippi. The Democratic party was just a small subsidiary of the Republican machine. All public boards and commissions required minority representation. There had to be enough Democrats to hold these minority posts. The Republican machine named these minority appointees and thus controlled the Democratic party as completely as the Republican party.

But 1933 had changed all that. The 1932 elections had cut Hoover's million majority in 1928 down to 158,000. But 1933 finished the job. The New Deal had all its bonfires burning. The proletarians and the bourgeois alike were in open-eyed admiration of the New Dispensation and the Abundant Life. Apparently the last miner had packed up his ballots and walked out of the party of Lincoln and Penrose. John L. Lewis had rounded up the mine vote. And there are plenty of mine votes in those old Appalachian coal hills. And so Joe Guffey found himself leading a real army.

Golden Boy of the Coal Fields

But there were other recruits besides the miners. Pennsylvania has always been prolific of political angels. A Republican boss could always go out into the Manufacturers' Association and dig up an angel or two about as easily as an anthracite miner can dig a ton of coal out of an outcropping. Sometimes they hit splendid angels. Sometimes they hit a great archangel like Andy Mellon, and then the world was gay, lads.

But the Democrats had no angels. Angels are not Democrats. Saints may be Democrats, but not angels. But when the New Deal took over Pennsylvania, a small crop of angels went with the transfer. Young men like Mr. A. J. Drexel Biddle and young Mr. George Howard Earle, whose families were Republicans and Whigs before that, were drawn to the banners of Mr. Roosevelt by their fellow blue blood, Mr. William C. Bullitt. Mr. Earle is always referred to as "young" Mr. Earle, though he was forty-two in 1932 when he quit the G.O.P. Perhaps this is because so many still think of him as a hero of the polo field, where, up to that time, most of his triumphs had been won.

Beside John L. Lewis, who was the real Golden Boy, opulent politically as Andrew Mellon, these Earles and Biddles and Bullitts were minor angels, but they served well. The old-timers along the river wards referred to them a little scornfully as "Papa's Boys." But they were glad to have them. When the 1932 victory was over, Bullitt was sent to Russia, Biddle to Norway and "young" Mr. Earle to Austria.

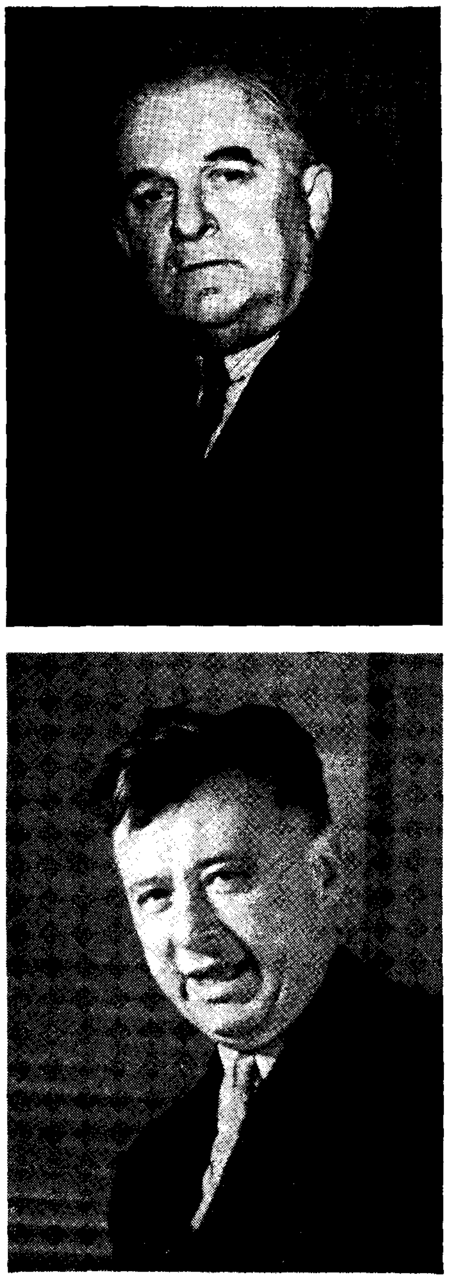
This was a strange collection of bedfellows—Biddles and Earles and Bullitts along with John L. Lewis and Tom Kennedy, the former breaker boys and Joe Guffey, plain city politician. But it showed that Guffey was tapping the G.O.P. at both ends—burning the G.O.P. candle at both ends, as it were. And in 1934 he rounded them all up in the same harness and ran for the United States Senate himself and put Mr. Earle out in front as candidate for governor. Both were elected. And Tom Kennedy, treasurer of the miners' union was elected lieutenant governor—Earle and Kennedy, a strange team!

Guffey walked into the Senate and Earle into the governor's office at Harrisburg just as the United States Supreme Court was nailing down the cover on the coffin of the NRA. That was the moment for Mr. Guffey's great experiment in statecraft. It was also the moment for John L. Lewis to get a big part of his cut for the miners. He got it: the Guffey Coal Act—for all that we have been saying has been merely a prelude leading up to that strange piece of legislation, sometimes called the Goofy Act.

Here is a very highly oversimplified description of the Guffey Act. It is a proposal to erect a government of the soft-coal industry. Apparently it is a plan to enable the United States government to regulate that industry in its own defense. It is designed to fix just prices, to limit production and to prevent those unfair trade practices, those savage competitive methods that result in overproduction, price cutting, loss, low wages and shutdowns. What could sound better than this?

But in effect, the thing works out a little differently. The soft-coal industry all over the country is treated as a great industrial or economic province. It is divided up into twenty-three districts, states, counties, regions—what you will—only they call them regions. Each region is provided with a form of government. The government is in the hands of a regional board. This board is composed of producers of coal, and the members are elected by the coal producers in the district. The coal producers of the region are compelled to come in, because if they don't they must pay a tax of 19½ per cent on all the coal they mine, while if they do the tax is just a fraction of a per cent.

(Continued on page 48)



At top: Senator Joe Guffey, father of the ill-planned Guffey Coal Act. Below: John Carson, whose protests on behalf of consumers were ignored by the commission

Smart Little Man

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The boy was good. The girl knew it but only the sea could prove it

THE chief officer of the freight ship Marpac was a most practical and single-purposed man. He knew his job consisted mainly in hauling a San Francisco cargo to Oriental ports, and bringing back whatever was on hand over there. The rest was no concern of his—except as it affected the efficiency of his craft. There was no nonsense at all about Mr. Marbendone. That, primarily, is what made him snort in plain disgust at what he saw from the lower bridge just before sailing time. He made no bones about it.

"Now what, sir," he demanded coldly to know, nodding his head vigorously down at the foredeck, "what in the name of blazes am I supposed to do with *him?*"

Captain John Lancey understood his chief mate's feelings perfectly. "Nothing, Mister," he said quietly. Blinking warm gray eyes in his high-boned, teakwood face, he allowed the bare hint of a smile to twinge his lips. "We'll just wait and see."

Mr. Marbendone snorted once again. "If the owner's son wants to go for a blue-water ride," he growled, "why can't he pay his way in a passenger ship? Why get him tangled in my hair? What good's the likes of him to a ship?"

"I can't say," the master murmured again. "We'll just have to wait and see."

The chief mate eyed what he saw down there in sour disapproval. In fact, it angered him so much he said something aloud he should certainly have kept to himself. "If it were a daughter of mine went off the deep end like Anne for a no-account wise little guy like him, I'd paddle her pretty damn' good; I can tell you that. I—" Mr. Marbendone stopped. Realizing abruptly he was way out of bounds, he coughed and went on in a quick rough growl: "I'll be getting along to the fo'c'sle head. Pilot's aboard already, sir."

He turned on his heel and went off, cursing himself for not being able to bridle his unruly tongue. But Captain John Lancey knew the truth when he heard it. So he just blinked his eyes again and continued to stare down on the foredeck of his ship.

IN LATE afternoon sunlight they were battening down in preparation for sea. He could hear the bosun's crying, the slap of a heavy maul against the wooden wedges of number-one hatch, the hissing of steam from a winch. In the near distance the whips and guys swayed in upper air through complaining blocks as the cargo booms came creaking down to their nests. That sight and all those sounds were familiar things to Captain John Lancey, a lean tough spar of a man with a narrow face, solemn eyes, and wiry gray hair. He had seen and heard it through upward of forty years. It impinged upon his subconscious and told him all was well. What he stared at, quietly and with an air of grave contemplation, was something else again. It was Anne Lancey, standing at the bulwark down there in the ranging shadow of the cargo shed, talking to Stephen Packard, the owner's son.

It was that sight that had raised the chief mate's scorn. Particularly the turtle-neck sweater Steve wore, with the large block S of football days on his chest. And Mr. Marbendone could be forgiven. For of what use in all the world was an insolent pup like that to the mate of a cargo ship? So the captain frowned. Because the girl was his own. He had done his level best by her through all the years since his wife had died in his own windship on a westward Atlantic passage. Sighing, John Lancey lifted one hand in its gold-striped sleeve to pull reflectively at his cheek.

"I'm afraid your mate's got the right of it, John," he heard a deep, low voice mumbling suddenly at his side. "I couldn't help but hear, coming up the ladderway."

John Lancey's head turned quickly. For so massive a man, Erasmus Packard moved with a surprising lightness of foot. John smiled at him, a little ruefully, and looked away. "Well, Ras," he said, "you know how it is with mates."

"Yes, I do." Mr. Packard was silent for a moment, annoying the stiff bristles of his white mustache. Then: "But he's right, John. Why don't you take your mate's advice? Paddle her good and send her off some place where she'll find someone with salt!"

JOHN LANCEY grinned. "She's a little too old for that, Ras, don't you think? Besides, we always got along on a different tack."

"Yes; I know. Anne's fine. She's as if she were my own, the way you and I have been these years. You know that, John. I'm even Uncle Ras to her. That's what I worry about. What can she see in a blatherskite like Steve?"

"Something we don't, that's sure. But that isn't to say it isn't there."

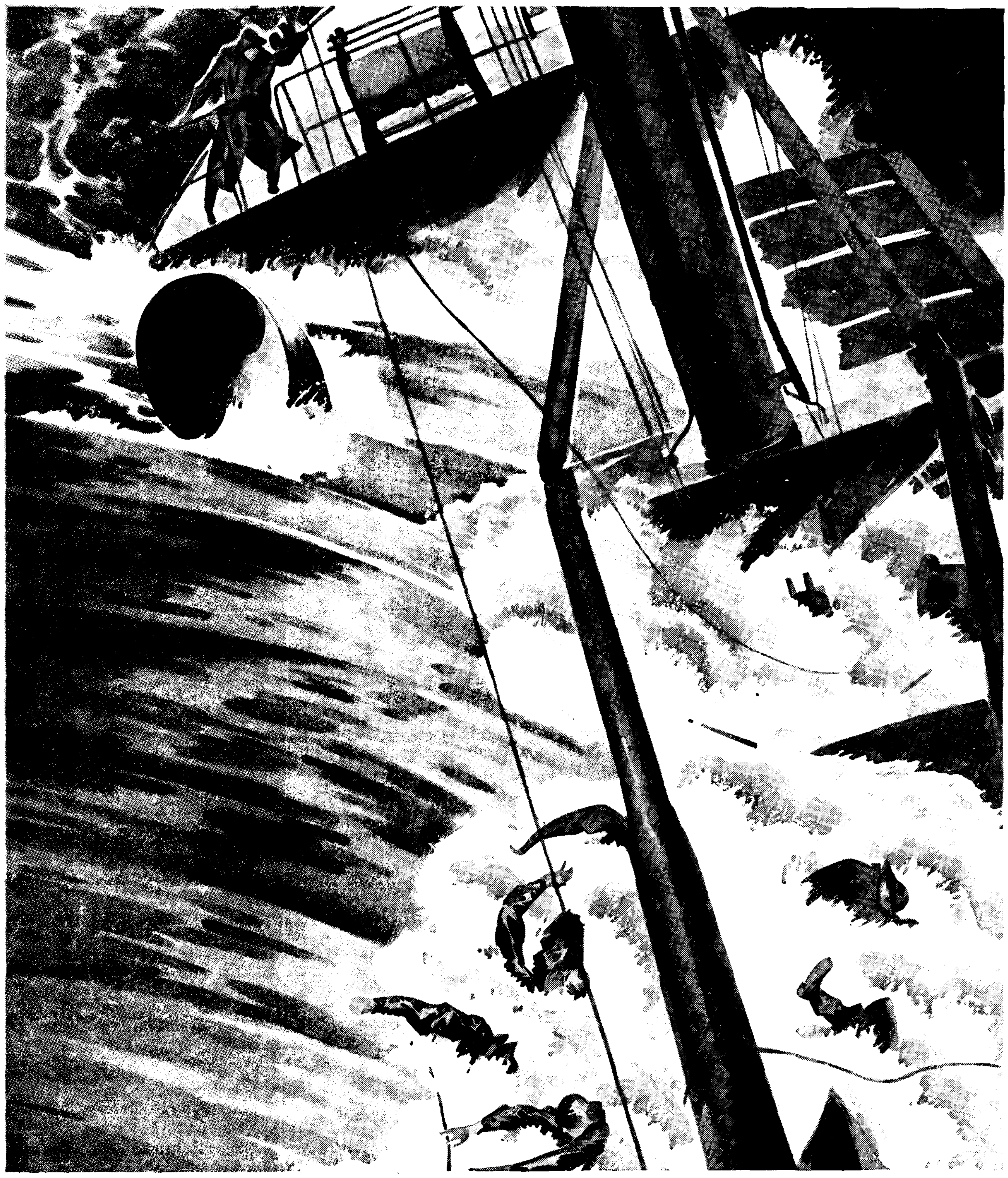
"You would put it like that, John." Old Erasmus drawled this out gratefully without looking at his friend, and then went on in a quiet, weary tone: "It took me twenty years, John, to build this line—a good chunk out of any man's life. It's always been in my mind that Steve would take over one day. That's natural. But even if he didn't, I wouldn't care so much if he'd bite his teeth to something that was good. But he won't. The world's his oyster. He knows it all. There's nothing in the way of work is good enough for him. Paltry stuff, to hear him speak.

"Are all the bright young lads these days like that? Isn't anything worth digging for nowadays, the way you and I once dug, John? It's high, wide and handsome for him: his dad's got all the dough he'll ever need." Erasmus Packard closed huge knobby fists on the rail in front of him. He wouldn't be saying things like this, betraying the soft spot of his tough old carcass, to any man but John Lancey. "He cracked up the new roadster last night. Why he and Anne both weren't killed I don't know. . . . Did she tell you?"

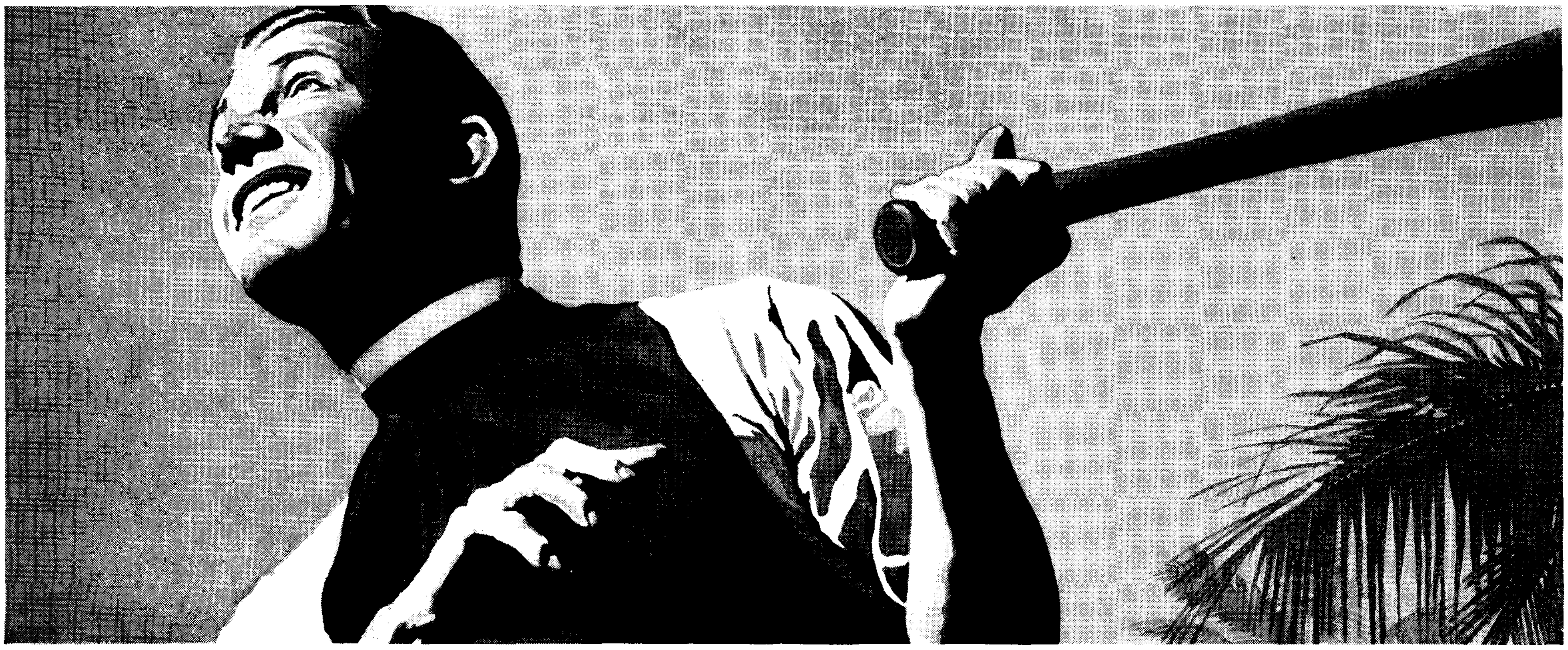
"No, Ras. She didn't."

"No; she wouldn't." The owner sighed

(Continued on page 45)



It sent them spinning head over heels—nothing between them and oblivion but a few knots



Dead Arm Dick was just lobbing them over, and the Rev. Terwilliger showed that he could hit that kind of pitching

Doc D.D.

By Heywood Broun

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

"IS THE doctor in?" asked Dead Arm Dick O'Reilly.

"I think he's in the study," answered the little colored servant. "You got an appointment?"

"No, I just wandered over from the hotel on a chance. Tell the doc it's Richard O'Reilly of the Yankees."

She was back in a second. "Dr. Terwilliger has been resting, but he says to come right in, anyway." And presently O'Reilly was in a large room lined with books. A chunky man in a dressing gown got up from a couch and greeted him cordially. "Sit down, brother," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Dead Arm Dick pulled a chair over to the desk. "Meaning no disrespect, Doc, I don't know whether you can do anything. I'm just taking a chance. I've tried 'em all—surgeons, bonesetters, doctors and rubbers. Out in Chicago last winter they snatched all my front teeth and my tonsils, and there was a fellow said that maybe it was my appendix. But I wouldn't let him grab it. How the heck could that have anything to do with my pitching arm?"

"How the heck should I know?" said the chunky man behind the desk.

"You're a doctor, aren't you? I got your name out of the phone book and you were the nearest one to the hotel."

"O'Reilly, I owe you an apology. I'm not that kind of doctor. I'm a doctor of divinity, a D.D."

"Well, I've tried 'em all. What kind is that?"

"I mean I'm not a physician. I'm a minister—a preacher."

"Father, I'm sorry to crash in like this, but it said in the phone book, 'Dr. William Terwilliger.' "

"Yes, that's my fault. I ought not to be listed that way. It's a petty vanity. But you see, Mr. O'Reilly, most of the members of my congregation here in St. Petersburg are anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred and ten. You know we have a wonderful climate. And the only way I could hope to command their respect was to grow a beard or stress the fact that I'm a doctor of divinity. I really am. I got it down in Georgia one summer when I was on a fishing trip."

O'Reilly rose to his feet and started for the door. "I don't want to be taking up your time. I guess you've got some praying or sermons to do. I'll be going. No offense, Father."

The Rev. William Terwilliger grinned broadly. "There's always time for prayer," he said, "and I do my sermons as the spirit moves me. So sit down. You might as well try me."

THE big right-hander shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"If you want to pray over me I'd have to tell Father O'Connor and maybe he wouldn't like it, you being a minister and not a regular priest."

"Father O'Connor would be quite right," said the Rev. Terwilliger. "I wouldn't try anything like that. To tell you the truth I think that God lets the big leaguers shift for themselves and watches only the swallows and the American Association. No, the reason I wanted to talk to you is that four years ago I might have been a Yankee myself except for one thing."

Dead Arm Dick O'Reilly betrayed signs of embarrassment.

"No," said his host, "it wasn't wine, women or song. I was a sucker for a curve."

"You're a ballplayer?"

"I was, but only in college. Up at a place called Brown, in Providence, I was catcher and captain, and one day in June four years ago—that was before your time, O'Reilly—the Yankees scouted me. And, if I do say it myself, what a lovely game I caught. We had a southpaw named Bugs Reynolds who was wild as a badger, but I kept his feet on the ground through the whole eleven innings. The only trouble was I struck out three times in the pinches and Rutgers licked us one to nothing."

"I'm one of the swellest hitting pitchers in either league," said O'Reilly.

"That is when I'm pitching. What was your trouble?"

"I guess I just couldn't take it. They only had to dust me off once and after that my left foot was always reaching for the old water bucket. But it goes deeper than that. I just didn't have any faith in myself as a hitter."

"I'll bet I could show you," said Dead Arm O'Reilly.

"Well, now we are getting down to a good trading basis. What's the trouble with your arm?"

"Mine was in June, too, but it was just this last one. We're playing against the White Sox and I'm up against that old fossil Ted Lyons that couldn't pitch his way out of a brown-paper bag with his fast one. But the boys won't give me any runs to work with and so we come into the tenth all tied up at five and five. I'll admit that after getting a couple I did load the bases with passes, but I'm not the only pitcher in the league who says that Moriarity ought to buy himself glasses. And then they wheel Jimmy Dykes out of the dugout and he closes his eyes and pop-flies one over the center-field fence. I wasn't right against the Red Sox the next week, and it's in the record book that the Athletics gave me a lacing the next time I started. And then some punk of a sports writer that couldn't hit .210 in the Kitty christens me 'Dead Arm Dick,' and I never finished another game all season."

"Amen, brother," exclaimed the Rev. William Terwilliger. "Don't you see that we've both lost faith? You've lost confidence in your curve and your fast ball, and I don't figure I can hit the size of my hat. Let's pool our unbelief and see if we can't get ourselves at least one winner. There's an old barn back of this parsonage and it faces a vacant lot. How about starting some secret practice tomorrow morning? You throw 'em in and I'll try to smack 'em back. Naturally I don't believe in gambling but it's a sort of wager. I'll knock you out of the big leagues or you'll shove me back into the ministry."

For two weeks the duel went on. During the first three days Dead Arm Dick was just lobbing them over, and the Rev. Terwilliger showed that he could hit that kind of pitching. And according to the agreement O'Reilly had to chase the drives. He began to bear down and on the fourteenth day, when he buzzed twenty successive deliveries over and Terwilliger couldn't even foul, the parson dropped his bat and called a halt.

"If anybody ever calls you 'Dead Arm Dick' again," said the minister, "you just knock his teeth in with your fast ball. That bonesetter was cockeyed when he said that something snapped in your arm. It was in your heart and your head. By making me look silly you've got your faith back again. And I've got mine and also a new waistline. We're both in the right line. I'll stay here and preach and you go on and pitch. Good luck to you, Richard."

O'Reilly held out his hand. "I owe you a lot, Doc. We start north tomorrow and McCarthy's going to turn me loose against Toledo on Saturday. Will you pray for me?"

"I'll do better than that," said the Rev. Terwilliger. "I'll be rooting."

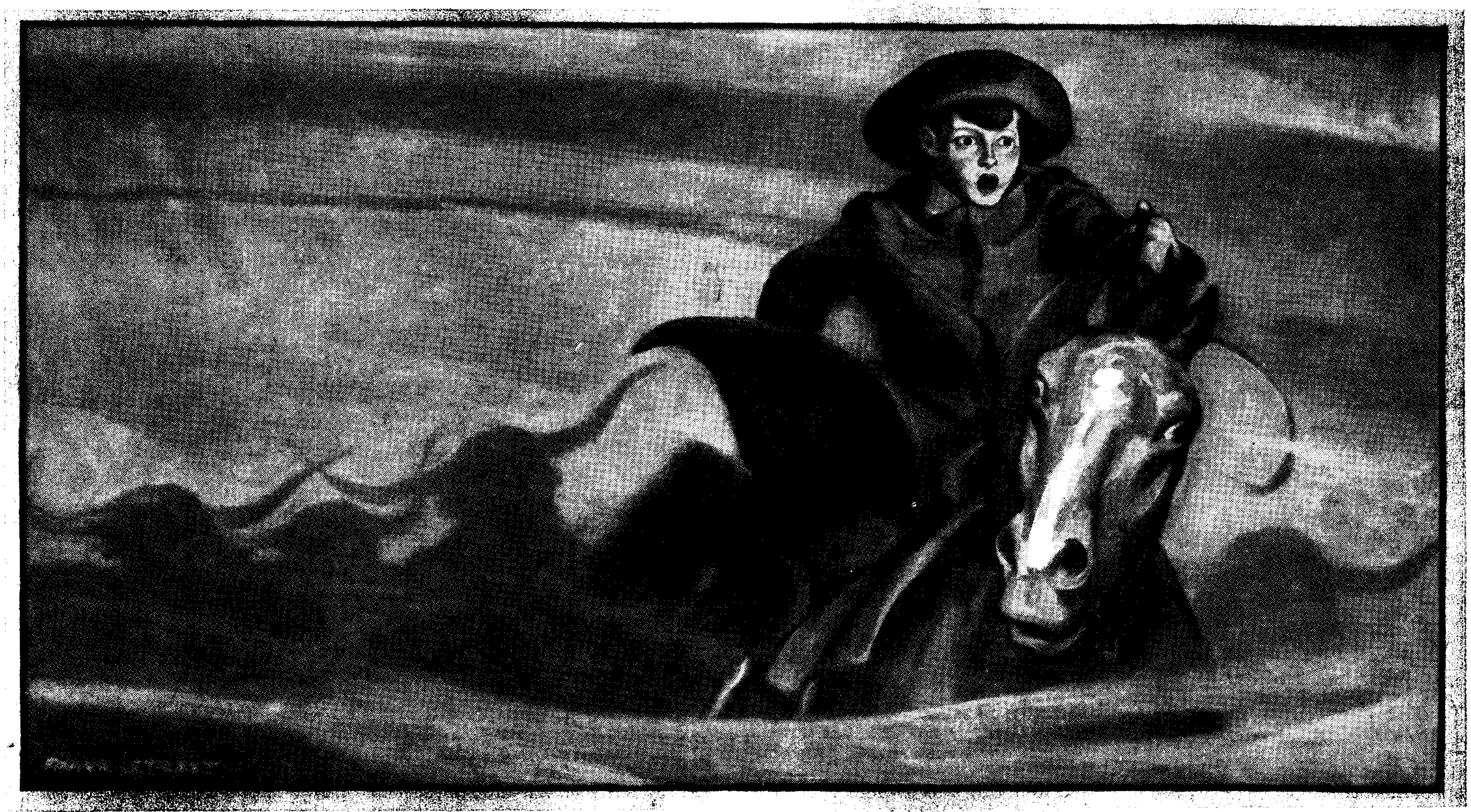
"TELEGRAM for you, Doctor," said the little colored servant on Sunday morning as he was starting for the church to preach upon the text from First Samuel 17:49: "And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth."

The Rev. William Terwilliger tore open the envelope and read: "Let the Mudhens down with eight scratch singles and one unearned run. Father O'Connor need never know that I am mailing you twenty-five dollars for your chapel. P. S.—Please send me, if possible, name and address of reliable D.D. of your faith in all American League cities and Newark.—Strong Arm Richard O'Reilly."

The Little Kid

By Alan LeMay

There are two explanations of that incredible ride with the stampede. Davy knew his was right



For a minute invisible thundering shapes were all around them

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

DAVY CATLIN never knew his mother; she died only a little while after he was born. He knew his father, though, as few boys ever know their fathers, for Tom Catlin gave to his little son all the love he had had for the woman he had lost.

By the time Davy was ten none of the things had happened to him that pessimists had said would happen. He rode the bed wagon, and slept in the same blanket roll with his dad. He had a wonderful time.

Then somewhere far to the north, in the flood waters of a nameless stream, Tom Catlin's Big Red missed his footing in a swirling ford, and over horse and man rolled the resistless press of the plunging, half-swimming cattle. As long as he lived, Ethan, Tom's brother, never forgot that instant's desperate strike-pawing of the down pony, that awful, swift-pushing drift of hundreds of tons of floundering beef. . . .

Ethan explained it to Davy himself, when he got back. Davy was a tall little boy by then, with brown eyes bigger than his face, and sandy hair that straggled straight down over his forehead. Ethan stood before him as he would stand before a man, and did the best he could. It was mighty hard for Ethan; the sweat was standing out on his face before he was through. The little boy understood it better than most would have. He'd seen a good deal, and knew what had happened all right. His uncle thought he took it right well.

But Davy went and hid himself. And as quietly as he could, but unrestrainedly, he sobbed his whole heart out.

Ethan Catlin was starting out again on the last drive of the year. He went and said goodby to Davy, and Davy pretended to say goodby. The boy waited until the cattle—a Circle Slash herd—were thrown out on the trail and well strung out. Then he went home and saddled and packed Blue Baldy.

Blue Baldy had been his dad's own cut horse once, but that was quite a piece of time back; Baldy was upward of twenty years old, and kind of punkin-shaped by now.

Davy and Blue Baldy overtook the herd one day out. When ordered to explain himself he said that he guessed it was up to him to get to work and amount to something, now that his dad was gone. That was fake, though; Davy didn't want to tell his real reason. The truth was that in the bottom of his heart he couldn't handle the idea that his dad was wholly gone, not in the world any more. He had to get up there to where his dad last was. As if he could somehow find some part of Tom Catlin there yet, in the wind, in the grass—Davy could not have explained it, even to himself. But he somehow just had to get up that northward trail to Dodge.

ETHAN promised himself to take his brother's place, as good as he could. Ethan, leather-faced and iron-eyed from his saddle years, was all right. He wasn't Dad. Nobody could ever be Dad. . . .

Davy fitted in all right—pulled his weight. Without being told, he took over most of the day-wrangling.

So they got up the trail into cold, and rain, and early-closing winter, and once more the streams were unnaturally high, as in the spring before, and the cattle fought the crossings. All through the second month Davy was watching those crossings. He was a savvy kid, and he was pretty sure they wouldn't show him the place where his dad went down. But he thought he would know it when they came to it. Somehow he would just know.

And then they came to the night of the fog stampede. That night was famous for a long time. Nobody that got through it ever forgot it.

There had been a fall of snow, unseasonably early; then a swift melt, with deep going underfoot, and higher crossings. Nobody had allowed for the heavy, dripping fog that came on them that night—a rare, nearly unheard-of thing for that country.

THE three thousand head of Circle Slash steers got mighty superstitious over it; even before sundown they were going on the moan. The thick blanket that closed down with the dark was pretty weird, all right.

Ethan Catlin strengthened his night guard until two thirds of his boys rode at once. They circled the herd at a jog, singing, which sometimes keeps cattle from fretting too much over other things. The boys by the fire brought tight-cinched ponies right up to their bed rolls; some dozed with the reins in their hands.

The herd was fairly steady until about eleven o'clock, and then she went, without any extra warning. There was a general, swiftly building drift of movement all over the vast bedding ground, and a rising terrible rumble, through

(Continued on page 28)

Key to Lockjaw

By J. D. Ratcliff

SUN BEAU, $376,744—Equipoise, $338,610—the late Phar Lap, $332,250—Gallant Fox, $328,165. Read the sports pages and you'll believe that these and other pampered dandies of the horse-racing world are the greatest money-makers of all time. There is no denying that on a single afternoon any one of them made a respectable fortune while a stop watch clicked off a few precious seconds. And you can't deny that even while in retirement on their rolling acres in Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky they command stud fees as high as $5,000. Still they're not the Morgans, Rockefellers and Fords of the horse world.

The ones that have made cash registers ring longest and loudest go by numbers. Some of them are veterans of laundry, ice and vegetable wagons, past the days of their best energies. The shrewd judges of horseflesh who pick them up for about $75 each aren't worried about minor deviations from accepted horse patterns. As long as the animals are healthy the buyers are satisfied.

Year after year these horses chalk up earnings as high as those of a steel-company president, and their aggregate earnings have bulked as high as half a million dollars. These horses are, if you haven't already guessed, the ones used by biological laboratories to supply serums and antitoxins.

You can thank these placid hay burners, most of whom wouldn't know what a fine blood line or a fancy stud fee was, if you ever have the misfortune to need their help. For they supply the fluids that doctors shoot into little Willy when his throat is closing with diphtheria, or that Uncle Amos gets when it looks as if pneumonia is going to get him. One day they may come in handy for you, or for the man next door, if a little microbe that looks like a harmless paper match should get under the skin. This is the germ that causes tetanus, a disease that has a top billing in medicine's chamber of horrors.

The colorless juice that prevents tetanus bacilli from locking the jaws of its victims is used by the gallon every day. Each hospital has a stock in its icebox and each of the nation's 165,000 doctors must be able to lay his hands on one of the lifesaving ampoules at a moment's notice. Tetanus microbes are lurking everywhere.

They're in the newly manured field along a country road and on the sidewalks in the cities. They hide in the crevices of your front porch, populate the rusty nail that holds the ice card on the back porch and live happily in the intestines of sheep, goats, horses and men. This microbe is the tough boy of the bacterial world.

Encased in a hard, protective shell, the germ has been known to survive twenty years, ready to pounce. Hence the protection tetanus antitoxin affords must be available after any mishap. The bugs love to jump into a motor-accident wound or ride a splinter into a finger. A firecracker that explodes in the hand will blast them deep into the tissue, and a rusty nail is an ideal carrier.

A nurse doesn't have to be told to prepare a hypodermic syringe of antitoxin when one of these injuries comes in. It is one of those magnificent pieces of routine happening so frequently that the full significance is forgotten. It's done mechanically with the result that tetanus is almost a medical rarity.

The Proof of the Peril

For a while doctors grew lax about this protection, failing in many cases to give the protective shot after a patient had received a wound. They reasoned that, since horses had virtually disappeared from the streets, there probably wouldn't be so many *clostridium tetani* kicking about.

Dr. Eric C. Gilles, public-health man at Johns Hopkins, snorted at this folly. It was one reason, he decided, why more than one thousand people went on dying needlessly each year in the United States. So he devised a convincing experiment.

Choosing a nine-square-mile area of downtown Baltimore to work in, he set out from his laboratory with an armful of little cardboard boxes. Each had been sterilized and carefully wrapped.

He made sixty-three stops and in each case picked a spot where it appeared least likely that tetanus spores would be waiting to do their ugly work. From each of these spots he scraped up a little dust and put it in one of his boxes.

Back in the laboratory, he dropped ten grams of dust from *each* package in a flask of sterile salt water. Next he heated the water to destroy other bacterial strains—tetanus bacteria will stand quite a lot of heat—and was then ready to start work.

Into flasks of sterile meat broth he stirred the dust and salt-water solution. Then he poured oil on the top of the liquid to keep out air. He wanted to make conditions ideal.

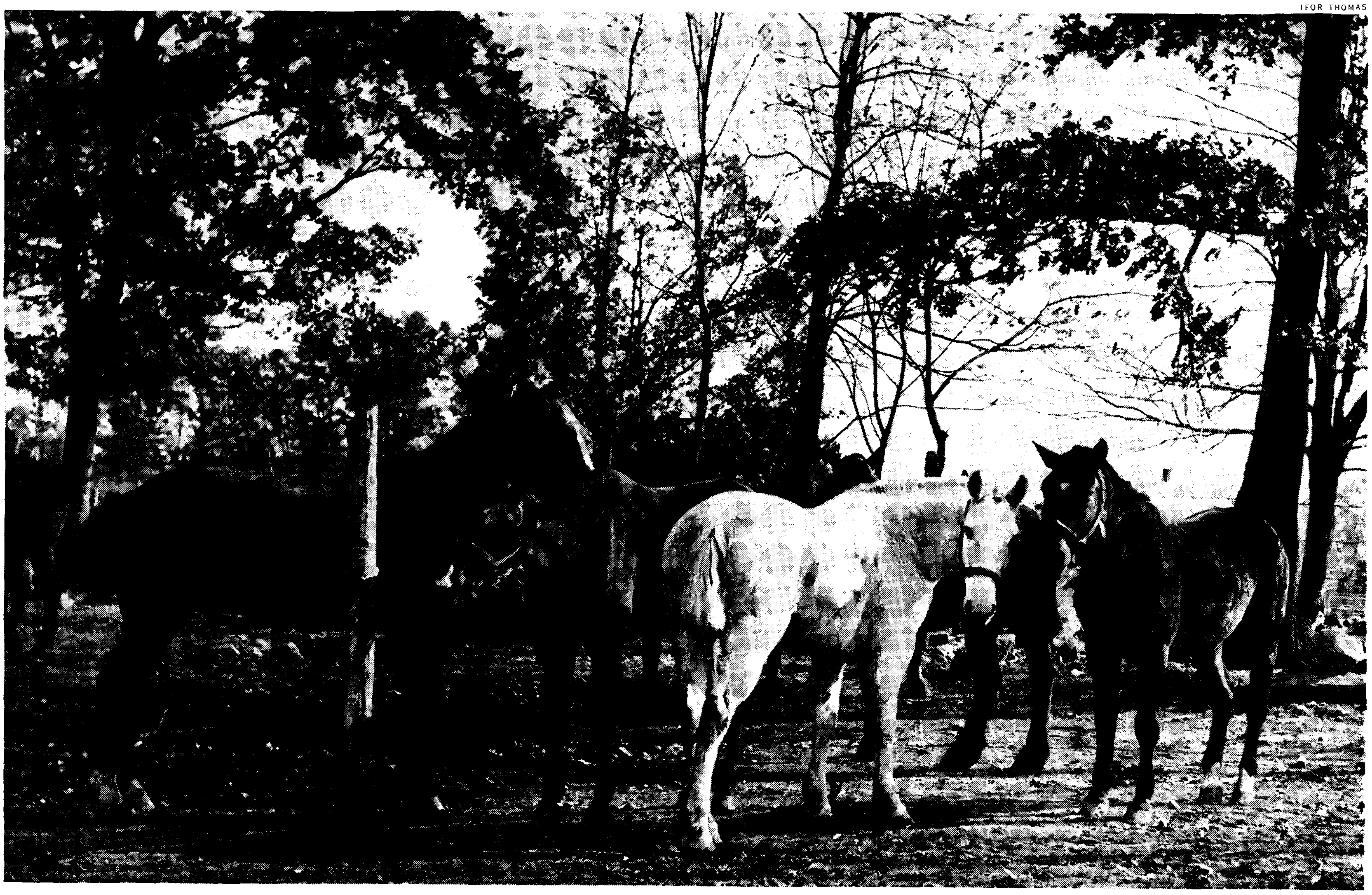
Pretty soon some of the flasks started bubbling. Then they began to turn black. By the end of a ten-day incubation period they looked like coal tar and were giving off vapors that would shame a tannery or a glueworks. In eleven of the sixty-three flasks, tetanus bugs were present. Briefly, this seemed to indicate one thing: let six people have street accidents and one of them would surely mop up a few *clostridium tetani* with his open wounds. And once in a wound? Let's look at the disease.

Almost any human being has enough antibodies—protective mechanisms in the blood stream—to whip a minor invasion of tetanus organisms. But when environment is on the side of the bugs we have quite another story.

They prefer to have all oxygen cut off,

(*Continued on page 26*)

Many a life is saved today by the prompt use of antitetanus serum, a by-product of these biological-laboratory horses

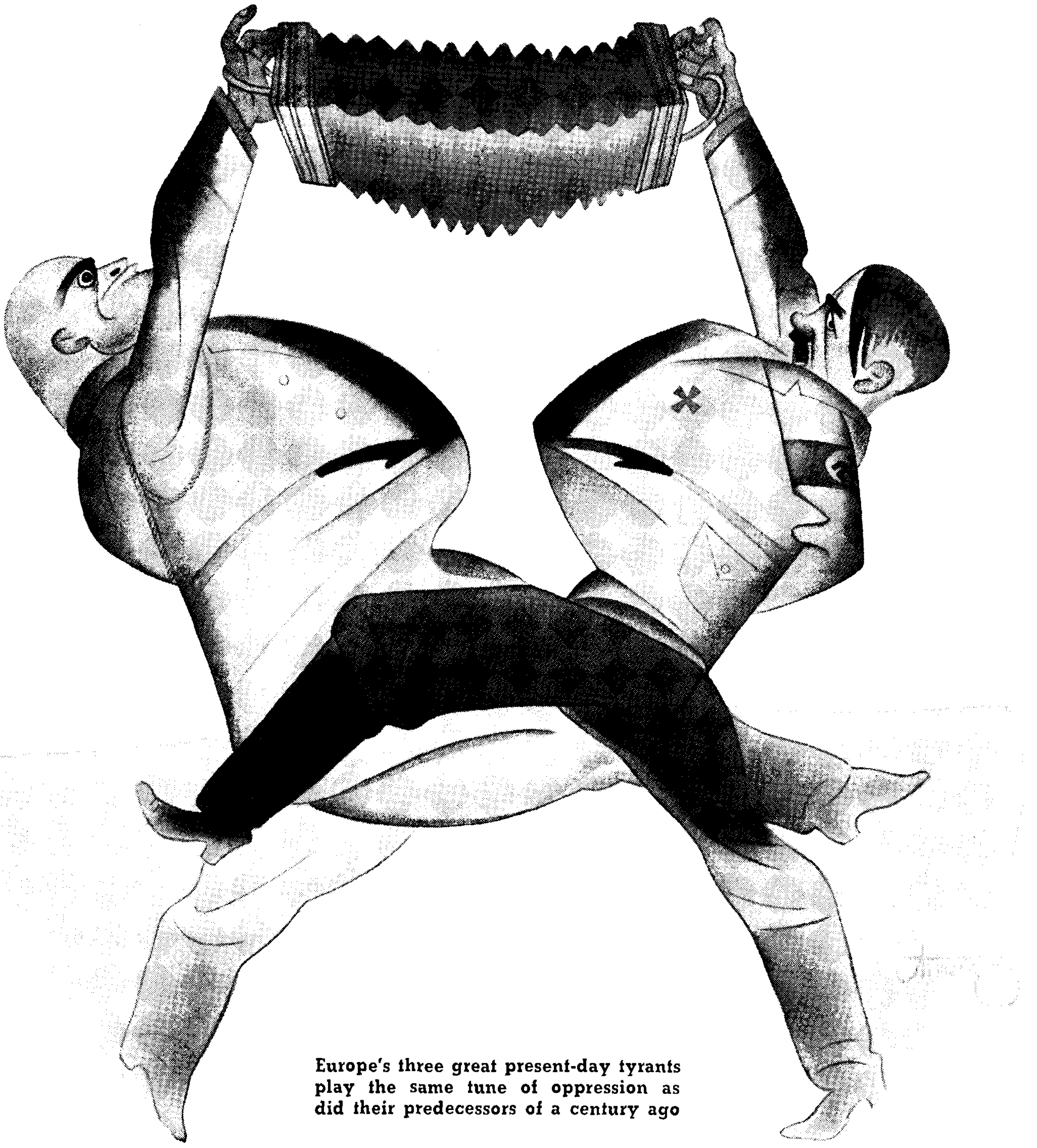


IFOR THOMAS

Freedom Marches On

By Philip Guedalla

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMANDO



Europe's three great present-day tyrants play the same tune of oppression as did their predecessors of a century ago

HISTORY, they say, repeats itself (and someone has unkindly added that historians repeat one another). That may very well be true, for all that I know. But as scarcely anybody seems to hear what history is saying the first time that it says it, later repetitions of the same remark are apt to fall upon our startled ears as novelties of the most striking character.

This morning's headache may find its explanation in last night's carouse; and the blind alley that confronts an angry driver is just there in front of him because of the wrong turning that he took a few minutes back. That is precisely why a student of the world's affairs should always find a little time to think about the past. For it will sharpen his appreciation of the true outline of the present. The Shape of Things to Come engages Mr. H. G. Wells' attention. But the Shape of Things to Go is just as significant. Because if you wish to find a cure for our condition, there is a good deal to be said for trying to find out just how we got that way.

Besides, the worst mistakes in history are always made by those who do not know history. Most revolutionaries—and there is no class that takes more conscientious precautions to guard itself against a knowledge of the past—are quite unpleasantly surprised when their successors come along and, more revolutionary still, prop them up against a wall and shoot them. Yet if they could have found a moment in their busy lives for a passing glance at the history of other revolutions, they would have known beyond a doubt that this embarrassing experience is the invariable lot of revolutionaries in all times and places—and if only they had realized this mortifying fact from the beginning, perhaps they would have paused a little before starting on their bright careers of revolution.

Sometimes a just appreciation of the past may teach a brighter lesson and may show that half the facts that startle us today are not quite so menacing as they appear, because they are not really new. If every cloud that swings across the sun were always followed by a storm, we would be quite justified in rushing for shelter whenever a suspicion of a cloud appears in the sky overhead. But if our records show that other clouds of the same character have shredded harmlessly away, there is no need for us to feel so bad about it.

As we survey the gray contemporary sky of international affairs, our observation notes that certain regions are obscured by forms of government that seem to hold a menace for the world. We see that Central Europe, Italy and Russia are governed by absolute authority enforced without regard for private right or free expression of opinion. These tyrannies, which hardly differ in their methods, announce themselves in frequent manifestoes as the last word in human government; and in our weaker moments, when our own elected masters are not acting quite up to our expectations (or, perhaps, their own election promises), we begin to wonder if by any chance the tyrannies are right after all. Are we neglecting to avail ourselves of some immense discovery by which the conduct of our own affairs might be vastly simplified and bettered? Was Magna Charta a mistake? Did the signers of the Declaration of Independence blunder?

We might, I think, be more inclined to hang our heads and to confess our error, to close the House of Commons and to remove those words about government of the people from the Lincoln Memorial, if anyone would satisfy us that the other way of doing things is a new discovery. But is it?

At first, of course, it wears a most impressive air of novelty. It uses radio, fast automobiles, and machine guns. But is there any novelty about the purposes for which it uses them?

When Himmler's dictaphones record the private conversations of incautious Germans, they are doing just what Metternich's police were doing in the same region a hundred years ago. The scared Italian who drops his voice to whisper in a café in case anyone is listening is doing just what his own grandfather did when the soft footfall of the Austrian police or the Papal *sbirri* fell upon his ears. And the Red custodians of Stalin's peace of mind are the sons of faithful Cossacks and police spies who performed the same kindly office for the Czar.

The truth is that the despots of today, who strut and shout and tyrannize, are using the old stamping-ground of European despotism of a hundred years ago. Russia was held then in an iron grip; Central Europe was preserved by a police state from the infection of French revolutionary ideas; and Italy was governed by an unpleasing blend of foreign soldiers and small local tyrants. Mussolini reigns where Bomba, whose authority one angry Englishman denounced as "a *Governo infernale*" and "the negation of God erected into a system of government," once sat enthroned among his cowering Neapolitans.

The Nazi bawls and bullies where the Prussian officer that Heinrich Heine knew once stifled Germany; and the great wall of Kremlin, which once raised its comfortable shadow between the Czar and his uncertain subjects, now shelters Stalin. This reminiscence has more than academic interest. For it shows that there is nothing new about the presence of despotism in Central Europe, Italy and Russia. It was there a hundred years ago; and if it is still there, the fact proves little more than that Germans, Russians and Italians have been slow to learn the complicated arts of government. But since it took Anglo-Saxons four or five centuries to learn that lesson, need we be surprised?

The Russian has had barely twenty years in which to unlearn the mental habits inculcated by five centuries of despotism. Germany and Italy have enjoyed their national existence for little more than two generations and, as self-governing units, they are considerably younger than most states of the Union. So we cannot reasonably expect that they will have mastered a difficult accomplishment within so short a time.

For politically these are the backward races; and their simple preference for calisthenics, for easy movements of the arm or fingers, over the more complicated method by which adult nations manage their affairs is quite natural in the rudimentary stage at which they have arrived. We outlived that stage of evolution centuries ago. Medieval Fuehrers glared at contemporary Englishmen, who bowed respectfully — until they learned a better way with absolute sovereigns. France knew the rule of autocrats, until French suffering brought in the Revolution. And America disposed of authority once and for all in the first dawn of its history. But sunrise varies in the hour at which it reaches every region of the earth; and the shaddows linger in some corners whilst another country is already broad awake in the full light of a new day. That is the course of history; and if the shadows linger still in some corners of the world, there is no need for us to feel ashamed of daylight or to confess that darkness is the best light to live by.

The simple fact that European despotism is a mere prolongation of the night emerges from a glance at the long

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Full Rations

By Rose and Bob Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

In South America free-style eating is a business. It's a pleasure too

IF YOU enjoy good food and plenty of it as much as we do, you'll want to go rolling down to Rio for some fine tropical feasting. And rolling is right, where it's still fashionable to be roly-poly and where even businessmen knock off every afternoon to join the ladies over tea and flocks of rich coconut sweets answering to such pet names as Angel's Hair—a mouth-watering nugget consisting of a thousand golden shreds—and Eye of the Mother-in-law—just a big stuffed prune with a glint of fondant peeping out. In fact, the whole of South America adds up to a sort of nonreducers' paradise, amid courtly kissing of hands and murmured compliments like: "Lady, you are always more plump and more beautiful."

In a dozen years of gorging, down below the equator, we took on a couple of spare tires ourselves, but developed no inferiority complex about it, as we might have up here. South America has so many fine dishes and swell cooks that after a few months you give up trying to resist them. We used up about one cook a year, but came home with the favorite recipe of each—Portuguese Maria's "bouquet of the sea"; Spanish Thereza's great chicken soup, called *canja;* the jumbo shrimps broiled in their jackets by that Eliza who kept a pet snake in her garden at home and fed it occasionally on broilers that should have appeared on our table; and old black Eva's interpretation of Brazil's national dish—*feijoada completa.* And was it complete! She put the whole pantry into it, down to a pig's ear. We make it at home now, about twice a month, and while it may not be quite so succulent as Eva's, it's one of the most provocative South American dishes we know how to make in a North American kitchen.

If you are the sort of person who loves to go adventuring in foreign menus once in a while, your pantry shelves will already hold some of the ingredients for a bang-up *feijoada,* for most of them are stocked in the chain stores. But you may have to go out of bounds to that Portuguese, Spanish or Italian shop where you've been window-gazing at strange herbs, bottled palm-tree shoots, chick peas, sausages made bright with red pepper, unusual cheeses and a whole rainbow of beans—from which you pick the ebony-black ones for the backbone of this dish. Then gather in as many meaty tidbits as you like—such as wrinkly, smoked sausage for boiling, salted beef tongue, ham hock, pig's foot, salt or jerked beef and salt pork. A thick hunk or two of each will do, and please buy a pig's ear for good old Eva's sake. If you want to go the whole hog, get a pig's tail, too—at any French butcher shop.

Pepper Sauce Gives It Snap

Soak the salt meats overnight, then lay them out with your market haul and toss everything into a deep kettle, with a pound or two of those black beans, an onion, one clove of garlic, a dozen peppercorns, and sprigs of your favorite herbs. But not another grain of salt! Pour in a pint of orange juice and some cold water. Let everything bubble until done. Cut up a fistful of meats for each guest, arranging them attractively on a piping-hot platter. Then, with a wooden spoon, mash some of the beans in the pot until they look like a lumpy chocolate sauce. Pour a little of this over the meats and serve up the rest in a separate dish to be dipped into ad lib., and set on the table between heaps of hot boiled rice and sliced oranges. Such a happy combination of dry rice and juicy orange makes each mouthful tantalizing, while a touch of fresh pepper sauce brings out the meaty savors.

Make your fresh pepper sauce right at the table, to bring out that unbeatable below-the-equator snap. It's done in a jiffy [illegible] sauce a dozen tiny chili peppers, both green and red, for gay carnivalesque contrast, and squeezing over them the juice of a lime or two.

By rights a tiny glass of white Brazilian rum should stand beside each plate, but any rum may be sipped until the final black bean disappears with its accompanying chunk of orange.

While turtle soup is one of the great dishes of the Brazilian coast, it's best not to try to duplicate it at home, for a whole bottle of sherry, twenty-four hours' time, and much toil go into the preparation. It's also unwise to essay the home preparation of a delicate sea-urchin omelet in Chilean style or the octopus goulash all Buenos Aires dotes upon. Try instead a slab of salt cod, grilled. You can hardly go wrong on that; just soak it overnight, slap it on the grill, crisp both sides waffle-brown and serve hot with a dash of olive oil, a spot of wine vinegar, rings of onions, whole cloves of garlic and a twist or two of the pepper grinder.

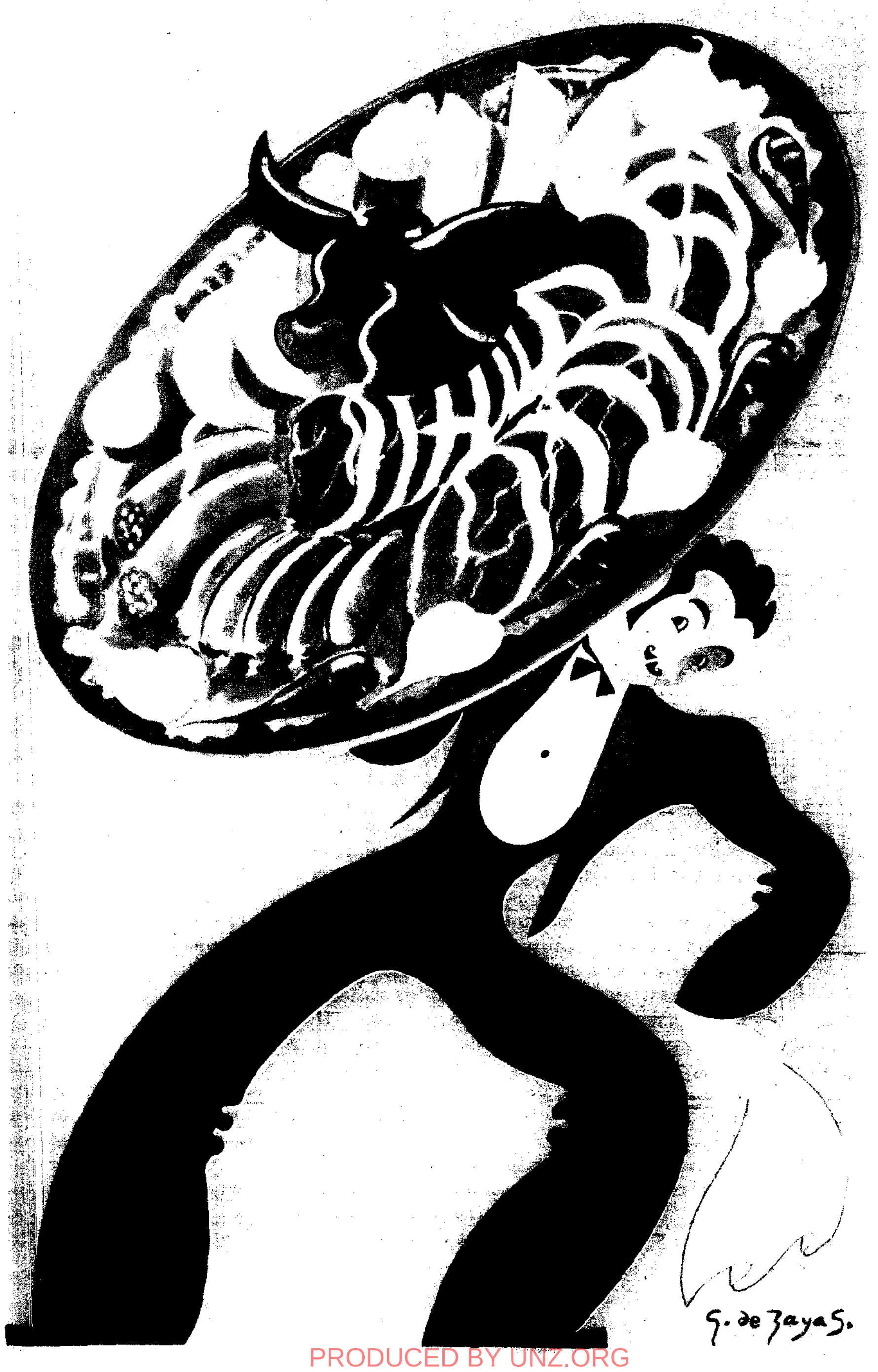
Another jungle novelty to remember is a saucerful of creamy Brazil nuts, sliced wafer-thin and sprinkled with shredded coconut—that makes a most refreshing nibble with any fruity dessert.

But here we are, putting the nuts before the soup, the trailer before the car. For soup, we recommend that great concoction of our Spanish cook Thereza. It's called *canja.* The prime prerequisite for a pot of this is a fat biddy, which you rend limb from limb and gild in butter with chopped onions. Cover with water, toss in two peeled tomatoes, some parsley and any other pot herbs you fancy, salt, of course, and let her boil away until the meat falls from her bones. Strain off the broth, skim away excess fat, and cook half a cupful of well-washed rice in the strong chicken liquor. Cut the meat into mouthfuls. By then your rice is nearly done, having swelled out to the ample proportions of the average Brazilian matron; so pop the meat in, with more salt, and soon you've got a heady elixir, molten gold in color and just the thing to keep rival cooks in their place.

But the best dish along the River Plate is an Argentine stew dubbed *puchero*—it's both soup and meat in one. Marcel Duchamps, the Parisian painter, introduced us to that at 3 A. M. in the Petit Salon of Buenos Aires, and we've had a hankering for it ever since. Evidently an Argentine husband leaves both home and wife for it, judging from the scarcity of women in that chic masculine roundup at the hour when hungry revelers and gamblers were thronging in from the casinos and tango parlors.

The headwaiter came staggering up to our table under an enormous Sheffield platter with a calf's head standing up in the center. Around it, like a ring of colors on Marcel's palette, lay slices of boiled beef, both jerked and plain, whole carrots and turnips, sausages of assorted hues, chunks of crimson corned beef, triangles of yellow squash, lengths of blue corn on the cob and thumping big drumsticks of chicken. We thought he was going to serve us portions, but the whole grand slam was for us three, though it was enough to feed a visiting polo team.

He came up to our table carrying an enormous platter with a calf's head in the center, enough food for a visiting polo team



Have a Cup of Maté

Except for that calf's head, which any butcher will order for you, the ingredients of a bumper New England boiled dinner will enable you to duplicate this dish at home. And if, after such a meal, you feel a bit stuffed, try sipping some *yerba maté* instead of a liqueur. This bright green tea, now becoming popular up here, usually goes by its first name, *yerba,* which is Spanish for what our grandmothers used to call "yarbs." It's the leaf of the bushy *maté* tree that grows almost everywhere below the equatorial belt, chiefly in Paraguay. It's supposed to kill two appetites with one cup, to be both soothing and slimming. In any case, you might like to try it and, if so, you can get several different kinds at any fancy grocer's or herb shop.

After a breakfast of *maté* and a slice of toast you might want to rest up on something as simple as Eliza's shrimps, broiled in their jackets, for lunch. In the tropics, where everything comes big in season, giant shrimps, the size of baby lobsters, leap into the nets at the full of the moon. We're not sure that our Yankee jumbos are as susceptible to lunar phases, but you might look up the next full moon on the calendar and then sally forth to your fish market and buy a peck of the biggest and livest you can find. Yet even little run-of-the-tide prawns taste like broiled angels when simply blistered on both sides under the grill, because the shell seals in the juices.

Wrap them up in a napkin to keep them hot on the table, then wriggle them out one at a time, shuck them with loving care, dunk 'em in melted butter and pop 'em into your mouth and you'll swear they're as sweet and nutty as fresh roasted chestnuts. Or take them more leisurely, bite by bite, with a splash of that stimulating pepper sauce that has all the tang of Tabasco but not so much of the bite.

To top off such a piquant sea-food snack there's nothing better than the bland, cooling "sailor's butter" we used to call alligator pear, which has now gone Spanish on us under its correct name—avocado. We slice it into salads mostly, but around the equator, where it's as common a dish as mashed potatoes here, the green pulp of a mellow-ripe avocado is whipped up light with confectioners' triple-X sugar and lemon juice—for dessert. It's piled back like St. Patrick's Day cream into the halved shells and then lingeringly licked out, with the help of a spoon.

But you might prefer topping off with a slice of that tree melon called papaya in Florida, where it's grown extensively, and *mamao* down in Brazil. Eat a few of its tonic black pepsin seeds with every mouthful. Or maybe one of those blush-cheeked mangoes, likewise being introduced widely from Florida—they're simply dripping with juice, so if you're not an expert at catching the drip don't try eating one in public until after you've practiced the art in your bathtub. ★★★

In Hiding

By Lucian Cary

He tried to side-step his past. What he did was meet it face to face

IN MOST small towns there's an attractive girl who hasn't much choice. She was born on the wrong side of the tracks and she waits on table at the Commercial House until it doesn't seem any use any more and then she runs away with the city slicker or marries the night man at Joe's garage.

In most small towns there's a young man whose parents have made the down payment on a taste for nice things but have balked at the upkeep. Some day he's coming into a bit of money. But while he's waiting for that to happen he hasn't a spare dime or any nice way of making one. So he may get into something worse than mischief.

In most small towns there's a guy who once knew the Main Stem as well as he knows Main Street now. He may be on the lam for the best of all reasons; or he may have retired from the Big Town because he couldn't take it. Perhaps he runs the cigar store and newsstand and knows what to do with a two-dollar bet on the third race at Pimlico. Whatever he does for a living, he has a philosophy of life in four words: Keep your nose clean.

It isn't necessary to add, as they do in the Army, "and never volunteer." If you keep your nose clean you never interfere with anybody else's racket; you never seem to notice what you see; you never ask embarrassing questions; you never spill your guts; you never talk out of turn; and of course you never volunteer.

THE boy was on the lam when he came into Haddam's Corner toward noon of a hot Saturday. He knew that if they found out he was still alive they would have even better reasons for shooting him than they'd had the first time and he had no doubt they would do an even better job.

He was so thin and pale and weak after his months in the hospital that no one would have guessed that an admiring sports writer had compared him within the year to a snake, a tiger, a mule, and a long-dead colored man. The sports writer had said: "After that left hand, poisonous as a cobra's stroke, had him on the way out Johnny Dugan went in like a tiger to the kill, and when he let the right go the great Benny might just as well have been kicked by a mule. He looked, this Johnny Dugan, like the old master himself, the peerless Joe Gans."

He was driving a jaloppy that he had gotten for two hundred bucks and his one idea was to get as far away from New York as possible. But he was tired. He was so tired after driving a hundred or two hundred miles, whatever it was, that he could hardly sit up at the wheel. He came in on the wide main street, with big trees whose branches arched high overhead, and large white houses set well back in wide lawns. It was different from any other main street he had ever seen. It looked cool and quiet and safe.

He parked the car in front of a restaurant with a red neon sign in the window that said: Bar. He went in and ate a table-d'hôte lunch that cost thirty-five cents. He thought, "I'm a long way from New York. I'm in the sticks. I can rest and go on tomorrow." He put a quarter beside his napkin for the girl who had waited on him; and then he thought better of it. He made it a dime instead. He didn't want to attract any attention.

He got a room in the hotel, remembering to sign the register with his new name of George Brown. He awoke toward dark and drove around a bit. A mile up the concrete road to the north was a roadhouse and dance place called Rich's. On his way back he saw, on the edge of town where another concrete highway crossed the one he was on, a fine new dog wagon. He parked his old car and went in. It was nearly nine o'clock but the plump, bald, talkative guy behind the counter said he still had some dinner.

George Brown had the appetite that comes when you get on your feet after months in a hospital. He ate a bowl of clam chowder and slices of pot roast in brown gravy and fresh vegetables and dumplings and mashed potatoes and apricot pie.

While he was having coffee and a cigarette a girl came in—an uncommonly pretty girl of nineteen or twenty with a head of brown curls and a slightly turned-up nose and a generous full-lipped mouth. She knew the guy behind the counter. She called him Al and he called her Hilda.

George Brown could not bear to leave while she was there. She paid no attention to him—she was talking to Al. But she seemed so bright and friendly and unpretending that he had to see as much as he could of her. He ordered another cup of coffee and listened unobtrusively to her talk.

She was two hours late for dinner because so many women were going to the country club dance that night and they all wanted the new manicure with wax. She was tired. She didn't think she'd bother to get dressed and go to Rich's for the evening as she had planned.

AL TOLD her that she'd feel different when she had eaten her dinner, and George Brown knew she would. She was too young and too eager for life to give up her Saturday night because she was a little tired.

There was a rumble and a roar outside—the roar of a car with big cylinders and a cutout in the exhaust pipe.

"There's the boy friend now," Al said.

A tall young man, in a handsome tweed jacket and flannel slacks, came in.

"Hello, darling," he said.

"Hello, Whit," she said.

"When do we start?"

"You'll have to take me home first," she said. "I've got to change."

"Let's get going," he said. "It won't be crowded at Rich's tonight with a country club party on."

He picked up her check but she wouldn't let him pay it.

"Don't be rude," she said, and it was plain she meant it.

He yielded and they went out together.

Al picked up the dishes the girl had left and wiped the lunch bar.

"Nice girl," George Brown said.

"She is a nice girl," Al said. "She's had hard luck. But you'd never know it from her. Her father up and left her mother flat when she was just a kid. Her mother learned stenography and typewriting and got herself a job as secretary to a lawyer here in town, but she died about a week after Hilda graduated from high school. Only job the kid could get was in the beauty shop. She's been earning her own living ever since. But what chance has she got in a town like this?"

"The fellow she was with looked all right," George Brown said.

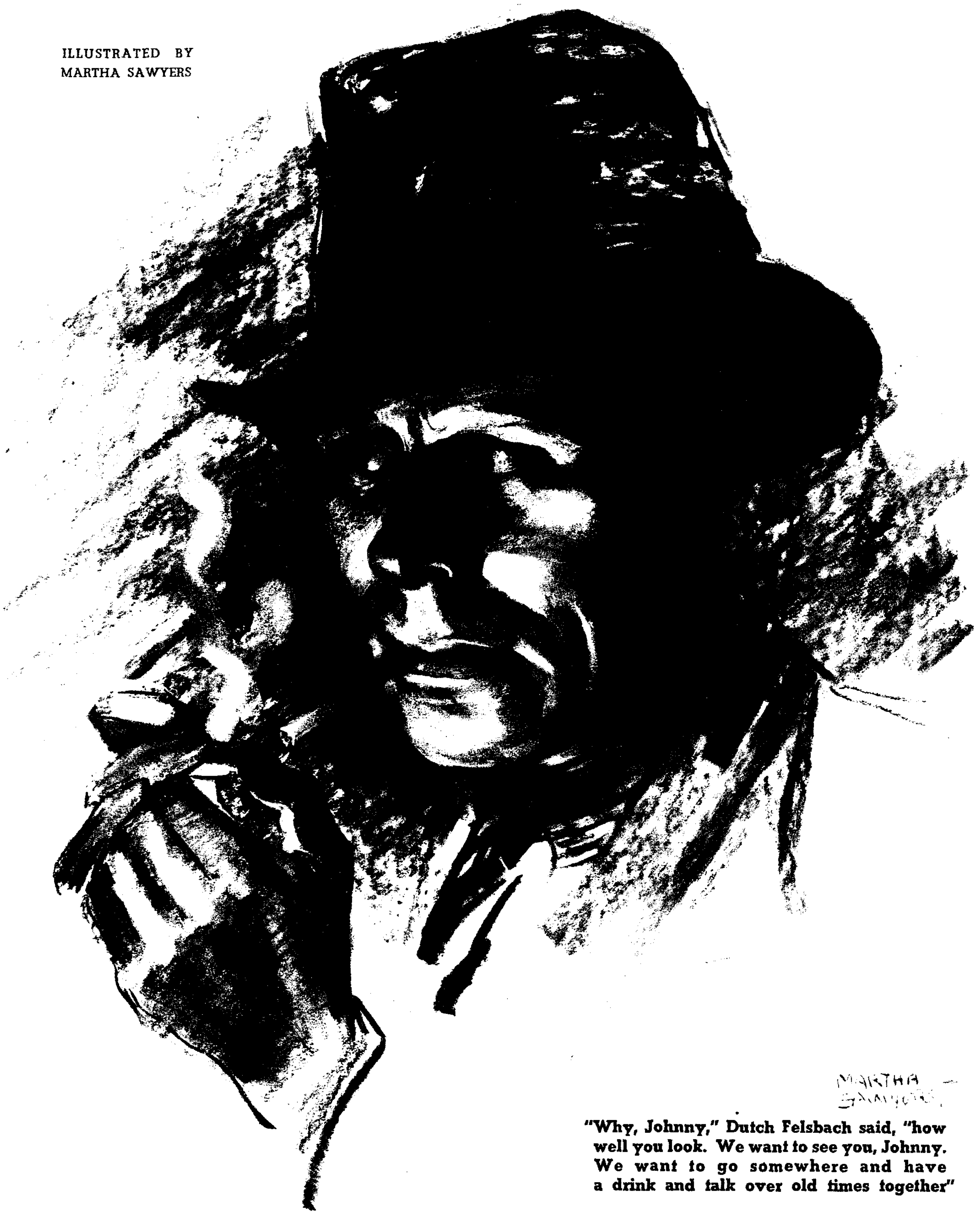
"Yeah," Al said. "Yeah. Whitney Barnes is all right, I guess."

Al drew himself a cup of coffee and lit a cigarette.

"You see," he said, "the Barnes family were about the first New York people that ever came up here. He bought old farms that were growing up to brush. I guess altogether he bought over two thousand acres up in the hills back of here. Used to raise pheasants and turn them loose to shoot. Every spring he'd have his superintendent plant patches of grain—corn and buckwheat and stuff—for those pheasants. But now the old man's dead and I guess Mrs. Barnes hasn't the money to keep it up. She's got plenty. But not enough for that.

"Whitney is the kind of young fellow that's always had everything he wanted handed to him. But here the last year or so his mother has cracked down on him. They say she gives him five dollars a week pocket money. He isn't the kind to get out and find himself a job. He wasn't brought up that way. So what's he gonna do?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARTHA SAWYERS



"Why, Johnny," Dutch Felsbach said, "how well you look. We want to see you, Johnny. We want to go somewhere and have a drink and talk over old times together"

AL WOULD have gossiped on indefinitely but three hungry truck drivers came in and he had to go to work. George Brown paid his check and went out. He asked himself, as he drove back to the hotel, why Haddam's Corner wasn't as safe a place for him as any. They weren't looking for him because of course they thought he was dead. The only danger was that one of them would see him or hear of him. What smart guy would ever stop in Haddam's Corner? There was nothing there for smart guys.

And all the time he argued with himself about Haddam's Corner, George Brown knew that he was going to stay there. He was going to stay there because of Hilda Temple, who rated something better than he would ever be, even if he weren't on the spot.

When he got to the hotel he took off his clothes and lay down on the bed. He had nothing to do but sleep. He felt he could sleep, and sleep again, endlessly.

His wounds had healed but the scars were bad. The scars were like deep ugly dimples with ragged edges except for the long one that went almost halfway around his body. There was a dimple in his shoulder and one just over his heart and two in his belly and one high on his left thigh.

He lay there smoking a cigarette and thinking before he went to sleep. He had mostly learned how to fight in the Navy. He had speed and a natural left hand and the old time lightweight Spider Murphy was a petty officer on his ship. Spider had taught him all he knew and after two years Johnny was lightweight champion of the Navy. He had fought all over the world—from Buenos Aires to the China Station. He had fought lightweights and welterweights and even middleweights. There are a thousand men on a big battleship when her complement is full, and a thousand men bet their pay on Johnny Dugan when he fought.

THE ship was in San Francisco when his hitch was over and Spider Murphy told Johnny he'd better get out of the Navy because he was near his peak as a fighter and it was his chance to make some money. Spider introduced him to Buzz Holabird. Spider said Buzz was an honest manager. So Johnny signed a contract. After his first fight the sports writers called him the Frisco Flash.

Johnny beat all the good men Buzz could find out West and they started East. Johnny beat Benny Zenturi, who was the lightweight champion then, in an over-the-weight match at Detroit.

(Continued on page 29)

The Glass Slipper

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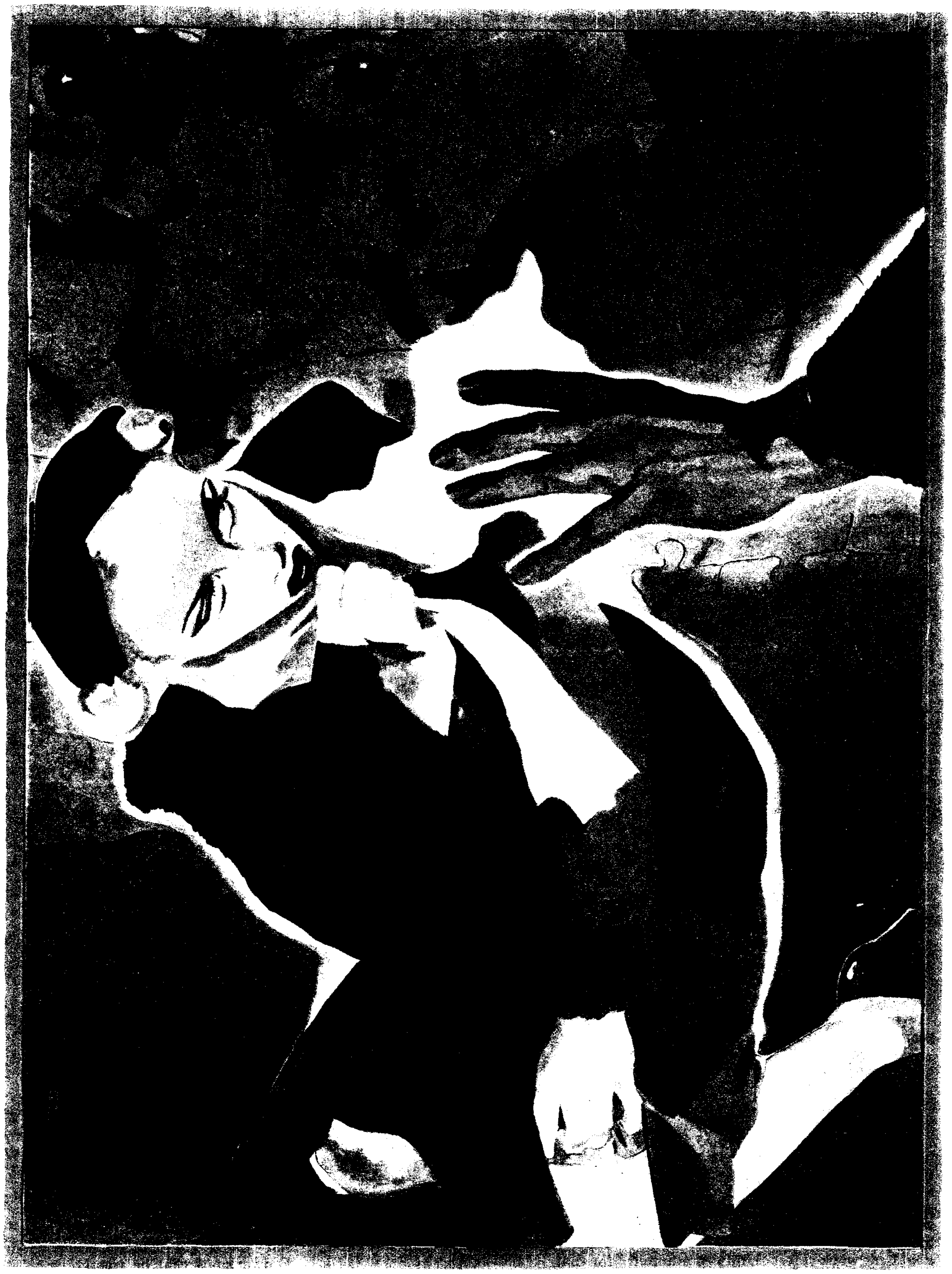
By

Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



He swore and bent down, and his fingers came out of the darkness and touched her face, and Rue screamed

The Story Thus Far:

SOME ten months after the death of his wife, Crystal, Dr. Brule Hatterick, prominent Chicago surgeon, marries again. Rue Hatterick, his second wife, had been a nurse. With another nurse, Juliet Garder, she had cared for Crystal during her last illness. She is happy in her husband's beautiful home, until the police —urged on by an anonymous letter writer— begin an investigation of Crystal Hatterick's death, prove that the woman had been poisoned, and make it quite obvious that they think Rue is guilty of the murder.

Two other murders follow—both in the Hattericks' home: Juliet Garder, the nurse who had helped Rue during Crystal's illness, is poisoned (she dies in Rue's presence), and Rachel, a maid, is stabbed to death!

Living with the Hattericks are: Madge, Brule's daughter by Crystal, and Steven Hendrie, a semi-invalid who is under Doctor Hatterick's care. Hendrie is engaged to Alicia Pelham, once Crystal's closest friend. Neither Alicia nor Madge makes any effort to conceal her hatred of Rue.

When someone tries to poison her (by depositing poison in a glass that she uses every morning), Rue realizes that she is in peril—peril far more sinister than that offered by the police. Then she learns some alarming truths; they are revealed to her by Crystal Hatterick's physician, young "Andy" Crittenden. Andy tells her that for years Brule and Alicia Pelham have been having an affair—that they are still madly in love with each other. He entertains the theory that fear had prevented their marrying after Crystal's death, and that Brule has been using Rue as a blind, to cover up his relations with Alicia.

A series of episodes, which come to a climax when she finds a surgeon's knife hidden in her bedroom, convinces Rue that she must get away from the house. Andy Crittenden has been urging her to slip away and accompany him to a safe hideaway in the country. Now, at last, she yields to his entreaties, tells him that she will go away with him.

They agree upon the meeting point. They plan every detail. And that night, after Rue has slipped away from her home (guarded by policemen), she takes a long ride on the El and meets Andy. He has an old car, one Rue has never before seen. "Get in," he says calmly. Rue steps into the car. Andy seats himself beside her.

Conclusion

THE street stretched emptily ahead of Rue and Andy like a long tunnel, starkly outlined by the El columns, which were shadow and substance intermixed, dotted bleakly at intervals with wavering, rain-blurred street lights.

She had no idea where she was. Warehouses seemed to line the sides of the tunnel. They turned and turned again and she was completely at a loss. Even the guiding elevated columns were gone.

Andy said nothing; he was hunched forward peering into the rain ahead, trying to see through the wavering, dim-lit lane.

She could see only his white, strained-looking profile.

Well, it had all been as simple as he had told her it would be. No one knew she had gone; or if by this time they knew and had found the green cape, still she had completely escaped them.

And she would telephone as soon as she was safe.

Safe? She was safe now. With Andy.

"How—far is it?" she asked above the wheezy rattle of the engine.

"H'm?" Andy came out of his abstraction with a jerk, said: "Oh—you mean to Mrs. Black's. Not far. We'll go the back way, and come in again on Dempster Road. It's—safer that way." He glanced at her once, smiled briefly as if to reassure her and went back to his anxious scrutiny of the road ahead.

Not far. She drew a long, weary breath. She'd escaped the Hatterick house and the threats it had held for her. The difficult part of it had been accomplished. She settled her chin down into the collar of her coat and felt in her pocket for cigarettes. Perhaps her fingers actually touched the letter that was there.

She had cigarettes but no matches.

And Andy handed her a small advertising folder of matches and when she had lighted her cigarette she returned the pack of matches to him. There can scarcely be a smaller or a more inconsequential act.

Yet it was in fact the last small link in a chain.

Neither of them spoke. The rain was making it increasingly difficult to see the road and Andy after several attempts to make an antiquated windshield wiper function, gave it up and bent forward over the wheel. They were leaving the straggling outskirts of town; she could see nothing of houses except now and then a light flickering off somewhere in the rainy darkness.

She said presently, idly, "Did you say Mrs. Black? I thought you called her Mrs. Brown—"

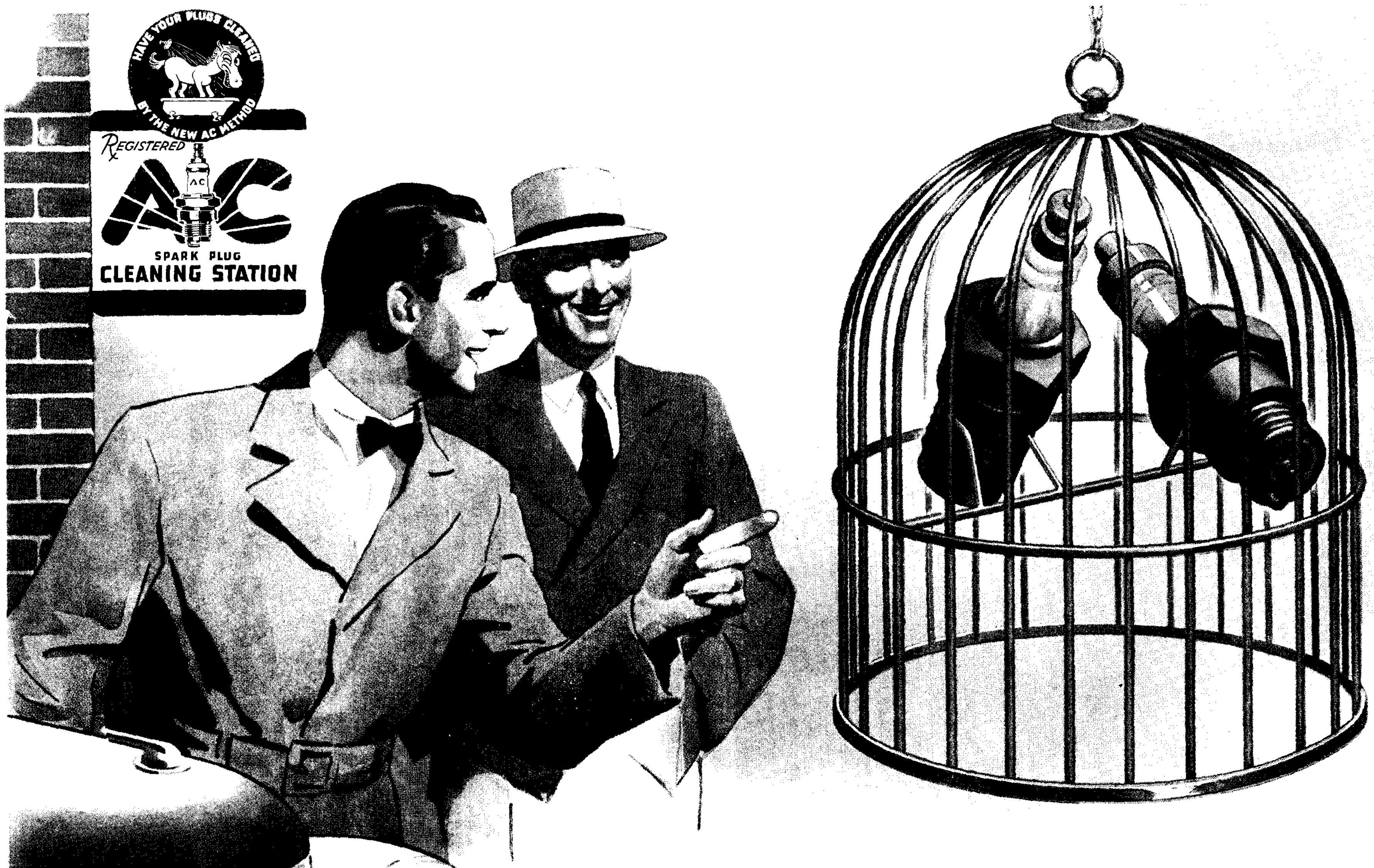
Andy said abruptly: "Huh—oh! Oh, yes. I meant Mrs. Brown—gosh, it's hard to see." He hesitated at what appeared to be a crossroad, looked along the intersecting expanse of wet black pavement leading into nothingness so far as Rue could see, appeared to decide against it and went on.

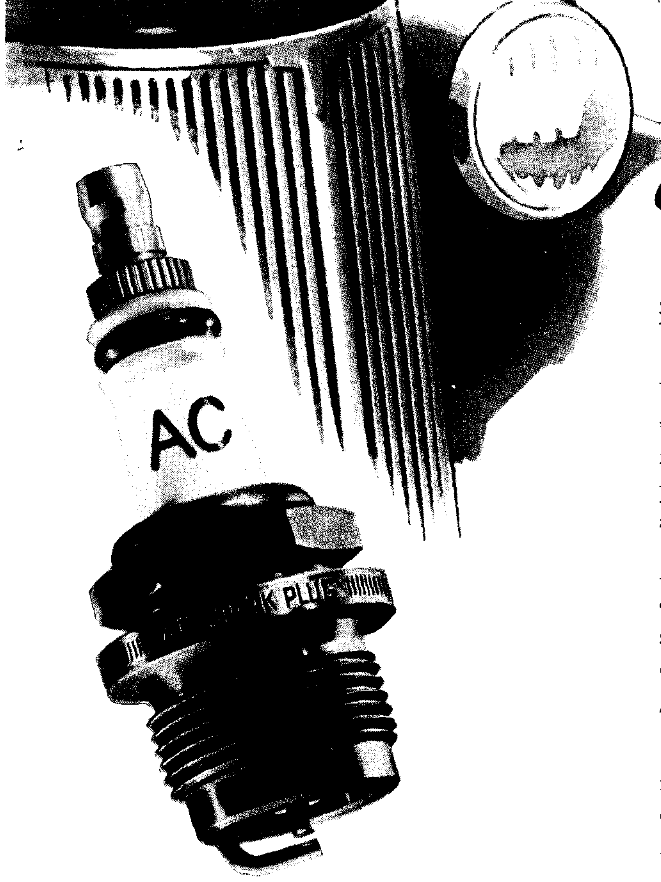
Probably they were in the country now; Andy himself seemed a little uncertain.

"Where are we?" said Rue.

"I—don't know exactly. That is,

(Continued on page 35)





These BIRDS were caught STEALING GAS!

—dirty or worn plugs rob you of as much as one gallon of gas in ten. And they cut down your power, and cause hard starting, too.

You'll be doing plenty of driving for the next three or four months. If you want good gas mileage, plenty of power, and quick starting, you'd better have your spark plugs cleaned and replace those that are worn—now.

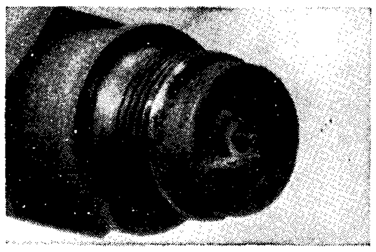
All plugs get dirty in a few thousand miles of driving. And today's driving conditions are so hard on plugs that it's best to replace worn ones every 10,000 miles.

The dirt that plugs collect is a combination of Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon. It causes irregular missing, especially at high speeds and on hard pulls. That's what causes gas waste, hard starting, and sluggish performance.

If you'll have your spark plugs cleaned by the AC Method, and replace the worn plugs with new ACs, you'll save *plenty* on your gas—save your battery, and get more pep and power out of your engine.

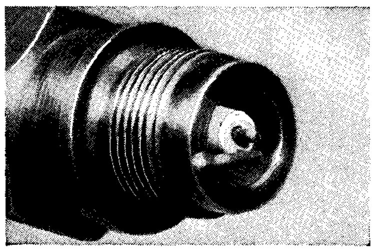
* * *

All automobile engineers and mechanics agree on this advice. More than 70,000 dealers, garages, and service stations are equipped to do plug cleaning by the AC Method—with the specially designed AC Spark Plug Cleaning Machine. Everywhere, the charge is only 5c a plug. Cleaning is done while you wait. Look for the sign of the "Plug-in-the-Tub"—and get your spark plugs cleaned—today!



Oxide coating, soot, and carbon cause gas waste and power loss.

The AC Cleaning Machine is fast, and thoroughly cleans all plugs.



A clean plug, if not worn out, saves gas, improves performance.

REPLACE WORN PLUGS
every 10,000 miles with
AC Quality SPARK PLUGS

Every AC plug is expressly engineered to fit the particular performance conditions of the specific engine or engines for which it is designed. Furthermore, there is a type and size for *every* car, truck, bus, tractor, and power boat. So, the AC Quality Spark Plug specified for your engine is sure to give you peak performance and satisfaction.

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America's most underpriced car

JUST a little while back, you couldn't touch a car with the class and prestige of the world-famous Studebaker Commander for double $875.

Now it's yours, with all its distinction, for scarcely any more than a small, light car.

It runs, rides, steers, accelerates, climbs hills and brakes better than any other car you've ever known—as a 10-mile trial drive will prove.

It's completely new clear through—and so stunningly styled the authoritative Magazine of Art named Studebaker best designed car of the year. Moreover, when you buy the Commander you put yourself in line for a top trade-in price years from now. C. I. T. budget plan terms. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.

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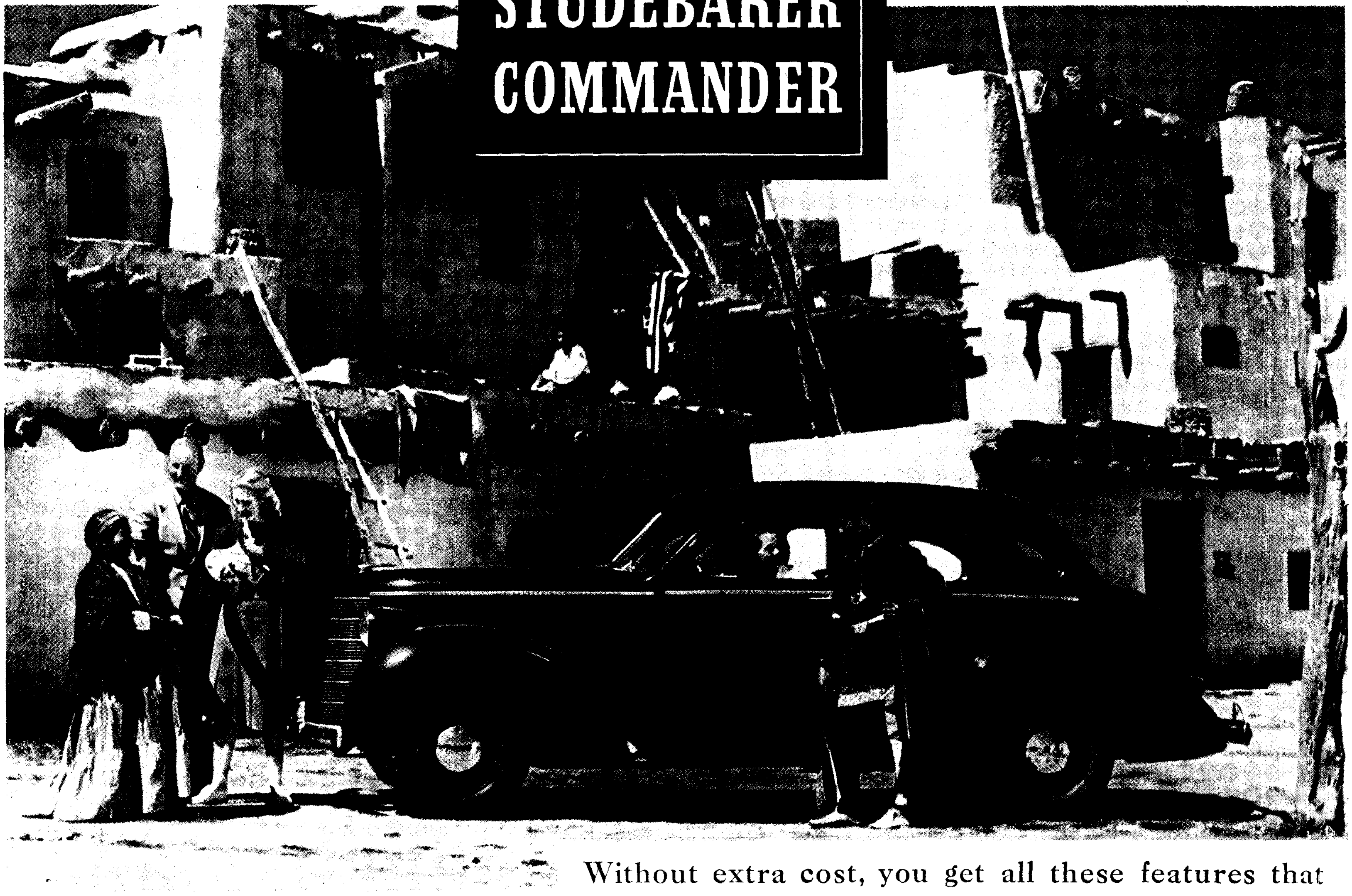

COMMANDER CRUISING SEDAN, ILLUSTRATED ABOVE, $975

delivered at South Bend, complete with all equipment listed in panel at right, including Federal Tax.

Better workmanship makes Studebaker a better buy!

Studebaker's force of 7,300 friendly fellow townsmen are master craftsmen all. They average 40 years of age and half of them have been Studebaker employees 10 years or more. Pictured are the Firestones, Wm. L. and Wilbur F., one of the famous Studebaker "father and son" teams. Studebaker employs no transient workmen.

Without extra cost, you get all these features that no car except Studebaker includes

- Planar independent suspension ... The famous Miracle Ride
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- Safety glass all around ... Indispensable protection
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Front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, metal spring covers, two windshield wipers, fender tail lamp, license bracket tail lamp, sun visor, cloth upholstery, five painted disc wheels, extra tire and tube. *Vacuum-actuated Miracle Shift and Gas-saving Automatic Overdrive available at extra cost.*

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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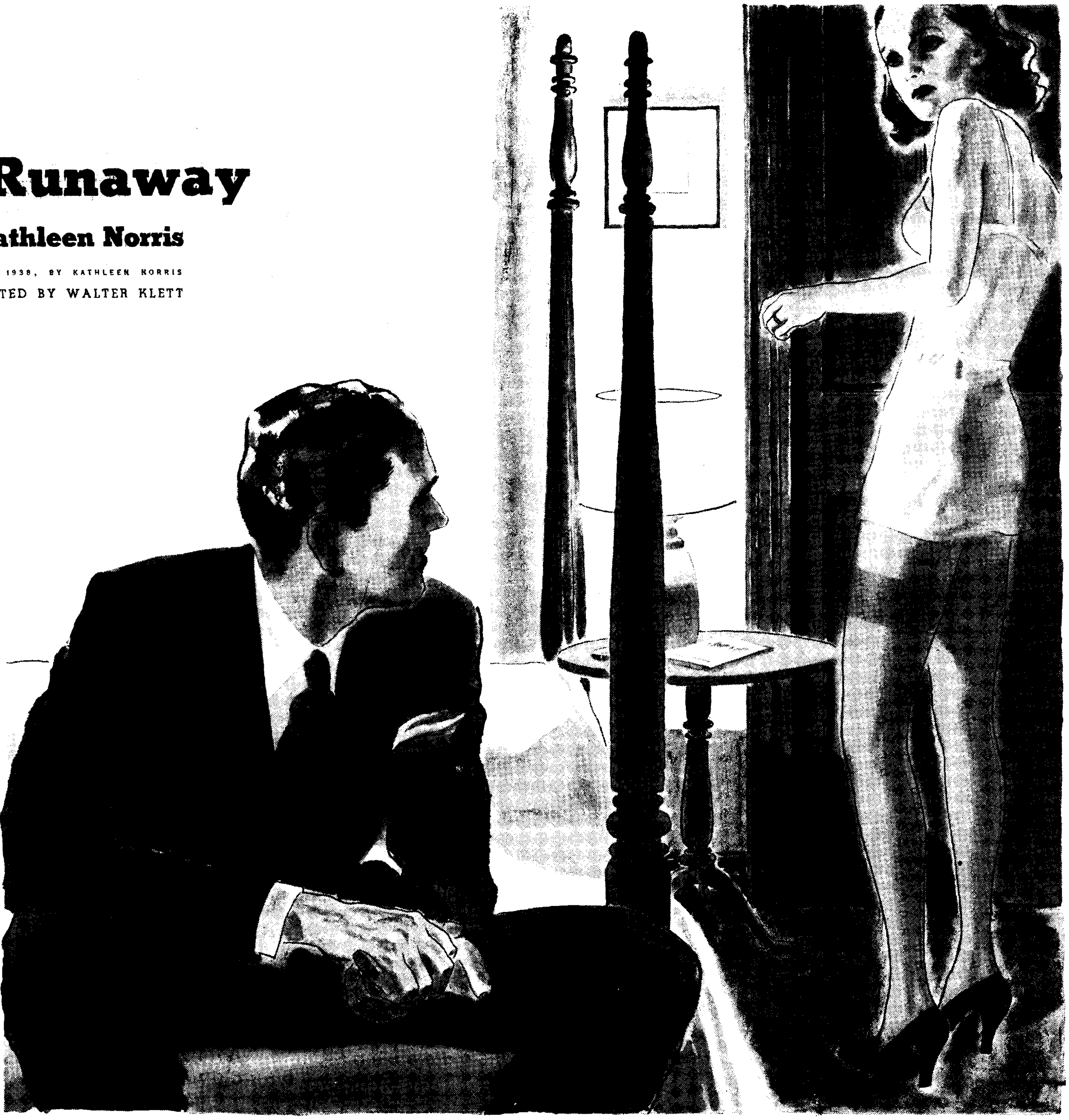


"We want a little home, Beck," Gavin went on. "We've got to get going with this fellow to look out for"

The Story Thus Far:

AWARE that she does not love Joe Feratta, to whom she is engaged, Becky Gibson meets another man, Gavin Flood, whom she does love. Flood, a chance visitor to the California town of Salletts (near which Becky lives with her mother and father and four brothers), is a charming person. Before he goes away, he has exacted Becky's promise to marry him as soon as he is in a position to support her; for years he has been adventuring, wandering about—now at last, so he says, he is going to settle down and do something, "make good."

Weeks after he has left for Southern California, Becky's mother learns of what has happened. Whereupon, she tells Becky a startling story: Years before, in Chicago, a young couple—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith—had met a woman, "Mrs. William Davis," who had offered them twenty thousand dollars if they would take charge of her baby (not then born), change their name and, in time, move to California. The Smiths had accepted the offer. The baby had been born; Mrs. Davis had died. The Smiths had adopted the baby, changed their name, and moved to California. That baby they had named —*Rebecca Gibson!*

Recovering from this shock, Becky receives another: she learns that Gavin is desperately ill in San Francisco. Without the slightest hesitation, she rushes to him. She finds him near death in a cheap rooming house. She nurses him back to health; and they are married.

Their honeymoon is spent in a two-room apartment in a wretchedly poor neighborhood. Gavin cannot find a good position: he takes whatever odd jobs offer. After a time, Becky learns that he is gambling—and losing.

When he learns that Becky will soon become a mother, he insists that she return to her family. Becky does not wish to fall back on her mother and father at this important time; but she finally agrees to do so.

Becky's baby—a boy, Spencer Gibson Flood—is born. The little mother should be radiantly happy. But she is not—Gavin has disappeared; not one letter has she received from him since they said goodby in San Francisco!

Then one day while they are together at the ranch, they hear a man's voice: "Hello. Becky!" A man—well-dressed, smiling—is approaching them. "*Gavin!*" Becky says faintly.

VI

BECKY got up, and Gavin put his arm about her and kissed her.

After a confused moment of forced laughter and surprise and greeting, they all sat down again, and Gavin smiled keenly at his wife. Becky's hair was in disorder; she wore a cotton morning dress belted with Gibbs' big bath apron.

"You're thin. Think she's thin, Mrs. Gibson?" Gavin asked.

"Look here, Gavin. Don't make too much noise, he's beginning to hear things." Becky raised the baby's blanket.

"He looks all right!" Gavin said laughing. "Well, tell me everything, and how's everything?" he added. resuming his seat, taking out his cigarette box, and looking from one woman to the other. "Smoke, Mrs. Gibson? I know Beck doesn't. What's all the news? Ned McSwayne wrote me he'd seen Beck, and I thought the best thing I could do was to come up. I'm not much of a letter writer."

"I'll say you aren't!" Becky felt an odd prick of self-contempt beneath her rueful little laugh. This forgiving casual manner wasn't the way to treat him after all these months. But what else could a neglected wife do? Make a scene in these first minutes of reunion, embarrass Mother with recriminations? Instinct told her that at the first break, the first loosening of her tongue, she would lose all restraint and begin to cry. She must hold tight to her self-control.

"But, Gavin," she said, trying to speak lightly, yet with a touch of bitterness already in her voice, "where've you been? Why no letters? I didn't know where to write, or what was happening to you—"

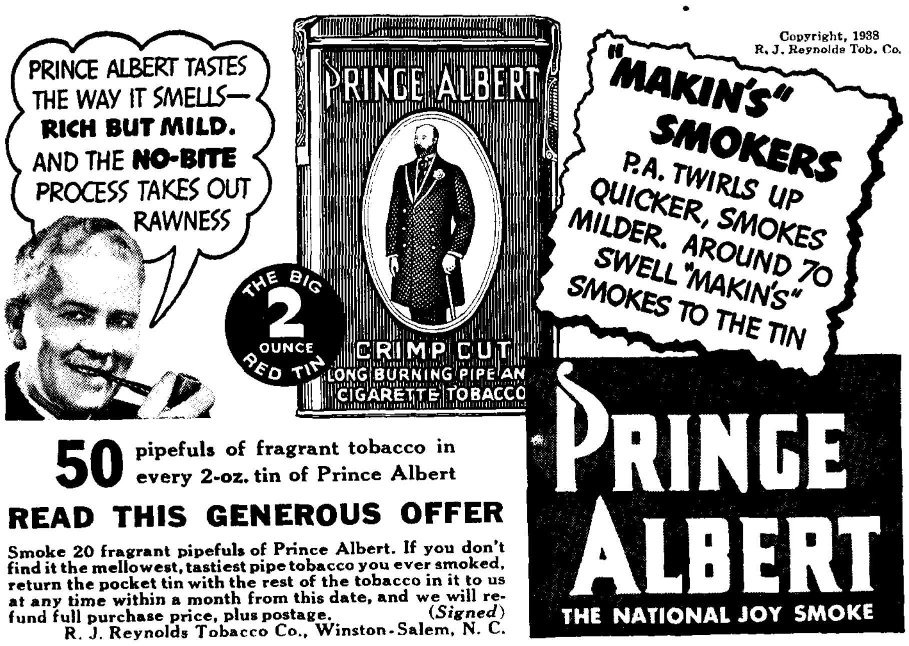
"Beck was worried," Sarah put in gravely.

"I didn't know where I was myself!" Gavin assured them cheerfully. "They sent me to Yuma; hell of a place. I was in Calexico for three weeks, being fried by inches. I kept thinking I'd sit down and write the whole thing out for you, Beck, and then by George! it'd all bust up and I'd be off somewhere else. Well, but here I am now, with a few days to consider about sixty-seven different propositions," Gavin concluded, with an

(Continued on page 40)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP—at BOSTON
THIS IS THE FAMOUS MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE, CHUBBINS
THAT'S REAL GOLD ON THE DOME, ISN'T IT, DAD?
THIS OLD NORTH CHURCH IS REALLY ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT HISTORICAL SHRINES
OH, DAD, LOOK AT THAT MAN'S PIPE. HIS OWN FACE IS CARVED ON IT
HOW'S THAT AGAIN?
I SAY, WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME KNOW WHERE YOU HAD YOUR PIPE CARVED?
SAY, YOU'RE JUDGE ROBBINS, AREN'T YOU? IF YOU'LL RIDE WITH ME, I'LL GLADLY TAKE YOU TO THE PIPE-CARVING SHOP
WELL, THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, SIR. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, CHUBBINS
A FEW DAYS LATER...
OH HELLO, JUDGE---I SEE YOU'VE HAD YOUR PIPE CARVED. NOW YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO BE EXCITED ABOUT ON BOTH SIDES OF YOUR PIPE
HA, HA---THAT'S RIGHT! OUTSIDE, I'VE A FINE ADDITION TO MY PIPE COLLECTION—INSIDE, THE GRANDEST TOBACCO A PIPE-SMOKER COULD IMAGINE
WELL, I'VE TRIED A LOT OF TOBACCOS IN MY TIME, BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS BY FAR THE MOST FRIENDLY AND GRATIFYING
I FIND MOST PIPE-SMOKERS FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT, AND NOT ONLY HERE, BUT EVERYWHERE I GO!

THE STORY OF SMOKING JOY


PRINCE ALBERT TASTES THE WAY IT SMELLS—RICH BUT MILD. AND THE NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT RAWNESS
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
"MAKIN'S" SMOKERS P.A. TWIRLS UP QUICKER, SMOKES MILDER. AROUND 70 SWELL 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TO THE TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1938 R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

READ THIS GENEROUS OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Key to Lockjaw

Continued from page 17

being anaerobic bacteria. That simply means that they reproduce best without air. Hence, lodged deeply and securely in the flesh they work best at creating their particular brand of hell.

First their shells dissolve, and the organisms begin growing in chains. When a single chain becomes too long, it breaks in two, and each then goes on growing. In this manner a dozen or so bacteria may have several million grandchildren by the end of a week.

Every one of these individuals is a microscopic poison factory. Each secretes toxin and pours this virulence into the body. How the bug gets about, no one is sure. But the best evidence at the moment points to the blood as the carrier. This is a fine point, interesting to research men. But it's enough for the layman to know that if sufficient of this stuff is in his body, he is irrevocably bound for kingdom come.

This, then, is the disease against which the horses we have spoken about are guarding us. Visit one of the farms the biological manufacturers maintain, and you'll find that most of these horses, which the serum and vaccine firms buy by the hundreds, aren't, for one reason or another, suitable for work. After a hard life the animals are suddenly surrounded by horse luxury.

They have beautifully manicured fields to romp in and, to live in, stables unsurpassed by the diggings of such gentry as Man O' War and Cavalcade. They eat the finest hay and the primest oats, with side dishes of dietary delicacies that will keep them in top-notch condition. They are bathed and rubbed until they are as clean as a chain restaurant.

One of the larger makers of biologicals—serums and vaccines—may own four to six hundred horses. Usually they are kept about a hundred to a barn. Every size and variety will be represented, but, generally speaking, newly arrived horses will be about eight years old.

Let's follow a newly arrived tetanus horse through the prescribed routine to see how he pays for his grandiose lodgings.

After he has been fed up to a first-rate physical condition, he will be led down one day to what might pass as a horse hospital. A white-coated man will jam a hypodermic needle into the horse, press down on a plunger and install ten cubic centimeters of fluid in the animal's circulatory system. The fluid formerly was the straight toxin thrown off by tetanus bacteria. Today it is the toxoid. Toxoid is nothing but the toxin that has been robbed of its poisoning qualities but still has the ability to build resistance in the body.

Passive Heroes

In either case the function is the same: to start the horse making blood factors that will combat the disease. This initial dose is known as the basic immunizing dose. Once it is given, a horse has nothing to do for six months. Before this remarkable toxoid was discovered, horses occasionally developed the disease they were supposed to be fighting. These animals had to be destroyed.

The new procedure avoids this unpleasantness. After his first shot, the horse is given six months to build resistance. Then he begins getting toxin or toxoid regularly; the idea being that the more he gets the more his immunity will rise. The first week he is given ten cubic centimeters. Week by week this will be stepped up until he is receiving enormous jolts of the poison without ill effects. In some cases these terminal doses consist of enough toxin to kill one million guinea pigs.

About every two weeks the horse will be led to the hospital barn and backed into a glistening iron stall. An attendant shaves a patch of neck hair, swabs it with alcohol, and inserts a large hollow needle into the jugular vein. A rubber tube, through which blood can flow, is led into a glass tube as big around as a fist and as long as an umbrella.

For about fifteen minutes the horse bleeds, giving up between two and two and a half gallons of blood. Now he is on regular routine. Each week he gets his shot of toxin, and each two weeks gives up his blood. The regimen has no apparent ill effects.

How long this continues is governed solely by the titer—measure—of effectiveness of the horse's blood in warding off tetanus. This titer is measured in units of antitoxin a cubic centimeter of blood contains.

Good horses produce up to 2,500 units of tetanus antitoxin per cubic centimeter of blood. In theory this is sufficient to save the lives of 2,500,000 guinea pigs.

If a horse's titer fails to hold up, he is valueless, hence is destroyed. Others may go on producing antitoxin in economic amounts for four or five years. One that the writer is familiar with kept his titer at barely economic levels for seven years—and produced $157,500 worth of antitoxin.

Ready for Lifesaving

In the long collecting tubes the blood is mixed with anticlotting chemicals, then allowed to settle. The red portion sinks to the bottom, and the amber-colored serum floats on top. Each drug company has its own process for extracting the antitoxin from this serum. But the chief purpose of each is to remove foreign material that might cause shock when infused into a human being, and to leave a pure concentrate of antitoxin.

Mixed with salt water, this substance is packed in ampoules usually containing 1,500 units each. That amount amply protects a youngster with a firecracker wound, or one who has embedded tetanus bacilli in his foot by stepping on a rusty nail.

By a little simple arithmetic you can get some idea of the value of this protective serum. The 1,500-unit ampoules contain factors produced by one cubic centimeter of horse's blood, and sell for about seventy-five cents. If this antitoxin could be used just as the horse gives it, it would have a market value of $7,500. Just in case this attracts you enough to make you decide to go into the business, it might be well to mention that between horse and ampoule stand some expensive processes.

But to return to our horse. He has produced $7,500 worth of material at one bleeding. If he is a good animal he can stand this every two weeks, or twenty-six times a year—a total of $195,000 a year for about five years.

When a horse's titer drops below economic levels—say down to 200 or 300 units per cubic centimeter—he is destroyed.

Not all animals meet this ignominious fate. One of the larger companies honored the war work of one of its crack mares by giving her a reprieve. She's been in retirement since 1919 as recognition of the part she played in helping cut expected tetanus mortality rates among World War soldiers by about 87 per cent.

We don't know who will die— but we know how many

"If you insure a man today, he might die tomorrow. Then you'd have to pay the face value of the policy after receiving just one premium. How can you work out life insurance rates when you have to take such chances?"

AH, but no chances are taken.

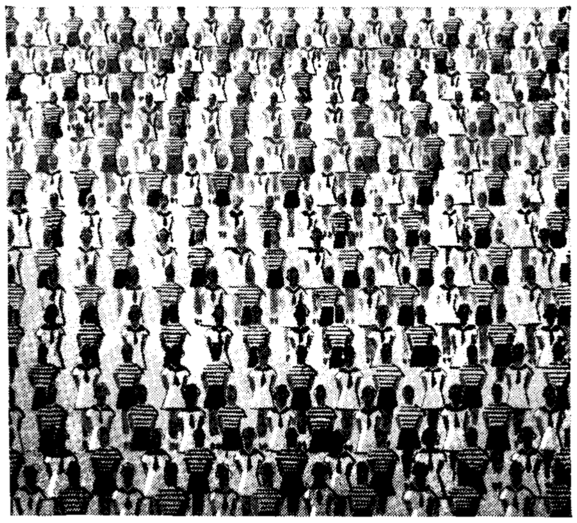
***Who* will die this year?** Nobody knows.

***How many* will die this year?** That is a different matter! Experience provides a practical answer.

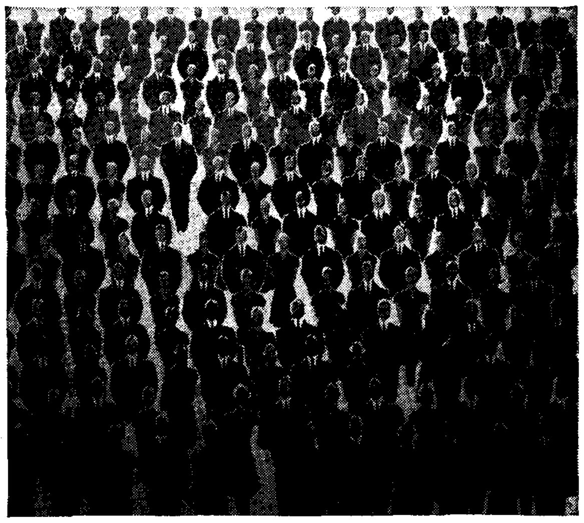
Did you ever hear of a *mortality table?* It is a table that shows the number of people in any given age group who have died each year.

Mortality tables are thus based on *past* experience and become the measuring rule for the *future.* Many mortality tables are available. Some show the experience over various years for the population at large; some for different classes of insured people; and some for various other purposes. The selection of a particular mortality table by a life insurance company depends upon its suitability for the group which is insured.

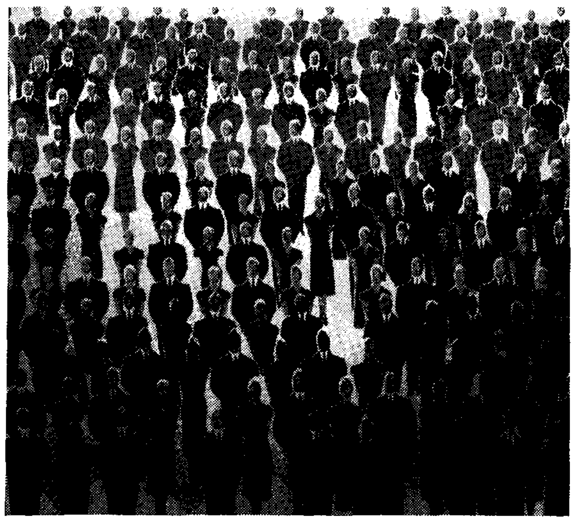
Let us see how one of the many mortality tables works. We will study one that is written into the insurance laws of most states. What does this table show?



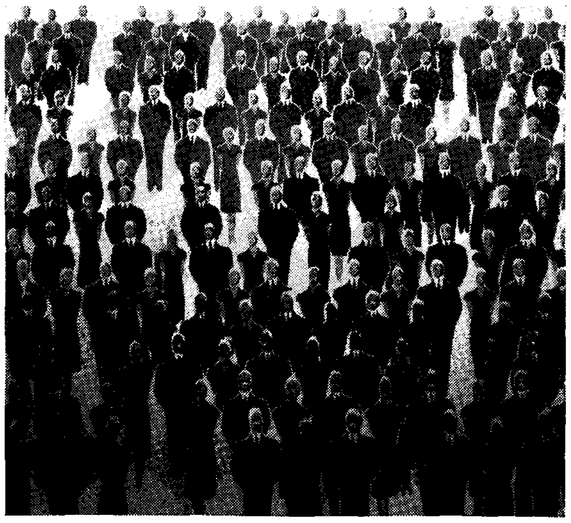
Take 1000 youngsters at the carefree age of ten.



Twenty years later, at the age of *thirty,* this table shows that 146 of these 1000 youngsters will be dead.



At forty, life may *begin* for some of them, but according to this table it will have *ended* for 219 of the 1000.



At age fifty, 302 of the group will have passed on, 698 will still be alive.

At sixty, 579 remain alive of the original 1000.

At seventy, 386 remain to refute the saying that man's life is but "three score years and ten."

At eighty, of our original 1000 youngsters, there still are 145 left, and at least 8 of them will live to be ninety.

Thus, the number of people who are expected to die each year, according to the mortality table, is an important factor in working out safe and fair life insurance premiums. In mutual or participating life insurance, any saving resulting from the difference between expected and actual deaths is reflected in dividends to policyholders, and this is true no matter what mortality table is used.

This is Number 3 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Little Kid

Continued from page 16

which laced the *yip-whoop* of the cowboys and the suddenly loosed rattle of their guns as they frantically tried a quick stop. It was the dreaded fog stampede.

Ethan Catlin shouted, "*Hup,* boys!" He vaulted into his saddle, and horse and man were swallowed instantly by the night and the rumbling plain. He didn't need to holler; the others were up just as soon.

And the little kid—Davy had Baldy all ready; he scrambled into the saddle and bolted after the others. He cast in behind Jess McBride, whom he knew by the glimpsed gray quarters of his pony as it left the fire circle.

There was a long, hard run then. Davy couldn't see Jess, but Blue Baldy knew what he was doing. Baldy stretched everything to keep his nose to the tail of that gray. Jess got them out in front, in the end.

Both youngster and old horse were blowing hard by the time Davy knew they were in front. He could tell they were in the lead of the stampede now because whenever Baldy slacked the rumbling roar behind them closed up, but held even again when Baldy reached out hard and pulled. Davy yelled with everything he had, and rode, trying like the rest to turn the lead cattle, hopeless as it was.

Then presently he didn't know where Jess was any more. He could still hear the thin long war-yells of the cowboys, but he couldn't tell where, they were so smothered by that earth-shaking thunder behind.

THEN pretty soon he couldn't hear the others at all, but only that increasing rumble of the earth, and the snap of the clashing horns. Baldy was laboring now, and Davy knew he had done enough. He began to rein to the left, to get out of it. He was hoping with all his heart that he had done his part, that his dad would have been proud, if he could have known.

Then as he reined to the left the thunder was at the left of him, and he had to turn back, to try for the other side, though the other side was a long way off. Suddenly he knew he couldn't do that, either. He knew this country, some. Up ahead, to the right especially, lay the Chickasaw Brakes, a tangle of square-cut washes, eight to twenty feet deep, lacing the flat ground. A trail-smart man might have got through there in front of a stampede by daylight. No man that lived could do it at night—not this blind night.

A sick terror swept the little kid. The *herd was behind them, and at the sides,* cupping them in, and the cruel brakes were ahead. In a few more minutes poor Baldy would be down in some God-forsaken wash, with cattle pouring in on top, broken and bawling, until the wash was full.

And they were all alone, terribly alone. Davy's free hand went up to cover his open mouth, and the tears jumped from his eyes, as he would never have thought they would. After all, he was only a little boy. And he knew that he was gone.

He whimpered, "Oh, God—oh, God—" and closed his eyes against that evil blank blackness.

Then suddenly a horse rushed up beside Blue Baldy. Somehow, even in that great earth-growl, Davy could make out that hard new hammer of fast hoofs. *There was a great, slamming stride to* this horse that came up, for all the world like Big Red, the horse that went down with Dad in the crossing, and no other.

A voice spoke, clear and strong, close to him, and even through all that noise Davy could hear it very plain:

"Steady, Davy—steady, boy!"

It was his father's voice, the first voice he could remember in his life, and the last *he* would ever forget. And as he turned to look Davy could see his father, a little better, much better, than he could see Blue Baldy. No mistaking that tall, solid frame, in any dark.

Davy cried out, "Dad!" in a great agony of joy and relief; and he leaned out to touch his father. Only, the drift of the racing ponies carried them a little apart, so he couldn't reach him.

His father said, "Swing left, Davy—swing left hard! We want to outreach the herd's left point!"

"Dad, they're ahead of us there! Can Baldy make it?"

The answer came strong and deep: "Sure, Baldy can make it! Baldy's got to make it! Best horse in the country. Give him steel!"

"Every wit in town is here tonight!" GEORGE PRICE

So Davy spurred Baldy, and the old horse picked up.

"Throw left here, quick!" his father *told him.* "*It's the bow of the first coulee.*"

Davy couldn't see how he knew—didn't need to see. He swung sharp left. Immediately, to the right of them, there was a ghastly bawling, and the crash of broken carcasses, as some of the herd went over the drop, where Baldy would have dropped too, if they hadn't turned.

"Pick up Baldy's head, light and smooth," Dad said. "We can cross this arroyo here. Hold up his head and jump him in!"

DAVY got hold of Baldy's head, and down they went over a six-foot drop, but Baldy's old knees held up, and they handled it. "Now *up!*" And up and out they went with a bound and a scramble, and were running on.

"Now left again, and give him hell! *That left horn of the herd*—we've got to take it now! Not much room left—but just enough!"

"Yes, Dad!" He spurred, and Baldy tried, and pulled up a little. Not enough, though. A bit of froth whipped back and caught Davy in the mouth. He could taste blood in it. *The old horse was almost done.*

"The romal, Davy. The romal! Pour the leather to him!"

That big, beloved, ringing voice seemed to lift old Baldy better than the lash, as Davy hit Baldy. Baldy laid into it with everything he had.

"Hard, Davy boy! Cut him in two!"

THE little kid was whipping the pony as hard as he could. But a lurch was coming into Baldy's stride; he slacked and faltered. Davy saw he wasn't going to make it through.

"Dad! He can't make it! Dad—Dad! pick me up! Baldy's gone!"

At that, just for that one moment, uncertainty came into his father's voice. It was almost the only time Davy ever heard it there: "Why, son—why, son—"

There was doubt in it, surely, and something like the choke of tears; and behind it the hint of a great broken sorrow, an agonizing grief, pressed down *very deep.*

Then once more his father's voice rose powerful and clear: "You, Baldy!" Davy saw his father's quirt stripe Baldy's rump, and there was the flicker of blue lightning in the lash. But it was the voice that lifted the pony, more than the quirt—the voice that the pony must have remembered from long ago: "*You, Baldy!*" That great, vibrant voice could have lifted any horse, anywhere; it could have lifted a hill, or a tree.

And Blue Baldy answered; he answered as no horse should be able to answer, even if he were young and fresh. They pulled ahead hard, fast, wind screaming in Davy's ears and the fog rime wetting his face.

"Cut through, now! Cut fast through the leaders! Quick! It's the rim!"

"Daddy—I can't see!"

"Never mind—I've got him—"

Big Red jumped ahead, and Baldy turned short as Davy's father got him by the bit, leading him through. For a minute invisible thundering shapes were all around them; a horn ripped through Davy's jeans at the knee, but didn't hurt him much.

Then at last they were out of it, clean and clear, and they pulled the ponies down, letting them walk. Davy felt himself crying again, but this time he didn't care. Partly he was crying from fatigue, and partly from relief, but mostly it was from pure happiness that his father was near him again, as he could never have expected him to be. He turned to look at his father; he couldn't see him quite so clearly now, perhaps because of the tears.

His father spoke to him once more, and now his voice was soft and low: "Good ride, fella." The voice was dimmer now, too—farther away. But in it was all the love that one man's heart can hold. It flowed into the little kid, into his heart, filling him with warmth, all over. "Good ride, boy; you made me mighty proud. . . ."

IT WAS nearly morning when Davy got back to the fire again. Most of the riders were in by then, those that were ever coming in. Jess McBride was missing, done for in the Chickasaw Brakes; and there were more.

Ethan Catlin was nearly busted up to see Davy come in. They'd given him up, long ago. As Baldy came into the firelight, and stood head down and lip dangling, Davy tumbled out of the saddle, mighty stiff and done up. They stood him by the fire, and got blankets around him, and gave him hell out of sheer relief.

Ethan kept swearing to himself, over and over. "Damnedest thing I ever heard tell. Look at that horn rip in his pants!"

"Look at the rode-out horse," said another. "He sure fitted that old pony to a ride."

"Gosh!" Ethan said. "When I think of that little kid out there all alone—"

Davy said, "I wasn't alone. My father was there. My father was there, on Big Red."

That silenced them, and they looked at him very oddly. "What was that you said?"

"My father came up and rode with me," Davy told them again. "He showed me the way as we came through the brakes. He made my ride for me; it was him that forced Baldy on when Baldy was played out and done for. And he led Baldy by the cheek strap, right through the leaders of the herd."

They said nothing, only exchanged glances.

"I know what you're thinking," Davy said. "*You're thinking that my father* is dead. But I know now that he isn't dead. Oh, I know he was killed, and all—I savvy that all right. But I mean not really dead. He isn't really dead at all."

There was quiet again. Ethan said, "Sonny, I don't scarcely believe you know what you mean."

Davy said, "I reckon I don't need to know what I mean. Only, I know now I don't never need to be afeared of nothing no more. Because I know now my father is still a-goin' to side-ride me, when I need him bad. Right when I need him most."

He stood with the blankets over his shoulders, looking into the fire; a tall little boy with brown eyes bigger than his face, and sandy hair uncombed and straggly. And his face was proud, and happy, in the light of the flames.

"I wasn't alone, tonight," Davy said. "I wasn't alone because he was there. And I know he'll always be there when I need him most. Always—always. . . ."

Freedom Marches On

Continued from page 18

process of history. A hundred years ago, in 1838, absolutism reigned where the dictators reign today. Then Germans, Italians, Russians and the Balkan people all lay quiet underneath the rod. There was no need in those days for a German tyrant to make a *putsch* in order to unify the world of Central Europe, since on all matters of high policy the whole of Germany, Hungary, Austria, North Italy, and Bohemia already marched at Metternich's command.

Across the world a tiny strip of freedom fringed the Atlantic slope or thrust uncertainly through the Alleghenies toward the Plains, where the United States of President Van Buren grew slowly through its uncomfortable adolescence, and scared citizens had just seen every bank in the country close within two months of his inauguration. In Europe a comparatively diminutive United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland practiced free government, as it was understood in 1838; but England, without her Thirteen Colonies, was scarcely a world power with Canada in open insurrection, a Kaffir war at the gates of her diminutive Cape Colony in Africa, and bare foundations where her century-old cities in Australia stand today.

France balanced uneasily between liberty and royalism under King Louis Philippe, and Spain, as usual, was deep in her perennial civil war between believers in the future and the past. But the free nations of 1838—England, France, and young America—made a poor showing when confronted by the frowning battlements of European absolutism, behind which the Czar drilled his unnumbered legions and the military monarchies of Central Europe paraded their stiff ranks with the precision of a Nazi demonstration.

But Time marches on, and the free nations marched with it. The westward drive of the United States carried free institutions across a continent. The British, having learned a lesson from their late colonists, established free communities in every quarter of the globe. For despotism cannot colonize or hold the loyalty of colonists; both Spain and Britain learned that lesson in America, and it is the answer of history to the shrill demand of modern despots for colonial expansion. France, after an uncomfortable experiment in dictatorship under Napoleon III, settled immovably upon the side of freedom. The little kingdoms of the North adopted the same way of life. So did the shrewd Dutch and the practical-minded Belgians, to say nothing of the vast area lying south of the Rio Grande where Spain's former colonists shook themselves free.

Freedom, in fine, vastly increased its area as the next hundred years went by; and by 1938 the whole balance of affairs was changed. For 1938 saw the same region of the earth—Central Europe, Russia, Italy—still under absolute control with *Fuehrer* and *Duce* installed in place of Czar and Emperor; but the free counterpoise was no longer limited to a small Britain, a young America, and an uncertain France. America was now a vast community; Great Britain had expanded into an immense association of free commonwealths; France and the North were free; and the whole weight of liberty was infinitely greater in the modern world than the surviving mass of despotism.

That is a picture of the present framed in the recent past; and the frame, I think, lends a perspective that is lacking in the unframed picture. So when tempted to find 1938 a shade depressing, turn back to 1838 and you will see a far less cheerful picture. For the world grows slowly better. The control of unfree governments becomes *proportionately* less, and freedom marches steadily across the world. Despotism is no more than a survival relegated by the true process of history to backward areas.

The broad lesson for the moment is that dictators, for all their modern apparatus and their chromium-plated terminology, are no novelty. Turn back to 1838, and you will find them all in place with the same simple-minded outfit of brutalitarian ideas and police government. For they are just an unhealthy exhalation of the past. Time for their unhappy subjects marches round. But in vast regions of the world that lie far beyond their range it marches forward.

In Hiding

Continued from page 21

They came on to New York. Buzz thought they were all set to make a few hundred grand. But he didn't know how close the smart guys were to owning the fight game in New York then.

Dutch Felsbach declared himself in. He told Buzz Holabird to go back where he came from—or else. Buzz talked it over with Johnny. Neither of them had any friends in New York. And even if Dutch Felsbach wasn't as tough as he was supposed to be, he could prevent them from getting any fights. So Buzz went home. Dutch Felsbach picked Marty Schultz to be Johnny's manager. Marty made a return match with Benny Zenturi at Madison Square Garden and no over-the-weight stuff—make a hundred and thirty-five pounds at two o'clock in the afternoon and fight fifteen rounds for the championship. He took Johnny to a place in Jersey to train.

That fight camp was something new in Johnny's life. He had never known there were so many smart boys. They'd come over from New York to watch him work and after they were gone, of evenings, Marty Schultz would tell him something about them. There was, for instance, Mannie. He was the son of Dutch Felsbach's older sister. He was a pet of Dutch's. They called Mannie the reefer king. But of course he wasn't. Marijuana was big money now and Dutch Felsbach was really the big shot.

Dutch Felsbach himself dropped in one afternoon. He was small and neat. He might have passed for a rich young businessman. He was a symphony in browns that day—brown suit, light brown shirt, dark brown tie to match the brown silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. He seemed a pleasant guy with no hint of the cruelty he was famous for. But all the time at his elbow there was a guy that anybody could see was bad. He was powerful, thick-necked, long-armed, heavy-jawed, with one white eye.

Marty Schultz said afterward that the bad guy was Eddie Vince. "He's got a cigarette in his hand and the next thing he's got a gun in it and you didn't see him get it." Johnny nodded.

GARDEN-FRESH FLAVOR

Campbell's

bring the garden to your table in this *superb* Tomato Juice!

PICTURE row upon row of verdant vines, pendent with luscious tomatoes. Big, red, firm fellows . . . soaked in the Summer's sun. Tomatoes that jealously guard Campbell's world-wide reputation!

They are picked at the peak, pressed *lightly* for their finest juice, sealed without delay. No wonder Campbell's Tomato Juice has such a sunny, natural color . . . such a lively taste. Campbell's special canning method keeps the flavor garden-fresh . . . retains the valuable vitamins.

Pour yourself a glass today, chilled and rosy-red. Feel it slake your deepest thirst, put a fine point on your appetite. Serve it to your family and guests. They'll like it, for Nature made it a grand drink—Campbell's *keep* it that way!

TEE-OFF WITH TOMATO JUICE

Almost any meal is a better meal for having begun with tomato juice . . . Campbell's Tomato Juice in particular. Its garden-fresh flavor sharpens the dullest appetite.

Campbell's

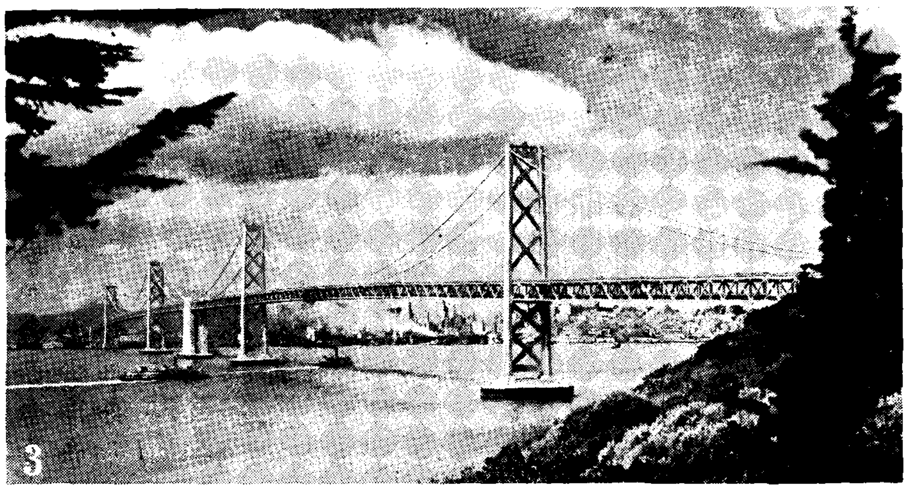
TOMATO JUICE

with the garden-fresh flavor!

Campbell's
TOMATO JUICE

Madge Evans, co-starred with John Boles in "Sinners in Paradise", a Universal picture, often . . .

. . . drives across the famous San Francisco Bay Bridge. 25,000 cars pass over this . . .



. . . bridge daily. But even at this rate it would take all the cars using Sinclair H-C Gasoline two months to cross. H-C is . . .

4
SINCLAIR
SINCLAIR H-C
SINCLAIR GASOLINE

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. . . so good it's used in 1,500,000 cars daily. The next time you need gasoline drop in at your nearby Sinclair dealer's and ask for Sinclair H-C. You'll like the way he treats you.

He had known guys in the Navy who practiced that sort of thing. Spider Murphy had shown him what you could do about it—if you had the nerve. You grabbed the gun so the hammer couldn't fall and you were all right as long as you hung on.

Marty told Johnny a few days before the fight that the odds were three to two he would beat Zenturi again, so he was going to lose. He was going to take a dive. That way the boys could make some money and Johnny could fight Zenturi a third time—a third fight would be a natural.

Johnny asked if Zenturi knew.

"Hell, no," Marty Schultz said, "why would he?"

"I don't like it," Johnny said.

"You gotta like it."

They went to New York for the weighing-in before the fight. Marty took Johnny to a hotel afterward and gave him a thick steak and told him to rest himself. Johnny went to sleep. He had a gift for going to sleep when he was troubled. He didn't know that his old ship, with four or five others, had come in that afternoon from the Caribbean and dropped anchor in the Hudson River. He didn't know a thing until he was on his way down the aisle to the ring at ten o'clock that night and he heard the sailors yell.

When he got into the ring he could see how many there were. It looked as if the whole American Navy was there. He could see scores of officers in the seats just beyond the press row. He could see solid rows of blue blouses all the way up to the top of the gallery.

Johnny was face to face for the first time in his life with something that the philosophy of keep your nose clean didn't cover. Because, of course, you can't go back on a pal. Those guys from his ship were pals. And they had bet their shirts on him.

JOHNNY turned to Marty Schultz. Johnny cupped his left glove around Marty's ear. "It's all off," he said.

"Say, Johnny," Marty Schultz whispered, "you can't do that. They've got sixty-seventy grand down. They'll kill you."

You can't argue a thing like that in the ring thirty seconds before the bell. The referee was calling Johnny and Zenturi up for instructions.

Johnny didn't know about the referee. If the smart boys owned the fight racket maybe they owned the referee too. The only safe way to win was to knock Zenturi out.

He fought a careful fight, cutting Zenturi down but never taking a chance. He closed that right eye tight in the fourth round. He wasn't jabbing with the left any more. He was shooting in straight and hard, with a snap on the end of it that sent Zenturi's head back every time it landed. He had Zenturi dizzy with that left. He had him watching it. He never used the right at all, except in close.

Breathing hard, as he sat on the stool, Johnny heard Marty saying, "The next is the round, kid. The next is the ninth. You know what to do."

Johnny nodded. As they met in the middle of the ring for that ninth round, Johnny shot the left wide and as Zenturi ducked inside Johnny let the right go. The right caught him coming in and he went down.

They waited a couple of days. Johnny read in a morning paper that Johnny Dugan was sailing for South America. Nobody had said anything to him about South America. Nobody had said anything to him for twenty-four hours. They had left him alone in his hotel. He took a stroll down Broadway and Mannie fell into step with him. Somebody else must have hit him with a blackjack.

When he got so he could understand what the nurse said to him at the hospital he learned they didn't know who he was. There hadn't been anything in his pockets—not so much as a laundry mark on his shirt. A country doctor driving home late had come on him lying in the ditch. The doctor must have found him a minute or so after he'd been shot or else he would have bled to death. Johnny said he couldn't remember anything. But after a few days he announced that his name was George Brown.

Johnny had twenty-four thousand dollars in a bank out West. He got the money, when he was well enough to write letters, by drawing checks and having drafts mailed to him in care of George Brown. He bribed an orderly to get him some clothes and buy the secondhand car and let him out of a back door at daybreak.

He slept ten hours that first night in Haddam's Corner and when he awoke he had an idea. It was easier than he expected, because Al was so anxious to get away from Haddam's Corner. He was so glad to sell the dog wagon that he offered to stay on a few weeks and teach George Brown the business.

HE SAW Hilda nearly every day. Often when she came in for lunch there was no other customer in the place. The beauty shop wasn't busy any more. She could spend an hour and more over her lunch, and she did.

He lived for those hours. He had never known a nice girl before—a girl he could talk to. You meet so few nice girls aboard a battleship or in a fighter's training camp.

There was no gymnasium in the neighborhood, so he took to long walks. He would drive the old jaloppy up in the hills and park it and strike across the fields or up an old woods road. The old roads through the Barnes estate were no longer used. He could run without anybody seeing him. He could jog a mile as he had jogged every morning when he was in training. At first he couldn't jog much more than a mile. His wind was gone. But after a few weeks it began to come back.

The thing he had been afraid of for so long happened one noon late in April when Hilda was having her lunch. Mannie walked into the wagon and asked for coffee. George Brown gave him coffee and went on talking to Hilda as if he didn't know Mannie. He didn't dare look at Mannie.

When Hilda left, Mannie grinned at him. "If it isn't Johnny Dugan."

George Brown wiped the lunch bar. "What do you want?"

"You don't remember me, do you? But I remember you. They said it was in the bag. I lost my shirt on Zenturi."

"What do you want?" George Brown asked again.

"Me?" Mannie said. "What do I want? Nothing, pal. Maybe I'll want something later. Right now I don't want a thing. But didn't I hear that babe calling you George?"

"Yeah. George Brown."

"Fine," Mannie said. "That's just fine. And if you wanna know, my name is Phil Green. If you don't forget to call me Phil I prob'ly won't forget to call you George."

"Okay," he said.

"All right, George, maybe you can tell me where I can find a guy named Whitney Barnes."

"He's in the phone book."

George Brown sat at his little desk over the safe at the end of the dog wagon after Phil Green had gone, wondering what a smart boy from Broadway wanted with Whitney Barnes. He knew the only smart thing for him to do was to move on. Phil Green wasn't going to say anything to Dutch Felsbach for the present about George Brown because he thought he could use him for something.

Each snapshot is only a moment—get the others, too

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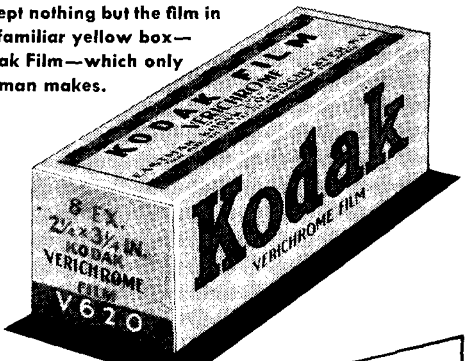


Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

"Let's quit wasting our time and chase some sticks," says Pal . . .

"Sure I get the idea. Just quit fooling and throw it . . .

"You don't need to point—take your hand away for a minute . . .

"Right in your hands, my friend. How's that for service?"

He was a sap not to move on. And he wasn't going to. He had plans for doing things in Haddam's Corner. You could do a lot in a place like Haddam's Corner with fourteen thousand dollars if you watched your chances. But what was the use of kidding himself? The real reason he was staying was Hilda. So he bought a gun and made a place for it under the counter and drew a thousand dollars from the bank and put it in the little safe.

"You know, George," Hilda said one noon a few days later, "Whitney thinks he's going to make a lot of money. He won't tell me how. But he's all steamed up about it. Do you suppose he will?"

"I wouldn't know."

"I wouldn't either," Hilda said. "But what about this Phil Green? He says he's an old friend of yours. Is he?"

George knew he ought to keep his nose clean. George knew the worst thing you could do was to tell a girl anything. But Hilda wanted to know. She ought to know.

"Phil Green is a crook," he said.

"Oh," she said, "I'll tell Whitney."

"I wouldn't."

"But, George," she said, "I'm so afraid Whitney will get into trouble."

"Yes," George said. "But just the same I wouldn't tell him. If you do he'll tell Phil Green and—"

"You wouldn't let Whitney get into trouble—if you could help it."

"Not if I could help it."

For a minute his eyes looked into hers. "You can trust me, George," she said.

HE DROVE the old jaloppy up into the hills that afternoon and parked it and started off across the fields. He came to the top of a hill. He stood there on the hilltop looking down on fields enclosed in old stone walls and growing up to brush. The grass was brown still but the buds of the trees were breaking into tiny leaves. The branches of the trees were hung with a delicate pale green mist. He had never seen spring in the country before. It made him think of Hilda. But he was always thinking of Hilda.

And then, a hundred yards away, he saw Phil Green and Whitney Barnes walking toward a patch of new-plowed ground in the middle of the field below him. They stood on the edge of the plowed piece talking and then they went back the way they'd come.

He seldom had a chance to talk to Hilda. She came in for lunch almost every day. But the beauty shop was busy again. She had to hurry back and there were always other people in the wagon.

He met her once on the street after dark. "Come on," she said, "walk a ways with me. I want to talk to you."

He walked with her but she didn't talk. They came to the house where she had a room. The house was dark. They sat down on the front steps.

"George," she said, "there's something I want to ask you. It's sort of personal."

"There isn't anything you can't ask me, Hilda."

"Well," she said, "how did you get those scars around your eyes? They aren't ugly. They're rather distinguishing, really. But I've always wondered how you got them."

He hesitated. He had told her the truth once before when he should have kept his nose clean.

"You don't have to tell me," she said. "I—I'm sorry I asked."

"I got them in the ring," he said. "I used to be a prize fighter. My real name is Johnny Dugan."

"You're hiding from something."

"Yes," he said.

She got up then to go in. But she paused. She caught his hand in hers.

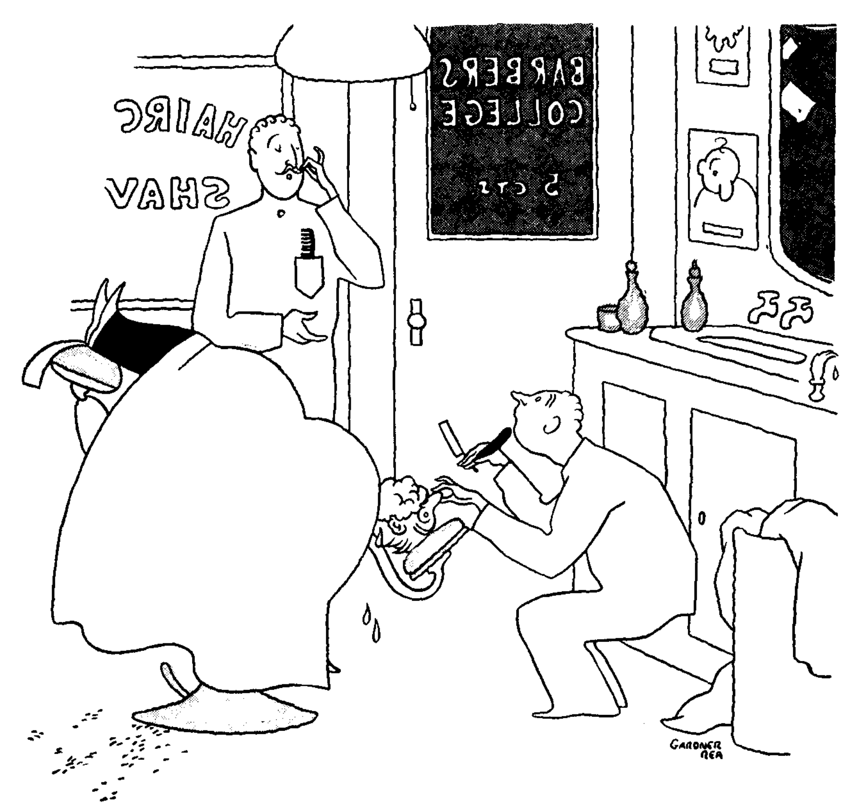
"I'm glad you told me," she said. "I don't care what you did. I like you, George."

He went down the street in a daze of happiness and fear. She hadn't been surprised. She had known the answer to the question she had asked. Phil Green must have told her. Nobody else could have told her. But why was Phil Green in Haddam's Corner?

He went up to the place where he had seen Phil Green and Whitney Barnes months before. The patch of plowed ground was green now. The corn was as high as your head and the sunflowers were higher. In between there was some other stuff growing. It was what he had guessed. It was marijuana.

HE HAD to take care of Whitney Barnes. He had promised Hilda he would. Whitney Barnes might think he was going to make a lot of money. But he wasn't. If he kicked when they got through with him he would wish he hadn't. And if there was any slip it was he who would go to Atlanta.

There never had been but one way to take care of a sap and that was to take the rap yourself. At least it would be the end of worrying about what was going to happen. They'd get him or he'd get them. But it would be the end.



"You still have a lot to learn, my boy" GARDNER REA

He waited until Phil Green came in. They went outside to talk.

"I'm giving you three days to get rid of that stuff you've planted," he said to Phil Green. "I'm giving you three days before I tip off the government men."

"You're not doing any talking," Phil Green said. "You're only here because I say so. When I get ready to truck that stuff to town you're going to do it for me. Nobody'd ever think you had a hot load."

"I'm telling you. Three days is all you get."

He knew when Phil Green left that he was on his way to a telephone.

Hilda came in with Whitney Barnes late that night. They had been dancing at Rich's, up the road. George could see that Whitney didn't know anything. He didn't know anything when Dutch Felsbach, elegant in a tan gabardine jacket and spotless white flannel trousers and white buck shoes, came in with Eddie Vince at his elbow.

"Why, Johnny," Dutch Felsbach said, "how well you look. We want to see you, Johnny. We want to go somewhere and have a drink and talk over old times together."

"Okay," George Brown said.

"George!" Hilda said. She felt there was something in the air even if Whitney didn't.

"I'll be back," he said. "I won't be long." He hoped he would be back. He knew better than to take the gun from beneath the counter. Besides, he preferred his hands. He knew how to use his hands.

They went outside. Dutch Felsbach walked on his left side and Eddie Vince walked on his right side. They walked toward a big car that stood beside the curb with the motor running. George Brown saw, as they got close, that there was no one in the driver's seat. He had thought Phil Green might be there. But he wasn't.

"This is far enough," he said. "We can talk here."

"Why, Johnny," Dutch Felsbach said, "we've got a lot to say."

Eddie Vince stepped in front of Johnny. He didn't say anything. But he had a gun in his hand.

"You see, Johnny," Dutch Felsbach said, "we want you to come with us."

"Well," Johnny said, measuring the distance to that gun with his eye and then the distance to Eddie Vince's jaw, "well—" and his left went out and grabbed the gun hard, far back, and his right went through with everything he had to the point of that big jutting jaw.

It was a long, long time since he had gambled on a right-hand shot to the jaw. It was more than a year. Until now he'd had no way of knowing whether he still had the old wallop. But when he saw Eddie Vince go down he knew. Eddie Vince lay there as if a truck had hit him.

JOHNNY had no time to feel the deep joy of that moment or to think what it meant to him. Dutch Felsbach was still on his feet and he wasn't waiting to take what Eddie Vince had taken. He was running for the car. Johnny yanked the hammer of the gun back. He had to yank it because Eddie Vince had pulled the trigger and the sharp firing pin on the hammer had bitten through the web of Johnny's left hand, between the thumb and forefinger, and was stuck there.

Johnny fired just as Dutch Felsbach reached the car. Dutch Felsbach screamed and went down. Johnny stood over Eddie Vince with the gun cocked in case he still had ideas when he awakened. Hilda and Whitney and the counter man came running out of the dog wagon.

"Somebody call the state police," he said, "and somebody call the hospital."

He stood over Eddie Vince until the police came. Dutch Felsbach wasn't dying. He had a bullet in his hip. The police told George Brown to come along and make the charges.

"We'll wait for you," Hilda said. "We'll wait for you at the wagon."

It took an hour or two to tell the police the whole story, going back to the night Eddie Vince and two others had taken him for a ride and left him for dead. But they wanted to hear it all. He had known that Dutch Felsbach had no influence so far from New York. But he hadn't known the police would be so glad to get him. And in the year and more he had been on the lam he had forgotten that he himself, Johnny Dugan, was a big shot in his own right. He was still the undefeated lightweight champion of the world.

HE WAS a different man when he got back to the dog wagon at four o'clock in the morning. Hilda and Whitney were still waiting for him.

"If I were you, Whitney," he said, "I'd get rid of that stuff. Phil Green won't talk. Phil Green will hear of this and take a powder. But I'd get rid of it."

"It's worth a hundred grand."

"Not to you. You plow it up and then you take a trip."

"I haven't got the money to take a trip."

"I'll tell you what would be better, if you've got the guts. You can report it to the government and then you can testify in court. If you come clean you'll be clear. And that way they may get Dutch Felsbach for a federal term."

Whitney Barnes shook his head. "I don't want to do any testifying."

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. Whitney Barnes looked at him and then he looked at Hilda. "I guess," he said, "I guess I'd better be going."

Johnny looked at Hilda. It was plain she didn't care anything about Whitney Barnes. It was plain she cared a lot about Johnny Dugan. But there was one more thing he had to do.

"Hilda," he said, and he waved his hand at the shining interior of the dog wagon, with the big nickel-plated coffee urns and the hood over the gas plates polished until you could see your face in them, "this is all right for a guy that's on the lam. But I'm not—any more.

"I told you I used to be a prize fighter. I told you my name was Johnny Dugan. But I could see you didn't know what that meant. I wasn't a preliminary boy. And I wasn't any ham-and-beaner. I was a champion. And tonight I found out I still got the old zingo in my right. I'm only twenty-three. I haven't slipped. With a couple of tune-up fights I'll be back where I was."

"I knew you would never stay in Haddam's Corner."

"I can't, Hilda. Don't you see I can't? I've got to get back to the big town, where they know who I am."

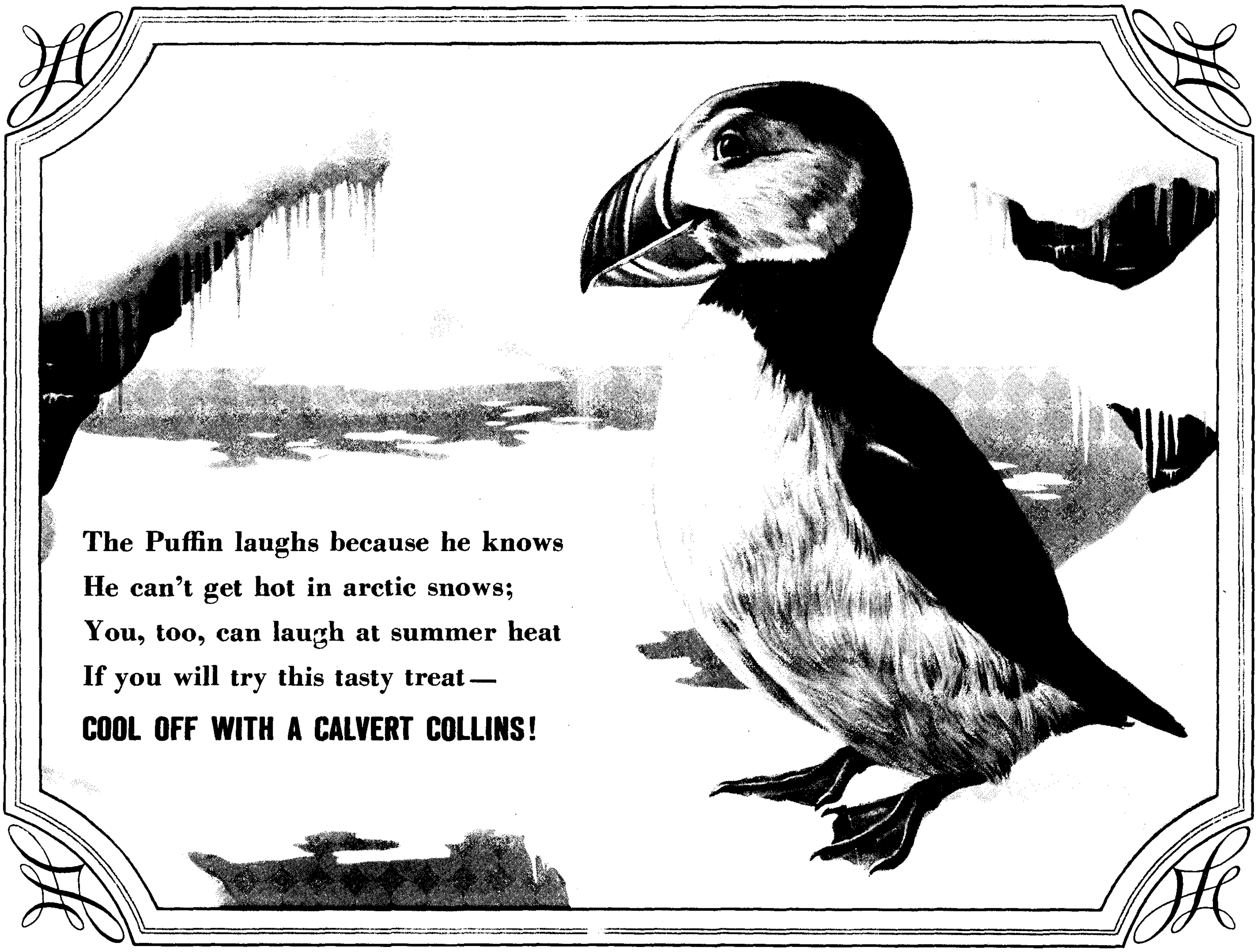
She looked as if she were going to cry. "I know," she said. "I know how you feel. Of course you've got to go."

He leaned toward her. "I suppose," he said, "you wouldn't want to go with me; you wouldn't want to marry a prize fighter—even if he was good."

Her face lit up. Her eyes were shining. "Why wouldn't I? What makes you think I wouldn't?"

He put his arm around her. He looked down into her eyes. "Well," he said, "would you?"

"Oh, Johnny," she said, "I was afraid you weren't going to ask me."



The Puffin laughs because he knows
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You, too, can laugh at summer heat
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COOL OFF WITH A CALVERT COLLINS!

"Here's a trick to beat the heat, Dick!"

DICK: "A *whiskey* Collins, eh? That's a new one on me! And say—it sure does taste good on a hot day!"

DON: "You bet! *I* like a Collins made with whiskey. And if you ask me, Dick, a tall, cool Calvert Collins is a summer drink that sure hits the spot!"

WHEN YOU MAKE YOURS (see recipe at right), be sure you make it with Calvert—the whiskey that's blended for better taste. Remember, it takes *expert blending* to assure you a whiskey as smooth and fine-flavored as Calvert. It's wise to trust your taste—and buy better whiskey.

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE:

1 jigger Calvert's "Reserve" or "Special"
Juice of 1 lemon or a ½ lemon and a ½ lime
2 teaspoons sugar
Shake well—strain into tall glass adding club soda and plenty of ice. Decorate with fruit if you wish.

BLENDED FOR BETTER TASTE

Calvert
Calvert's
"Reserve"

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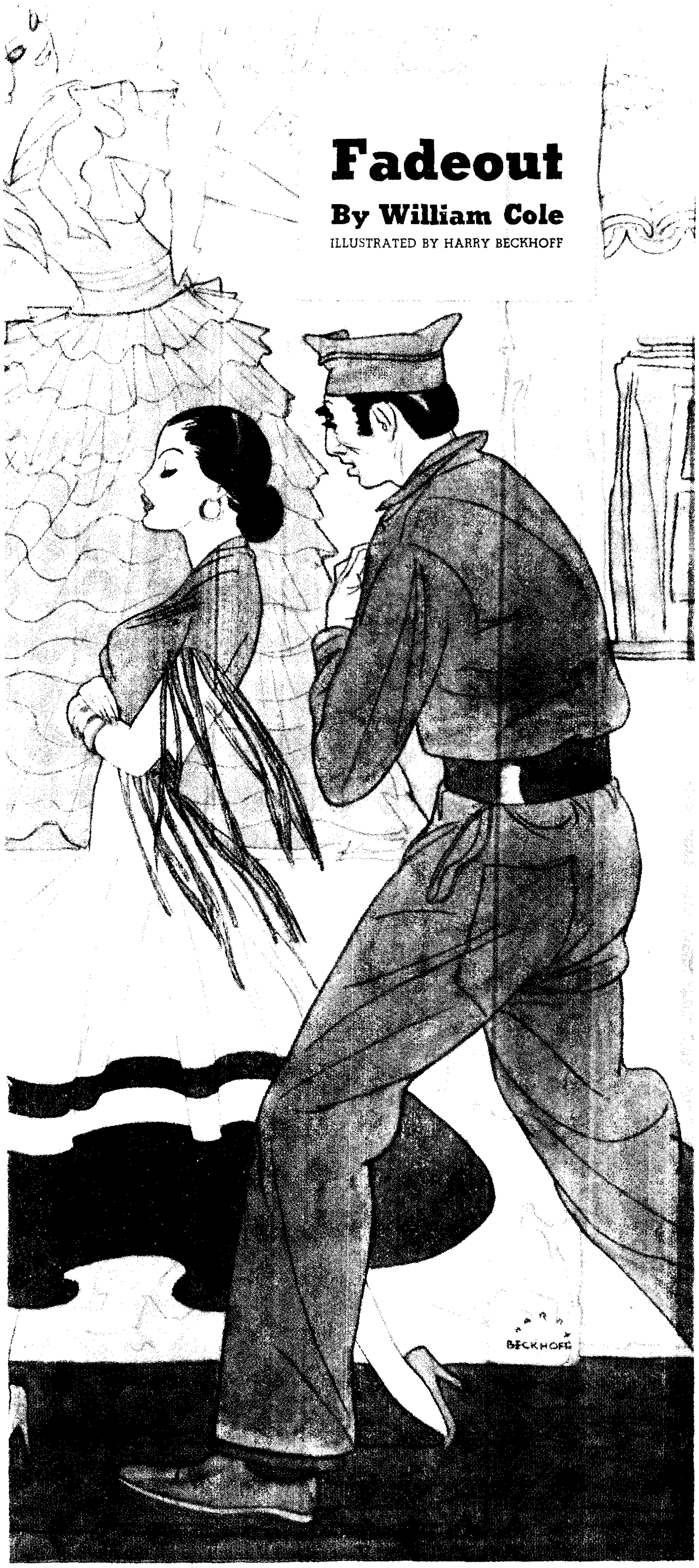
Fadeout

By William Cole

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



She walked along quickly, ignoring me. "If you please." It was difficult for me to keep up with her. "I am unable to walk so fast"

PERHAPS you have seen her, señor? In Barcelona, perhaps, or in Teruel or, it is equally possible, even here in Madrid? Or in one of the smaller towns between here and the coast? She would be dancing in one of the cafés, and if you ever saw her dance, señor, if you saw her twirl and flash, you would not soon forget her. And those castanets! You would not soon forget them. That is what I remember best now, when so much grows dim—the castanets. How she would make them crack!

Yes, I have tried the police. I have tried all the government agencies. Some listen to me with more patience than others but the answer is always the same. There are many dancers in Spain. Few, if any, have not dark hair and dark eyes. And Maria—what name is more common? And they do not say it but it is in their voices. . . . It is a small thing, this. There is so much of more consequence. . . . And they are, of course, right. Saragossa has, at last, fallen. Another important coup for the enemy.

HOW peaceful it was that morning we arrived there.

We had been in the thick of it for five months without a respite and we were not very pleasant to look at. But the señoritas — bless them — their smiles were as broad and as warming as ever. And, for a while there, as we marched along to the music and cheers and to the smiles of the señoritas, we forgot about those five months we had just left behind. For a moment there, we forgot the things we had thought we would never forget.

We came to a halt in the plaza. Each squad was assigned lodging. Then we were ordered to fall out.

It was a curious sensation, this sudden release. There was no jubilation; no shouting and jumping and clapping of backs. The men stood around silently in groups, gaping stupidly about, until the officers were forced to disperse them. It had not had time to sink in.

I hurried to my quarters and took a bath. It was the first I'd had in—I dare not tell you how long. I lay in the tub all afternoon, sending out for something to eat. And when, later, I shaved and put on something clean, I began to feel things again. I went out into the town and it grew dark and the lights went up and it was like . . . Have you ever remained under water until you felt your lungs would explode? That first breath of air, that is what it was like.

I found her in a place called El Bollitura. I am told it does not still stand. It was a small café, off the main streets, but crowded with soldiers. By this time, night, they were feeling things, too. The wine was doing its work.

She came out slowly with the music, almost listlessly, as if holding back from its spell. Her rhinestone headdress was like white light in her hair. Gradually, her movements became faster and faster until they resembled one blinding whole. And those castanets! . . . Let me try to explain about them, señor; let me put it this way. To some people they may have been commonplace. Perhaps that is why they moved me so deeply.

I would have traded my soul—if I had not left it in the courtyard at Guadalajara—for a few moments alone with this girl. I was not the only one. So would have every other man in that room. Five months is a long time not to see even a plain woman. Revolution or no revolution, señor, it is, regardless, a very long time.

It seemed hours after closing before she came out of the café. I was waiting on the opposite corner. She could not have been more frightened than I was when I approached her.

"I was inside before," was all I could think of to say. I hoped my uniform would say the rest.

She walked along quickly, ignoring me.

"If you please." It was difficult for me to keep up with her. "I am unable to walk so fast."

This apparently struck her as amusing, for she laughed. Then she stopped laughing.

"Your leg," she said, and her voice was as I had known it would be.

"It is nothing much," I explained. "Just a sore knee. I very foolishly got in the way of a shell."

"What?" She stared at me. Her face was white against the dark. The shawl she wore over her head made her look almost childish.

"What is so hard to understand about that? The enemy fired off a cannon and it hit me on the knee. . . . It will be all right in a few days," I reassured her.

She continued to stare at me with those wide-open, black eyes. I went up and took her arm.

"So if you do not mind," I said, "for the next few days you will walk just a trifle slower."

She still stared at me several hours later when I kissed her good night at her door.

Those next few days—for them alone it was worth living. Worth going through a year . . . ten years like this last. There was not much to do, the restrictions were heavy. But we could still walk hand in hand in the streets and look in at the stores. Or lounge in the sun by the Ebro. And nights, after she was through at the café, we would return to the river and sit there on the benches.

We were married at the end of the week. In the Church of San Salvador. Together with nineteen other couples. A mass wedding, it was, for all the soldiers who wanted wives and for the girls who wanted husbands. On both sides it was realized it might be the last opportunity. It was not entirely as we would have liked it but anyway it was marriage. And in church. By a priest.

Two days later we marched out of town. It was another beautiful day, I remember that, with only those shreds of white clouds in the sky, and we marched out to the music and to the cheers and to the smiles of the señoritas. . . . And she was there, too, and, although I am losing the outlines of her face, I recall how she stared as I went by—as on the first night. That has not quite gone dim. In a short time, perhaps. . . . Then there will be only her voice. Yes, and the castanets. I think I have mentioned them.

I received but one letter from her. While I was in the hospital. A child was expected in October.

In September I heard of the bombings. Four hundred dead, they first said. Then eight hundred. On each recount the numbers doubled.

The doctors wouldn't let me go. They lied to me; they said there still was a chance. And like a fool, because I wanted to, I believed them.

THEY are right. It is a small thing. But if I only knew. One way or the other. It is not knowing that is the worst of all. And about my son—if I only knew about him. . . . Or is it my daughter? . . . Or was it ever born?

One thing I do know. That if they are . . . if they exist . . . they are still in Spain. She would not willingly have left. And why not Madrid? . . . Do not as many refugees come here as anyplace else? If Madrid falls they want to fall, too.

No, señor, many thanks. You have been more than kind as it is. Thank you for listening. It becomes necessary to find someone to listen. If you will just hand me my stick, please, and lead me to the door. I have still many places to go. But I shall need no assistance. Even where no one will answer my inquiries—as I said—there are the castanets.

SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 22

Morton Grove is over there somewhere. And Milwaukee ought to cross this road."

She knew and did not know the vicinity; it was, vaguely north and west of Chicago, and of the North Shore suburbs. But it was a great, half-deserted section with muddy flats and open spaces, and a bewildering lacing of highways crossed and recrossed it.

There were roadhouses; there were filling stations. There were, now and then, small suburbs. But for the most part it was to Rue a blank and uncharted territory, always bewildering and that night, oddly, a little frightening. It was so very dark. And Andy said nothing.

They passed a filling station that was lighted at the roadside but the building itself was dark. Closed, thought Rue, and it added to the desolation of the spot.

And they'd gone only about a quarter of a mile farther on when the car ran out of gas.

It chugged, wheezed, made another effort to move and stopped dead still.

ANDY tried the starter, tried it again, swore and said incredulously:

"We're out of gas. We can't be. I had it filled—it must have leaked."

"There was a filling station back there," said Rue. "It was closed but perhaps—"

"Yes. Yes, I suppose I can break in." He stared at her again and said: "Yes, of course. I must have gas. I've got to have gas—"

It was rainy and dark and they hadn't passed another car for a long time. She pulled her coat around her and said: "I'll go back with you."

He roused at that. He wouldn't have it; she'd get wet.

"I won't be long," he said. He looked at her again, eyes deeply shadowed and fixed, then he closed the door and disappeared into the murmurous darkness.

She settled herself to wait. It would take Andy, she supposed, about twenty minutes to walk back to the filling station, rouse someone or—as he said—break into the place, get some gasoline and trudge back through the rain to the car.

Well, if no car came along in the meantime, then there was no one to molest her. Consequently the sense of uneasiness that nagged at her had no meaning.

She reached for cigarettes again and this time had no matches. But in reaching into her pocket her fingers encountered the letter and, because she had nothing else to do, she pulled it out, opened it and read it by the small light on the dashboard.

Read it—and knew why she was afraid.

It was a letter from Elizabeth Donney. And it enclosed another letter. Both were brief. She read Elizabeth's first.

"Dear Rue: The girls told me you were here and we were speculating about whether or not Julie could have been having some kind of love affair. I think she had had because this note was in a book in her room. I think it was from him, whoever he is, and that she'd gone to meet him the afternoon she was murdered. It's written but I don't know the writing and it's not signed. I'm sending it to you, instead of to the police; if it doesn't really mean anything I'd rather nobody else knew. I'd hate Julie's little love affair in the papers, poor kid. She had so little. Telephone if you want to see me. Elizabeth."

Rue read that first. Then she unfolded the enclosed note.

Rain drummed steadily upon the top of the car, sounding like footsteps sloshing through the wet.

"My sweet," said the note in heavy, markedly backhand writing. "My sweet: Be sure you meet me this afternoon in the restaurant on Rush Street at four. Did I tell you how long I've loved you? How, in the hospital I've tried to find you, made excuses to talk to you? Among all the nurses in their white uniforms, I know the square little set of your shoulders and the knot of smooth brown hair under your perky little cap. Don't fail me this afternoon."

It was not signed. It needed no signature.

"—the knot of smooth brown hair under your perky little cap—" only, that other time, it had been gold hair. Her own. "Among all the nurses in the hospital—"

She broke off. She felt completely, utterly detached from her body, yet she knew there was danger.

It was her first clear thought.

Another one, racing, followed it; perhaps it came first and subconsciously roused her to danger, sounded a small clear tocsin.

Andy hadn't wanted her to talk to Julie; because if Julie and she got together something would come out. Something that was hidden because—why, because it was the medicine. The medicine she herself had given Crystal. She hadn't prepared it and *Julie hadn't prepared it,* for if so Julie would have made a note of it on the chart and there was no such note. She hadn't prepared it and Julie hadn't; yet the medicine was ready and waiting in a glass at seven and Andy had been with Crystal at six o'clock.

He could have sent Julie out of the room on an errand. There were a dozen ways he could have accomplished a moment or two over the table of medicines. Just at that time, when Julie left and Rue came on duty, so Rue, naturally, would assume Julie had prepared the medicine.

She didn't pursue it further.

FOR every conscious thought and feeling she had was submerged in one only, and that was a blind, compelling instinct of escape. She was out of the car—into that murmurous, wet darkness with rain on the top of the car that sounded like footsteps sloshing along toward her. She could see little. Lights reflecting eerily on wet pavement ahead; the light outside the filling station winking uncertainly through the rain and making a blurred halo around the gasoline pumps. Andy was back there somewhere in that dark wilderness between her and the area of light.

Yet the light outside the filling station was the only light to be seen.

She wanted Brule; she must find Brule; that was blind, unreasoning instinct, too.

There would be a telephone in the filling station. The small, low building itself had looked as if it were closed. Andy had said: "I'll rouse somebody or break in." If somebody was there she would be safe.

How could she travel that black, treacherous area between her and the light of the filling station and in doing so avoid Andy?

By listening, by watching for him, by knowing that he would be coming and, when she saw him (as see him she must against the light that would be behind him) by deserting the paved highway and taking refuge in the uncharted blackness at the side of the road. Perhaps there would be a hedge, a wall,

We're extremely well suited*

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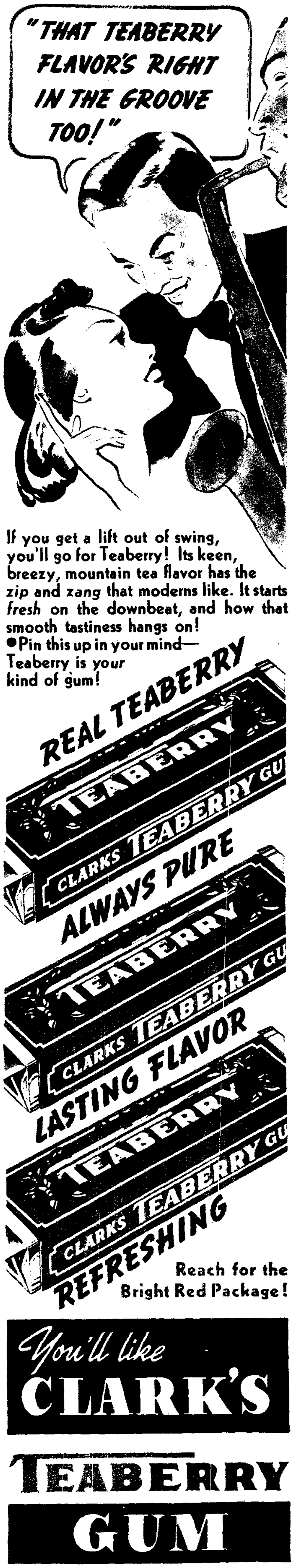

If you get a lift out of swing, you'll go for Teaberry! Its keen, breezy, mountain tea flavor has the *zip* and *zang* that moderns like. It starts *fresh* on the downbeat, and how that smooth tastiness hangs on!

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Reach for the Bright Red Package!

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anything she could crouch behind so there would be no betraying shadow.

She couldn't wait to consider any plan. Telephone Brule, filling station—hide when you hear a footstep or see anything move against the light. Her conscious thoughts probably ran like that.

She must have left the car almost instantly, for she was all at once in a completely black, wet world, with rain on her face now and her own footsteps barely audible through the murmur of the rain upon pavement all around her.

It was incredibly lonely.

Had Andy really gone to the filling station?

That stopped her sharply, her heart giving a great terrified leap. But answering it, all at once rectangles of light sprang up ahead and were the outlines of windows. He had roused someone, then—or he had broken in in order to get the key to the gasoline pump.

She must have begun, then, to run. As much space as she could cover before he started back to the car with the gasoline can would in that race for time count for her.

What would he do when he found she'd left the car? First start the car, then probably call to her—perhaps drive ahead on the road a way. He'd be uncertain, perplexed—she could count on time for him to arrive at the conclusion that her escape was intentional—thus that she knew the whole, horrible and dangerous truth. It would be then that he'd think of the telephone in the filling station.

Rain—wet pavement, blackness; her own breath coming in painful gasps; she was perceptibly nearer the area of light. Gasoline tanks loomed scarlet and shining with rain. Then she became aware that the rectangles that were windows had vanished. When? Surely not more than a moment ago; she would have noticed. But it meant he was coming.

She left the pavement; stumbling in the darkness, half-falling down a kind of embankment. She paused to listen and it was well she did because Andy was coming along the road. She could hear his footsteps plainly.

DARK as it was, she had a horrible moment of certainty that he would see her, huddling there below him; that he would feel her presence, that her very thoughts would be lines guiding him to her.

But he didn't. He went on, but the sound of his running footsteps then stopped and she thought she could bear the silence no longer and would scream and then realized that his footsteps had blended at last with the drumming rain.

At last she crept out of the ditch and, finally, to the highway again.

Afraid, even then, that she had been deceived by some sound of the rain; that it hadn't actually been Andy who had passed her there on the road.

But it was. The lighted area of the gasoline tanks was bare and empty. Away back along the black path she had come was a blur of lights outlining an object that was the car, and a tiny red dot that was its rear light.

The shabby car that looked as if it had come from a junk heap.

She must cross the area of light quickly. She did so, flashing like a hunted small animal running for cover.

The door of the little white building was closed but not locked. He'd broken in, for the bolt hung by one staple. It meant no one was there.

Would there be a telephone?

She didn't dare turn on lights as Andy had done. But the light from outside came faintly through the little window and squarely in the path of it was the counter and a telephone.

She grasped it and her hands were so cold or so unsteady she couldn't, for a moment, dial correctly. She forced her fingers to steadiness; she could barely see the slots in the dial.

But she did dial her own number and after a long time a voice came over the wire—and it was Brule.

"Brule—" She didn't know she sobbed.

"Rue—Rue. Good God, is it you? Where are you? Rue—"

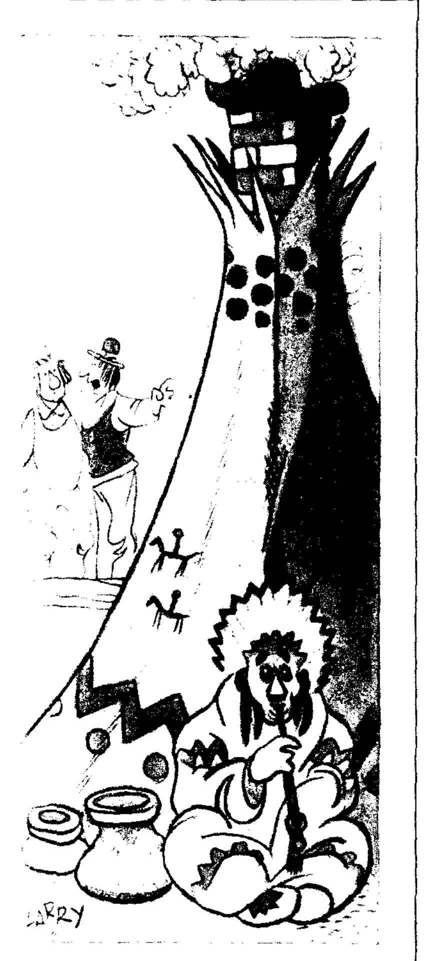
"Brule, come for me. Come—hurry. It's Andy—come—"

"Rue, where are you? What do you mean? We've been looking—"

"Listen." She must make him understand. "Brule, listen. Andy killed her. Julie. And Crystal. He—he's out there now, on the road. He'll be looking for me. I'm in the filling station, telephoning. Brule, come for me—"

"*Where* are you, Rue? Answer—tell me exactly—you must tell me. Ask the filling-station attendant—"

"There's no one here. It's closed—"



"The Federal Housing Authority loaned him money for the improvements!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Closed—Rue, I've got to know where you are—"

"It's north and west of Chicago—near Morton Grove, I think. I don't know what road we're on. There are no houses—" She couldn't speak lucidly, she was sobbing and couldn't stop it.

Brule's voice came sharply.

"Rue, listen—is he near you?"

"Not now. He's at the car—it's a horrible old car—"

"How far away?"

"About a quarter mile—"

Someone was talking to Brule—and Brule was answering; someone was beside him talking and she could hear their voices but not what they said. Then Brule said urgently:

"What's the number of the telephone you're using? Quick—"

She couldn't see the numbers in the little plate. She couldn't turn on the light. She'd given Andy back the little pack of matches.

"I can't—I can't see it, Brule," she cried brokenly.

"Stop that, Rue. You're hysterical. Listen. I will come. Understand. Tell me the number."

"But I can't see it—I can't turn on the light. I—"

"Can you hide from him? Do you mean, he knows that you know?"

"Yes—yes—" she was sobbing again. She forced herself to reply slowly and distinctly:

"I'll try to hide. It's dark. Oh, Brule, come."

There was another quick colloquy beside the telephone.

Brule said tersely: "When you leave the telephone, don't hang up the receiver. Leave it hanging—understand?"

"Y—yes—"

"And listen, Rue—is he coming?"

"Not yet—"

"Tell me. Quick—the afternoon Julie died what did Andy do with his overcoat—when he came into the room. I mean—did he have it with him?"

"Yes." She could see it again, in a queer flash, against the darkness of the little filling station—with its smell of oil and gasoline, and the heavy drumming rain on its low roof.

"It was on a chair. He put it on a chair."

"It's that. You're right; it's the cloakroom theft business!" It didn't sound sensible but it was what she heard Brule say—not to her, but to someone near him. Brule said quickly and sharply into the telephone:

"Hide, Rue. Get away from him and hide. They've got the evidence—the bartender'll talk now, too; everything's all right if you can hold out till I come."

The drumming of the rain on the roof took on rhythm—became louder—was the wheezing throb of the engine of a car. Headlights glanced against her, searching her out through the window as a car swung jerkily into the paved square and stopped at the door, which was open.

SHE was never able to remember the next moment or two; she had no consciousness of leaving the telephone, of any movement or conscious and lucid thought at all. But sometime in that blank interval she found the back door and tore her fingers on some kind of bolt and was outside the ghastly little trap of walls and into the rain and darkness again.

It gave her for an instant a promise. But only for an instant, for there was no place to hide, no shelter except darkness and the lights of the car could seek through that.

She ran—and had no direction; she stopped, gasping for breath, trying to plan, to think. She couldn't. There were no outbuildings, there was no hedge. She stumbled through the rain instinctively trying to put as much distance as possible between her and the lights behind her. And then she found the shrub.

A little shrub with thorns. It loomed, a small blotch of deeper darkness, beside her and caught at her coat. And Andy called behind her somewhere: "Rue—Rue—"

Rain blurred the voice; she couldn't tell where he was—far away or near.

She crouched down beside that thorny little shrub. Rain drowned the sound of his footsteps.

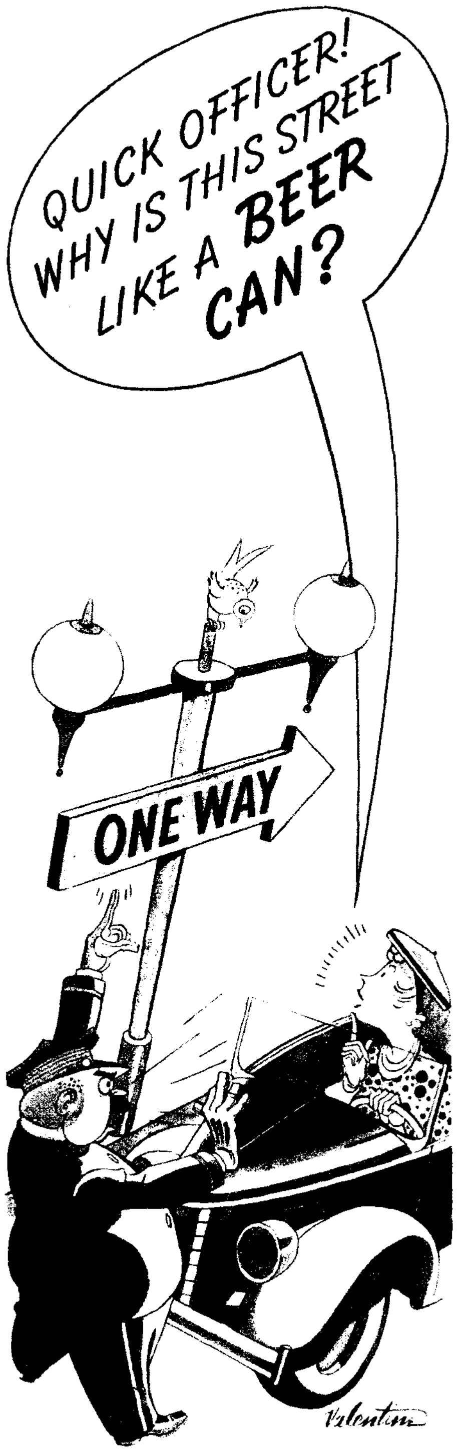
She was too near the filling station.

But his voice came again, nearer, so she could distinguish the queer pleading in it: "Rue—don't be afraid—Rue, where are you?—Rue, I won't hurt you—"

And it was so much nearer that she didn't dare move; didn't dare seek a better hiding place.

Rain and darkness; time must be passing though it seemed to stand still. There were sounds; her own heart beating heavily, loudly. She thought he'd gone once and was about to move cramped muscles when she heard him. Quite near:

"Rue—where have you gone? I won't


QUICK OFFICER! WHY IS THIS STREET LIKE A BEER CAN?
ONE WAY
Valentin

ANSWER:
a Beer Can only goes ONE WAY, from the store to your home . . . No Deposits, NO RETURNS!

hurt you. Don't be afraid—" It was queer, not quite intelligible.

It stopped. And she became aware that he was trying new tactics, making a short little rush in this direction and that.

"I know you're here, Rue. You hadn't time to go far. You're here somewhere. You'd be afraid to go into the fields—and leave the station and—there you are!" He chuckled deeply. He'd seen her—he'd caught a glimpse of the deeper shadow in all that blackness. But he hadn't—though once he passed so near she thought he'd touched her.

Time stood still but must be passing. He began to range farther from the filling station. He must have passed the pitifully sparse little shrub a hundred times. Its very smallness, she realized suddenly, helped conceal its presence and her own.

Unless he blundered into it—she wondered suddenly if she'd left the telephone receiver hanging, still connected, so they could trace the number. She couldn't remember.

She realized all at once that for a long time she'd heard no sounds—had he gone? Or was it a trick? She waited, cramped, breathing lightly. She was right to wait, for his voice said, clearly through the rain—almost at her side: "Ah—caught you that time—" and he chuckled again and made a little rush—which took him to one side of the shrub and away from her again.

So she was in a way prepared for it when he said loudly, almost shouting from somewhere very near the filling station: "Rue—all right, Rue. You've won—I'm leaving—do you understand? You can come out now from wherever you are—I'm leaving—"

For an instant she believed it. Believed it, too, when the car started up and moved away—slowly, into the highway—believed it, yet some instinct told her not to move. So she crouched there, still and cramped but able to draw long breaths—and the car all at once swerved and turned and swept its lights back and forth over the vacant, flat area, piercing the gloom not brightly but clearly enough so her own scurrying, hurrying figure would have been caught by those swerving fingers of light. And they fell upon the shrub—fell and lingered and she could see its outline and her own, humped and solid, and the sparse grass so near her face.

It lingered and she thought she was seen; then it swept on.

But he came back. Came back slowly, deliberately got out of the car.

SHE heard the door bang. Heard nothing for a while and then his footsteps. His voice even, murmuring as if the nightmare of the thing had touched him, too. Saying: "It's only a shrub. Too little—Rue, where are you? Rue, I've got to find you. Rue, I don't want to do it—I never wanted to—not even with Crystal—I couldn't help it. It was other people—not me; it was Crystal: I didn't want to; she made me; she insisted; there was no other way to get rid of her: it would have—Rue—Rue."

He touched the shrub. She felt it waver. And he swore and bent down, and his fingers came out of the darkness and touched her face, and Rue screamed.

Against the rain—against the darkness. A darkness that became for Rue all at once entirely black, an engulfing current on which she drifted, lost even to terror.

All black except it was pierced with sounds—sounds, lights, voices, men running, and above and through it all the steady throb and racing of engines—car engines, many of them with great strong lights turning the whole bare little space into lighted tumult.

Someone was holding her but it wasn't Andy. Somebody—

"Rue—are you all right now? Had he hurt you—"

It couldn't be Brule, but it was. Where had she been? How had all that turmoil happened without her knowing it was about to happen?

"I—fainted; he found me. He's here—" She thought she was speaking with the utmost intelligibility and Brule didn't hear a word of it, for he put his face beside her own, and his cheek was hard and cool and he said: "Oh, my God—" as if it were a groan.

The lights confused her; there were men shouting; gathering in a group. Brule was swiftly touching her; demanding; making her tell him she wasn't hurt. She tried to reply.

It was all confused, too, when he took her to a waiting car. It was his own car. He put her in it and got in beside her and shouted to someone outside.

"I'm going back to the house," he said. "You'll find us there. I'm taking Mrs. Hatterick."

But he wouldn't let her talk; during all that swift trip, swooping through rain, through darkness, through at last lighted streets, he wouldn't let her talk.

THEY were at the house and the door was flung open; there were lights, people, confusion there, too. But only for a moment. Then she was in the little guest room; a maid was there, and Madge; and Brule was giving swift orders.

Somebody (Madge?—and was it possible there were tear streaks on the child's round cheeks?) helped her undress; got her into a warm woolen dressing gown. Brule himself brought in a little white tub and somebody poured hot water in it and Brule had a homely little can in his hand labeled mustard.

"Your feet go in this," he said, and knelt and pulled off her slippers himself.

"Ouch."

"I know it's hot. Keep them there—"

"Brule, I've got to know—everything—"

"Keep your feet in; all right—" He looked up at her and said: "I suppose you've got to. It was Andy. Sit still. I'll tell you." He tested the water with his hand and plunged her feet deeper into it. "It's all very simple, really. It developed, however, just tonight; after you—had gone. It was one of those—those stubborn little ways truth has of convincing us of her indestructibility. In other words," said Brule simply, "malachite."

"Mal—"

"Malachite, and Funk being dragged from the thing here to investigate cloakroom thefts at the Town Club. He—"

"What is malachite? Brule, that water's boiling."

"No, it isn't. Keep still. Malachite's a dry stain, that is, a powder. They'd sifted it over things in the cloakroom; there'd been a series of petty thefts and they were trying to detect the thief and stop it without resorting to the police. They thought some of the staff—a waiter or a page boy—was doing it. Anyway, the stuff was on Andy's coat. He must have arranged to meet Julie—"

"Yes—there's a letter—I don't know what I did with it," she said, bewildered. "I had it—"

"Look in her coat," said Brule. Madge found the coat and said: "Is this it?" over a crumpled, soggy piece of paper.

It was. Brule read it.

"Andy wrote that?"

"Yes." There were questions and answers unspoken; put aside.

Brule went on:

"When Andy met Julie she must have touched him, put her—hands on his arm."

"Malachite—"

"Oh, that. It sticks to your hands, you see; and when your hands perspire or are

NO! NO! 1000 TIMES NO! YOU PAY NO DEPOSIT ON CANS
BEER

NO FUSS . . . NO BOTHER . . . NOTHING TO DO BUT DRINK GOOD BEER OR ALE . . . NO DEPOSITS, NO RETURNS . . . WHEN YOU BUY BEER OR ALE

IN CANS

LIGHT'S OUT

FLAVOR'S IN

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

washed it turns green. Becomes a dye. It's an old trick; forgotten with more modern methods. Remembered luckily by the old porter at the club. It isn't too efficacious as he found for his pains, for he'd scattered it so liberally that instead of catching his thief he immediately got complaints of club members—several, at any rate, who had lunched there the morning he essayed his little trap, and found themselves with unexpected streaks of green dye on their hands. They—five or six of them—were told the truth; among the five or six was Andy. He'd accidentally avoided it himself by putting on gloves as he left the club.

"The porter did not use malachite again after his unsuccessful attempt; we wouldn't have known of it if they hadn't had to call in the police, finally. And no one came forward to tell us because that detail of the green stains was kept out of the newspapers. And the porter also remembered that Andy had lunched there the day of Julie's murder; Andy himself told the police he'd lunched at some little restaurant on Michigan; they wasted a lot of time trying to check that story. But the lie, when they discovered it, was significant; Andy had learned of the malachite; he'd heard about the stain on Julie's hands. He knew his own danger. Later the maid, Rachel, shaking up the cushion of the chair where Andy had put his coat when she cleaned the room for the first time since the murder, got the dye on her hands, too. We figure Julie knew something of how Andy gave Crystal poison—"

"I know," said Rue in a small voice and told him.

HE LISTENED, asking no questions. "I thought it must be something of the kind. Something that would be obvious only if you and Julie pooled your stories. It was so simple, that matter of the medicine; once you and Julie had occasion to be suspicious, he didn't dare permit you to meet and talk of that night and of exactly how and when Crystal's medicine was prepared. Julie—poor Julie—torn between suspicion and—Andy's charm."

Brule paused. "Andy's charm," he repeated. "Too much charm, too much of the wrong kind of ambition—and too little courage. Well—" he put his hand in the water and turned briskly to Madge.

"Give me more hot water, Madge," he said and resumed: "It's a direct trail, *then*. From Andy to Julie to the house; he had the extra key, the missing key; Crystal—must have given it to him. He let Julie into the house and didn't call anyone. He figured she'd die before anyone could reach her; before she could reach you. Perhaps she insisted, dazedly, on seeing you. So he brought her directly from the little restaurant here, thinking there would be no danger. If Gross had been ten—even five—minutes later, Julie wouldn't have reached you at all. As it was she only mumbled things he'd said to her. Repeating—dazed."

Someone knocked hard on the door. Madge went and it was Guy Cole.

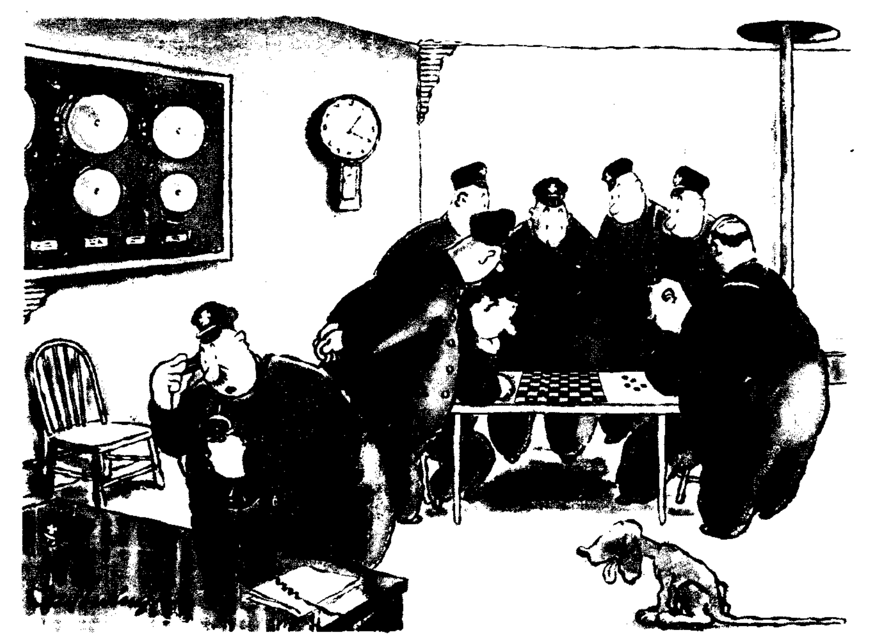
"The bartender's identified him," he said. "They promised to let the fellow off if he told the truth; he says he's sure it was Andy. How are you, Rue? I want to talk to you—"

"Later," said Brule. "Close the door, Madge."

"Wait a minute, I've not finished," protested Guy. "He had a pack of matches in his pocket, advertising, you know; and they'd come from that little restaurant and Andy said, at first, that he'd never so much as seen the place. So that was that. Rue, what's the story—"

"I said 'Later,' " said Brule. "Get out."

"Oh, all right," said Guy reluctantly. "But after all—"



"Try a couple o' buckets o' water. If that don't work, call me back"

JAY IRVING

Madge closed the door.

The little table that had held a vacuum bottle and glass caught Rue's eyes; she said: "But the poison in the glass—in the house—would he dare?"

"Let the police worry about that, if they want to," said Brule, pouring more steaming water into the little tub. "I think he was scared; the whole business is one actuated by the extremest cowardice. Andy was always a coward. He could get into the house because he had a key. But he had to get the police out. And he probably figured he'd be safer if he got me out, too; so he put in a phony telephone call. That's the way we've figured it anyway. But I think it's right. More mustard, Madge."

Rue's feet were scarlet.

She made a tentative effort to withdraw them, which was instantly foiled, and said. "It isn't possible he actually entered the house—just to put poison in the glass as a threat—"

"Not impossible, for it happened; perhaps he intended something else—and lost his nerve."

"Brule, why did he kill Crystal?" began Rue, and then remembered Madge.

Brule glanced at her, too, and Madge came to Rue.

"Rue, I—I rolled the knife (that Alicia found in Father's instrument case) in your scarf and put it in your room. It—it was a beastly thing to do; I—there isn't any excuse." She gulped. Her face flushed and paled. "I—you can't forgive me. I was—crazy—"

"She was told to do it," said Brule. "It doesn't make it more forgivable, though—"

Madge's dark eyes sought into Rue's with the appeal of a small child's.

"Will you—ever—forgive me?" she said. "I didn't realize—"

In the warmth and safety of that room Rue could have forgiven anything. She *put out her hand toward Madge*. Madge said unsteadily: "I didn't realize; I was—scared. She said, Alicia said—"

Brule, watching Rue said: "Run away, Madge. I think Rue won't be—unforgiving." Madge put back her dark mane of hair and went away. And Brule said slowly:

"Are you, Rue? Unforgiving?"

There were things yet unspoken, hovering in the warm little room.

Brule said: "I want you to know the whole thing, Rue. You see—all along I knew that Andy had a motive for wanting to be rid of Crystal. That was it: he had to get rid of her. Crystal—Crystal had always loved attention; I didn't know that, in Andy's case, she was serious until it was too late. He—was equally culpable, I suppose. Flattered, pleased—frightened only when he began to perceive the iron strength Crystal had when she wanted anything—her utterly ruthless tenacity.

"I don't know what Andy has told you; or what Alicia has told you. But my great fault was in letting things go on until they reached the point they reached. That is," said Brule slowly, "the point where Crystal was determined to divorce me and marry Andy and he—knowing that his career depended upon me—knowing which side his bread was buttered on, was equally determined not to. Crystal, you see, had used enough of her capital so that Andy wouldn't have been riding on velvet, so to speak. Crystal had dipped into it with both hands; she gave money to Alicia, she gave it to Andy—"

"Andy!"

"Oh, yes. Crystal—had a kind of empress complex about money. It kept me going sometimes to pay the bills. . . . Besides, it gave her an extra claim upon Andy. An extra obligation. But except for this house and the bequest she left Alicia there wasn't really much property remaining; her will gave all she had to me—years ago when it was made, it was considerable. When she died there was very little. In short, if Andy had consented to her divorcing me he would have found himself married to a woman he didn't want, a woman twenty years older than he, a woman with extravagant tastes, with little money herself, and his whole career blasted. I suppose during her illness he'd realized how her death would simplify things for him. But she didn't die. Therefore—"

"Alicia," said Rue without knowing she was going to say it. He caught her up quickly.

"I couldn't defend myself before Steven," he said. "And you wouldn't listen to what I could say. But I couldn't rob Steven of his last illusions of Alicia. I couldn't tell him—"

"Tell him what, Brule?"

BRULE turned swiftly to her. He was kneeling at her feet; he took her hand and looked earnestly, almost pleadingly as Madge had done, into her eyes.

"Rue, will you try to understand? Alicia—was *there*, you see. Always there when I was lonely; always entertaining, always agreeable, a friend of the family's. Gradually, I don't quite know how, I began—to accept Alicia; I didn't love her; I don't think she ever loved me really, for Alicia doesn't love; she merely seeks a pleasant and comfortable life for Alicia. We were together a lot; once Crystal got suspicious and began to ask questions, and Alicia roped in Steven as easily as—as she'd pull in a trusting dog on a leash. Alicia didn't want to lose Crystal's very remunerative friendship. That settled Crystal; Crystal didn't want me herself but she was vain and she was considerably older than I and conscious of it; —she didn't want Alicia, a younger woman, to take me away.

"But with Alicia and Steven engaged, everything was all right. I—I don't know what I felt during that time; mainly it seems to me I was tired—and in a trap of my own making. Well, at any rate, Alicia kept strengthening that intangible thing that existed between us; when Crystal died I felt in duty bound to ask Alicia to marry me. Besides, it would have pleased Madge. Alicia refused; I believe that Alicia more than half believed I murdered Crystal myself. For love of Alicia. And I thought—" He bent his head suddenly and placed it upon Rue's hands.

"Rue, here's where the forgiving comes in. You see, I thought that if I married somebody else it would end the—the entangling affair with Alicia. It was never—you'll have to believe me—what you'd really call an affair."

"Steven—" whispered Rue.

HIS face turned on her hands.

"Steven?" he said. "I couldn't go to him and say, 'Look here, you must break your engagement with Alicia because she has led me to believe she's in love with me.' And to tell the truth, Rue—I didn't care very much. About anything. I was tired and I'd worked like a dog for years and I—everywhere was disappointment and weariness and sham and I—I couldn't see anything that I'd gained. All those years of hard work and I had reached a stalemate. I had absolutely nothing that was of value to me. Except Madge. And she was—then, her mother's child. I'd been too ambitious—I—" He stopped.

And simply turned his head on her hands and kissed them.

"I want you, Rue."

There were tears on Rue's cheeks.

Brule looked up; his eyes sought into her own deeply, searchingly — half afraid. She'd never known Brule to be uncertain.

Then he saw the tears.

After a moment he touched her wet cheeks gently with his fingers.

And took her slowly in his arms and kissed her mouth.

"I love you—" he said.

Rue's heart sang, madly: I've always loved you. I've always — always — always loved—

She caught back the words. Presently she moved her feet cautiously. He felt the motion, turned, caught both slender ankles and pushed them back in the hot water again. He got to his feet and rang for Gross and ordered a number of things, while Rue sat in a kind of bewitched silence—and when they came, he mysteriously mixed something hot and smelling of lemons in a tall glass.

"Drink it."

She did. Because his arm held her; because he held the glass and watched lingeringly while she drank.

She was drowsy; the room was warm; Brule held her tightly in his arms and talked:

"We'll go on a trip. Have you ever been to France, Rue? We'll sit in golden sunshine beside a sea as blue as your eyes. When we've tired of that we'll go on—and on—"

"Home—" said Rue.

"Home. I'll get a house in the country, on a river—there'll be flowers and sunshine and blue sky—and you, Rue—"

The phrase repeated itself goldenly, following her into dreams.

THE END

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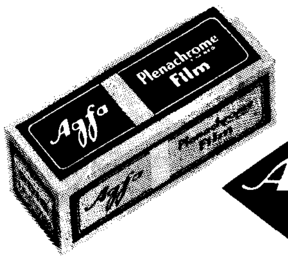

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"PICTURES THAT SATISFY OR A NEW ROLL FREE!'

WOMEN, put this where HE can see it

MAN, YOU NEED MUM
Don Herold Says-

Women have sent this little bird

Mister, if you find this tacked on your mirror at home or pinned to your coat at the office, it means you are a man with a friend and a future.

Somebody is interested enough in you to hope that you will do something about just one little fault you have.

You are a fine fellow, but maybe you are sometimes unconsciously guilty of just a wee bit of perspiration aura. (I hope it's a wee bit.)

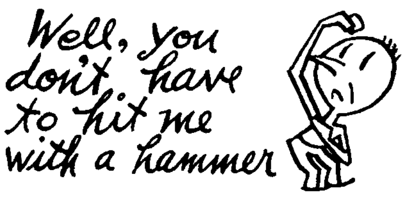
* * *

Men, I really don't expect anybody to tack or pin this up for you, but *you're reading it now, aren't you?*

The thing for you to do is to hint to yourself the possibility of your guilt along the lines I'm discussing, and to use Mum for fear it may be true. Mum is for two kinds of people: those who need it and those who want to be sure they don't.

Nearly everybody needs Mum, because a bath—fine as it is—gives protection against underarm perspiration aura for only a short time. But Mum works for hours and hours.

Mum is a pleasant cream, soothing to the skin, harmless to clothing, which definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration. Hundreds of thousands of men now use two dabs under each arm after each bath and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.


Well, you don't have to hit me with a hammer

Look into this Mum business for yourself by sending for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M1-78, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Runaway

Continued from page 25

air of humor, "and meanwhile the kid's arrived, eh?"

To Becky, even in this first moment, it was not humorous. Nothing was right from then on; not his suggestion that he take a bath and a shave while they were getting lunch ready, his characteristic procrastination until too late, nor her father's kindly quiet greeting of him, nor the boys' surprise, nor the meal to which they all presently sat down. Gavin did most of the talking, telling them amusing little episodes of the helter-skelter days of a movie cameraman, acknowledging their goodness to Becky and the baby somewhat indirectly, with a good-humored: "Say, I've loaned you my wife long enough! I knew her mother'd want her to be here, but there were lots of times I could have used a good cook down there!"

HE HAD some money; was quick, almost ostentatiously quick, to pay the small bill that was presented when the drugstore boy brought the boric acid and the Castile soap that had been ordered for Gibbs. Becky felt mixed emotions when she saw his hands on the green five-dollar notes.

But she could say nothing then. Indeed, she was presently to discover the extreme difficulty of criticizing Gavin at all, anywhere, under any circumstances, for anything.

He came into the kitchen when the boys arrived for lunch, enjoyed his own lunch, gossiped entertainingly as she and her mother and Sophy cleared the kitchen afterward. When Becky carried the baby upstairs he followed her, and sat in her room—that old room of her girlhood with the Louisa Alcott and "Little Colonel" books in the bookcase, and her carnival hat of fringed tissue paper still perched on the bureau pole.

Gavin sat there, seeming embarrassingly out of place in the immediate hurry of her care for Gibbs. Smoking a tenth cigarette, he watched her as she changed and fed the baby.

"I thought it was much better for them when their mothers nursed them?"

"I couldn't."

"And what's the big idea of naming him Gibbs? Who's Gibbs?"

"For Dad. He's Spencer Gibson." She was afraid again. She was afraid of him again.

"Ha!" he said. "He's not been christened?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, why not think it over and name him after me," Gavin murmured. "However—"

A silence. Becky pulled the rubber nipple from Gibbs' mouth; it was flattened. It expanded with a little hissing sound and the baby began to drink again. Fresh cold air had made him hungry, Becky tipped the bottle; the last film of white drained away.

"Now what does he do?"

"WELL, he's beginning to stay awake a little, now. He'll drop off about half past three and sleep until five maybe." She was getting nervous. She wanted to ask Gavin his plans, to review with him these months during which they had been separated, but he seemed interested only in matters of the moment, seemed content to watch and smoke. Once he said he hoped her mother would have that pot roast for dinner.

"Yes, that's for dinner. And applesauce cake. She and Sophy made it after breakfast."

Separated for months, and they talked of applesauce cake!

"Who's Sophy?" he asked, and they talked of Sophy. And later: "Weather been like this? It's been hot, down South. Spring, down there."

Becky carried Gibbs back to his basket in the yard. She and Gavin sat on the porch steps in afternoon sunshine and talked. But even now she could not bring herself to an open, honest forcing of his confidence.

"How long will you be here, Gavin?"

"Tired of me already, huh?" It was his old teasing way.

"No. But I didn't know whether you were working now, whether you had a job."

"Sure I'm working. That is, I could be the minute I wanted to go back. But I think I've seen enough of Yuma, and of Frenchy Cotton too. Did me out of about six grand, Frenchy did."

"Six *grand!* You mean six *thousand?*"

"Yep."

The weak spring sunshine came down through the oak branches; chickens pecked nearer and nearer, cocking their sleek little heads, watching with beady eyes. Becky felt a sickness of spirit, not at the loss but at what she suspected was the lie.

"How'd he do that?" she asked against her will.

"Oh, we had it in common, and what does he do but sink it all in a well! Dust well."

"What's a dust well?"

"It's a well that puffs up a lot of dust instead of oil."

"Can you sue him?"

"He'll be damn' lucky if I don't," Gavin growled. She knew that the whole thing was a fabrication, reflected that it would be senseless to criticize any one part of it.

"So now what do you plan?" She tried to ask it brightly, naturally, as if she were just another of the town's secure, everyday young matrons who wheeled babies to market, discussed bridge games, picnicked and camped up at the lake in hot weather.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "Rest for a while, I guess."

No answer could have filled her soul and heart and mind, her very being, with a more complete dismay. Becky was unable to make any response. A dismal prevision of what would follow silenced her.

"Well," he said after a while, with a jerk of his head toward the shabby little car he had parked around the corner of the house, near the front door, "I'm going to take my bag upstairs and unpack. What's the chances for a bath? Where's your mother?"

"Mother had to go to the Baker funeral—old lady Baker. She'll be back."

"Will I wake the kid unpacking?"

Of course! He was going up to her room. Where else? There was no other available space now, for Sophy and Anya had the big room at the top of the kitchen stairway; Robert, sixteen, had the attic room to himself; her mother and father occupied, as always, the big front room; the younger boys more than filled the two small chambers that finished the hall at the back of the house. Becky's room, abandoned by her, had been turned into a rarely used spare room; now she and Gibbs used it. A comfortable old double bed had been substituted for the couch she had used in winter. In summer she had always moved out to the awninged porch. But no one could use the porch hammock as a bed these cold spring nights.

"Gavin—" she began, seizing her courage with an almost physical effort, "let me explain something. I've—you've made it very hard for me. I've had—" She swallowed angrily, lowered her voice to keep it from breaking. "I've had a hard time these last months. Christmas and all."

"For criminey's sake! Didn't they want you?"

It was like him, her lightning thought flashed, to put it on her people.

"Of *course* they wanted me. Of *course* they've been wonderful to me. Of *course* I had my own room and my own nurse in the hospital!" Becky said, warming. "But do you think it was *easy* to take it all from them, to have no money, not a dollar, to call my own! Week after week with no word from you, no letter, nothing to tell these village gossips who were wondering and watching and saying what they liked—!"

"Listen, listen!" Gavin interrupted, as she paused for breath. He put a drawling accent upon the first syllable of the word. "What d'you think *I've* been doing? Going 'round the world in my private yacht? If I'd had money I'd have sent it. I've been having a rotten time, borrowing everywhere—"

It was a long story. At the end he flung away the stub of his cigarette and came across to sit close beside her on the step, and put his arm about her.

"Don't be mean to me, Becky," he pleaded.

She felt her mood yielding to his and hated herself. She made herself say sulkily and stubbornly: "You might have written," but even as she said it she felt her own weakness.

At dinnertime she watched him nervously, watched the other faces to see what impression he made, laughed wretchedly at his jokes and hastily and eagerly explained whatever seemed confused or doubtful in his easy talk.

Nine o'clock came; the boys stumbled up to bed, clumped noisily about the upper floor. The black night outside the farmhouse was bitterly cold. Sophy stamped up the kitchen stairway and was heard singing heavily and talking to Anya. Becky did not want to go upstairs. She did not want to be Gavin's wife, shut into his room with him, conscious that the airily indifferent mood he had shown to her anxiousness all day long was changing to a mood of affection, of willingness to please her, sympathize with her. She did not want his arm about her, his kiss against her bare neck as she undressed.

GAVIN could be kind, and his kindness was the weapon against which Becky had no defense. In the first days of their marriage his mood had made the difference between joy and pain to her; his happier tempers had found her eagerly receptive; when he had been silent and cold Becky had drooped like a flower in a frost.

Tonight the old power reasserted itself. Gavin was amiable tonight, good-naturedly interested in Gibbs, amusing in his help with and comments upon the baby. Lord, he was a queer little fish! Was he honestly a pretty fair little specimen? An unusually fine baby, and already above the average in height and weight? Aw, hell, didn't they tell every mother that?

"But you can compare him to the chart, Gavin!" Becky was so eager in her earnestness that Gavin felt an impulse to put his arms about her. But he did not show it; he was apparently completely absorbed in watching the child.

"What d'you do? Just slam him on that poor little mug of his and slap him down?"

Becky laughed. She had not laughed too often in the past months.

"He goes right off."

"Well, what do you know?" Gavin was innocently surprised as Becky fastened great safety pins adeptly on either side of the baby's small dark head, tucked in pink blankets, hung a piece of dark cloth on the outer side of the crib to shut off the light. "Y'know," Gavin continued, beginning on his shoelaces, "I've been seeing—I swear it struck me for the first time tonight—what a rotter you must have thought me for not writing. I feel terrible about that. Time went awfully fast, and I kept thinking I'd have a steady job and could take a place for you and the kid. I knew most girls wanted to be with their mothers when a baby was coming, so that was all right, but it never struck me you could be worried about me; I'll swear it never did.

"Now tonight," he went on, walking about the room, "tonight, when your folks were so kind, and your mother cooked such a swell dinner, I began to see what a family can be like—I never had one, you know. I never had anyone to help me with homework and wipe dishes, that sort of thing. I'd have been a very different sort of person if I had. By George, I envied your brothers tonight. I thought: 'You don't know anything about loneliness and having to fight your own battles, the way I did!' I wish we were going to stay here longer. But three or four days are about all I ought to spare if I'm going to start in with Cooper."

"Three or four days!" Inextinguishable hope sprang in her heart. If they could really get away in three or four days—! "But I thought you hadn't a job, Gavin," she said.

"Well, I haven't the job I want. But we can get along on thirty-five a week, to start with, can't we? This loafer Yelland, who's doing exactly the same work, gets a hundred. Yep, that's what that bum signs up for every week. But I wouldn't get that. I'd start off for thirty-five or forty, and work up. Because we want a little home, Beck," Gavin went on, sitting on the edge of the bed now, scowling into space as he spoke. "We've got to get going, with this fellow to look out for. I'd rather have less, and have it sure—"

SHE came, fresh and soap-scented with her damp curls brushed loosely from her face to sit beside him. Her eyes shone.

"Oh, Gavin, that's what I want so much! I want so terribly some little place with a garden and maybe a patio, where he can have his sun baths and some day a sandbox. I'd not mind being poor. We could live wonderfully on thirty-five a week—that's a hundred and forty a month, even in the four-week months!" He put his arm about her. "I've treated you like a dog, Beck," he said, in a lowered tone. "But I never saw it! I thought of us as—well, kinder having a fight to fight out, you carrying your end here, and I mine there. I ought to have written, and I ought to have sent you money. But I didn't have it, and I hated to write and say so. It's one thing to write and send a hundred, and another to tell a hard-luck tale."

His story was strengthening as he elaborated it. Some cold little corner of her mind told her so. Plausible as it was, it was not quite plausible enough. But smothering, engulfing that tiny area of reason was the stronger argument of the senses, those betraying senses that were so conscious of the dimly lighted room, the scents of young grass and turned earth that stole in on moonbeams through the pear-tree blossoms, the warm, heartening hold of a man's arm about her, his hard young cheek against her temple.

"Don't ever again be mean to me, Gavin," she whispered. "We've got to stay together. Whatever happens, we've got to face it together!"

"I love you!" he whispered, deeply stirred. Becky saw the glint of tears in his eyes.

HALF past five o'clock on a June morning. The valley was already simmering in burning heat. Becky, coming downstairs with Gibbs, looked out into the dry yard, looked toward the barns and the woodpile and the straggling line of paddock fence, and saw no drop of dew, even in the shadows, no shadow itself that was not reflecting back the merciless light of the day's heat.

The flanges of the windmill were motionless; cattle grouped on the north side of the sheds were motionless. Yesterday's washing hung dry and stiff and motionless on the line. Chickens, pecking their talkative way from the chicken house, gathered under the porch; a calf bleated, was still, bleated again somewhere out of sight.

The kitchen reflected the day's dry warmth even now. In through its two southwestern windows poured the glory of the risen sun. Becky, drawing shades, wondering who had let them up after she had drawn them last night, took one blinking look at a mountain range that had already vanished into trembling lines of dazzling opal haze. The sink was hot and dry. There were smells about: a smell of yellow soap curled and cracked beside the laundry tubs; a smell of peaches rotting on the porch; a smell of food drying and souring in the cooler.

All the milk had soured, and the cream was just on the turn. Becky left Gibbs in his pen and stepped over to the dairy. No sourness here; the earthy coolness of it met her like a breath of the sea.

She went back, stepping carefully, the big shallow pan in her hands. Gibbs was watching for her anxiously; he smiled a broad toothless smile at her. She had to catch him up, when she had set down the milk, and kiss him once, twice, three times, before she could go on with her work.

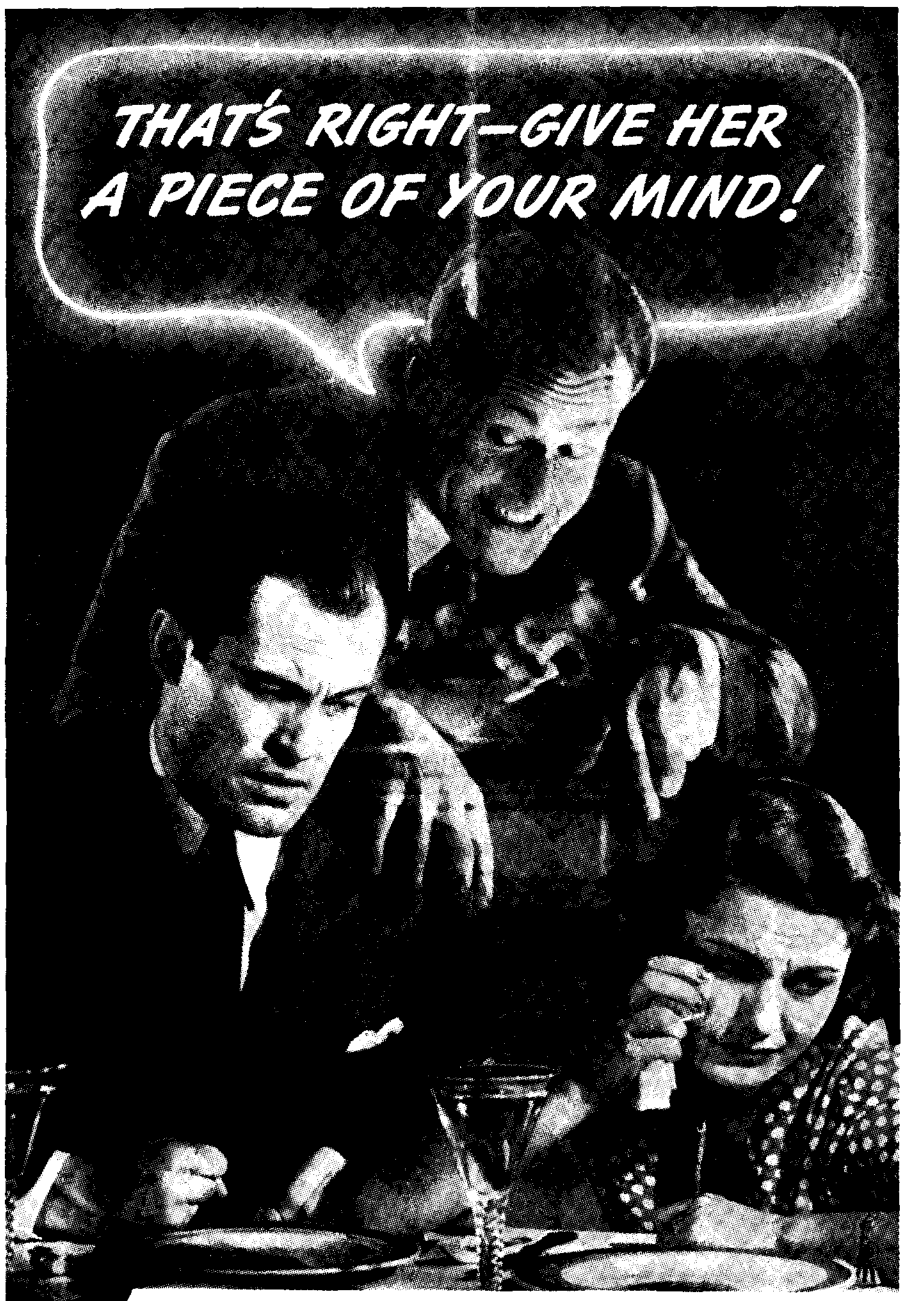
There was plenty of it. The steadily mounting heat of the day brought perspiration to her forehead and set a faint pain between her eyes as she moved about.

With a small wooden paddle she loosened the leathery sheet of the good Jersey cream and poured the thick clots of it into a blue pitcher. The pitcher went on the ice; the milk was set on the stove. Gibbs had cereal now after his orange juice; the cereal had been simmering in the double boiler all night. Becky caught the child up, nude except for his pinned undergarment, and felt his lively little perspiring body wet against her own as she fed him his breakfast. Then he had his bottle, and went back into his pen, and Becky pulled on an old straw hat and went into the yard to gather in the wash. She had been too tired after yesterday's blazing hours to bother with it last night, but everything that concerned Gibbs must move on schedule and to break that schedule meant extra work the next day.

Coming back, she took a long drink of well water, chilled in the red earthen *ojah* that hung on the side porch, and going to the sink, let the cold water run on her wrists.

"Whew!" she gasped, pushing back the hair on her forehead with a wet hand.

She folded most of the hot dry linen, dampened some of it and set it aside, set the breakfast table, cut bread, put on the coffeepot. The remains of a joint were in the icebox. Becky cut the meat into cubes, found onions and turnips and potatoes to put with it, covered the whole with water, scraped cold gravy in for a finish and lighted a bead of gas on the stove. Lamb stew; Gavin hated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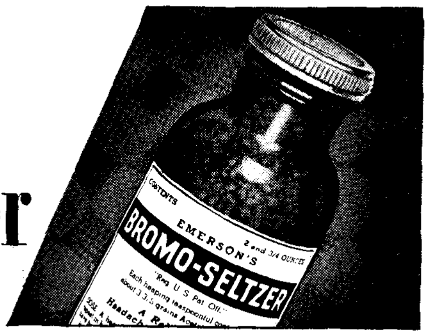

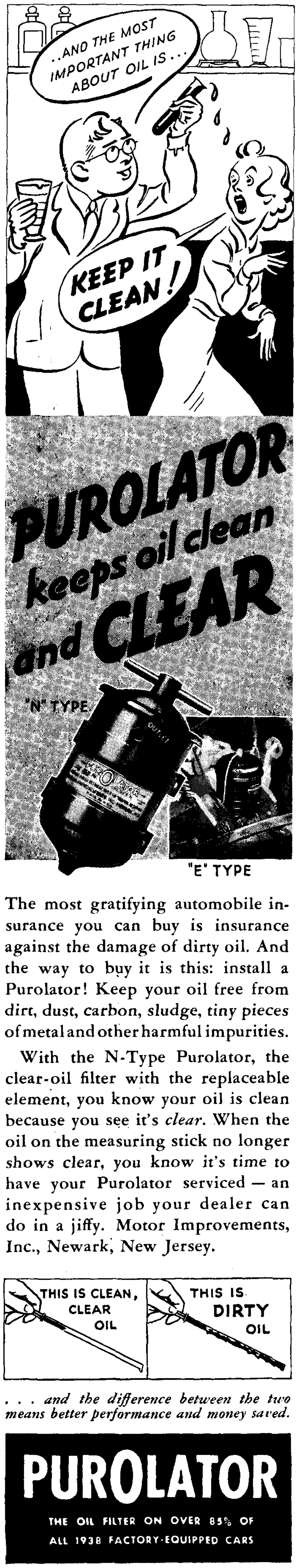
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stews. Only two nights ago, finding that the main dish of the evening meal was corned beef hash, he had excused himself and gone downtown for dinner. Rudeness to Mother—

Inexcusable. But she would not think. One could train oneself not to think. Becky put a heap of folded baby linen on the lower step of the front-hall stairway, settled down in Dad's rocker to drink a cup of coffee just as the clock struck seven.

There was ironing left from yesterday. When Sophy came down with little blond delicate Anya, Rebecca went vigorously at the ironing. Gibbs' nightgowns got two swift smacks apiece; Gavin's socks and handkerchiefs and underwear demanded a little more. Becky had learned to be much more economical with her own clothes. A few thin old shirts, a cotton gown or two, the minimum of shorts and brassieres and nightgowns were all she allowed herself. Old shirts and slacks of the boys were comfortable summer wear; she never wore stockings now. But Gavin was as extravagant as ever; he went into town every day; he must look presentable.

SOME of her brothers' stockings were in this wash. Sophy had been scrubbing and wringing all day yesterday and had gotten the heavy work, like Gibbs' blankets and the boys' jeans, out on the line. There was always a tremendous lot of it to do, and Becky wanted to save her father not only the expense of her own and Gavin's washing, but was always eagerly trying to do a little more.

But with the unconscious Gibbs and the hardly less irresponsible Gavin both contributing a constant stream of discarded garments to the washbasket, it was hard work.

She was finishing her ironing when her mother, corseted, shod, stockinged, severely combed as always, came down, and they had a second breakfast together, from which Becky leaped up to serve her father and the boys. The air in the kitchen was suffocating now, and scented with fried eggs and bacon, toast, burned cereal. For a while Gibbs sat in his pen, looking interestedly on. Then he cried, and Sarah took him up and mothered him.

Dishes accumulated in the sink. Sophy fed Anya weak coffee and rye bread. Anya would not eat cereal or vegetables; she liked an orange sucker before every meal. The kitchen was in an uproar for a while; then Becky's father and the boys disappeared, peace came back, and the women could set about the morning's work.

Sophy washed clothes; Sarah washed dishes; Becky cleared the table, set the dining-room table for lunch, answered the telephone, dusted the parlor. At half past nine she carried Gibbs upstairs for his bath; he could have it in the regular tub now. When she went into the bedroom to put on his fresh clothes and amuse him until it was time for his ten-o'clock bottle, Gavin was waking and usually ready to take Gibbs in hand while Becky straightened the room.

If she could at this time, she slipped into the other rooms, whipping beds together, hanging up her brothers' clothes. But if Gibbs was fretful she generally had to feed him a little early, and subsided gratefully into a chair, breathing deep, glad of the fifteen minutes' rest.

When he was off for his nap she went downstairs, set Gavin's place at the end of the kitchen table, found the newspaper and folded it with its sheets in order, set the coffeepot back on the stove and made toast. He liked orange juice very cold and fresh, poached eggs on toast, two cups of coffee. Almost every morning he told one or the other of the women that he never ate cereal or hot cakes or waffles, nothing like that. Not this weather!

This breakfast time of his was a hard time for Becky for many reasons. One of them was that at this time more than any other she felt keenly her mother's total disapproval of Gavin. Sarah tried —Becky knew how generously!—to disguise it and hide it. But it could not be done. To have Becky, already tired after four hours' steady work, wait on him in this fashion, made Sarah's blood boil. It was only for Becky's sake that she held her tongue, that she forced herself to endure his serene acceptance of these attentions day after day, forced herself to listen to his interested comments upon the news of the world.

Now that the summer heat was upon Salletts, Becky's labors and Gavin's impositions seemed redoubled. But Sarah knew that Becky was as helpless as herself, and she never broke.

When the dishes and pans from Gavin's breakfast had been piled in the sink, and Sarah and Sophy were peeling peaches in the darkened kitchen, Rebecca took the car and went to market. It was a bad time to go to town on a broiling summer morning, but it was the time Gavin wanted to get to town, and one that gave her a little interval between Gibbs' imperious needs.

The butcher shop at the Exchange was deserted and odorous at this hour. Rice and noodles and beans looked and smelled dryer than ever. The very thought of food was disagreeable. One only wanted iced tomatoes and crisp lettuce and iced tea—

Becky consulted her list, went to another counter for spools and tape and dish-toweling and writing paper, went to talk to Joe Werry about the bulbs that continually burned out in the hallway socket. Oh, and Mother wanted a trowel—

VERY few customers were in the Exchange at this time. The two show-cases of the bakery department would be almost empty; the last loaf, the last cooky sold until the fresh lot came in at four. Millie Delaney at the stocking counter would be fanning herself with a yellow palm-leaf fan with "Rajax for Torpid Livers" printed in purple upon it.

" 'Lo, Beck. Some weather!"

"Awful. Makes me feel so limp all the time!"

"Yep. And Pa was sayin' it don't even cool off at night."

"No. I know. The baby was terribly restless last night. I hardly got any sleep at all."

"Well, you'll get worse if you and Mr. Flood go down South. Chess was sayin' he was talkin' of goin' down."

"I suppose so. But I'd like to stay here until it gets a little cooler."

WITH casual friends, met here and there, it was always the same. Becky got tired of answering, never could show how deep the neighborly questions cut her.

"I hope your mother realizes how lucky she is to have you and the baby here for this nice long visit, Rebecca," Mrs. Carmichael, the minister's wife, said kindly. "I do wish Anna could come home to me for six months!"

"Say, when you folks goin' back to San Francisco?" demanded Alma Pettit, at the post office. "How long've you and Gavin been home? Six months, ain't it?"

"Becky, the girls want to give you a goodby shower, so be sure you let us know two weeks before you go," Helen Bradley, who had been Becky's chum in high-school days, said affectionately.

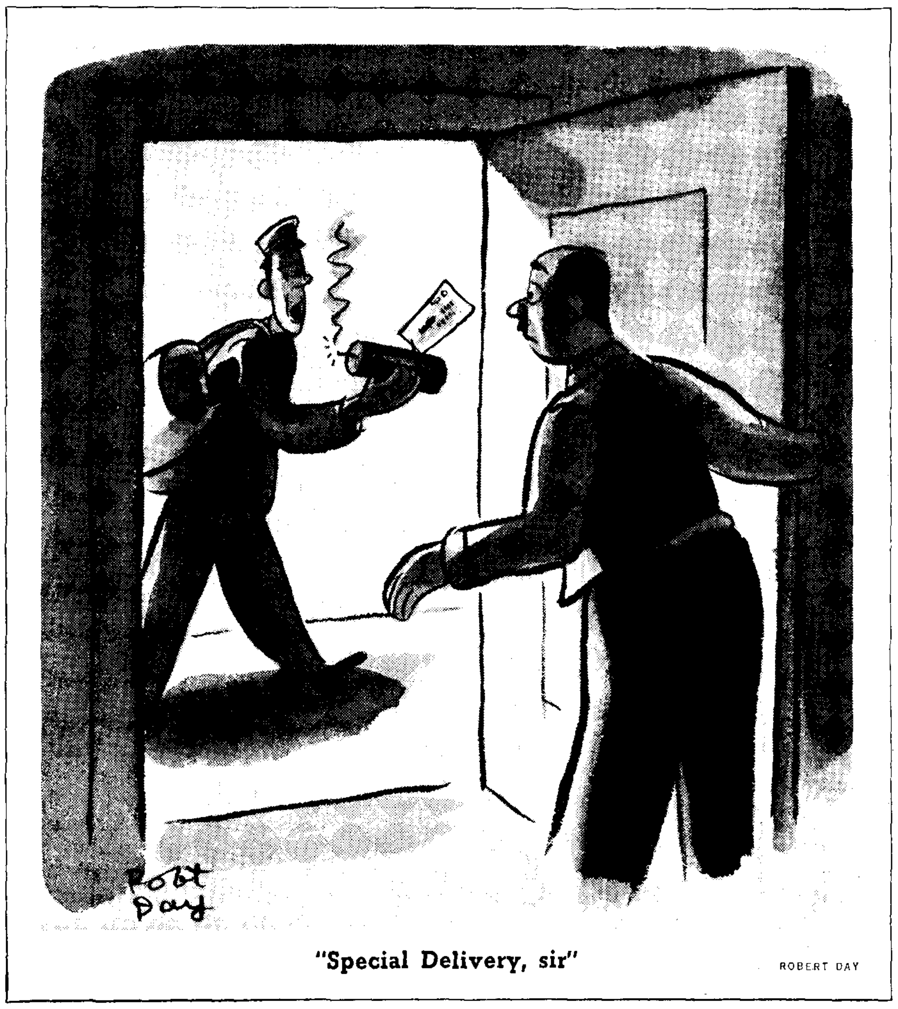
Some of her mother's club friends asked even more searching questions:

"Rebecca, what does Gavin do? A photographer? Is he really? And do you mean that there isn't a demand for that sort of thing down in Hollywood?"

Or it might be:

"Becky, will you forgive old Auntie Belle Mason for saying that Mamma is getting a little tired? I noticed it and Vi noticed it, too. It's a big household, dear, with you and the baby and the boys and Mr. Flood, and your father home sick for a week; it's too much, dear. If you and Mr. Flood could take her up to the lake for a month, it'd do her a world of good—"

And then finally, her father mildly joining the chorus:



"Special Delivery, sir"

ROBERT DAY

"I'd encourage Gavin to take anything he can get, Becky, since he isn't particularly interested in getting into business here in Salletts. It is—it isn't particularly healthy for a man his age to be idle. No harm in a billiard game, or a poker game, now and then. My uncle Ray, my mother's brother, used to be what they called lucky at cards. He got over it; he settled down. But at Gavin's age—"

"I know, Dad," Becky would say in nervous agony of spirit, "I know you're right. And I *do* talk to Gavin about getting a job."

SHE talked to him continually whenever they were alone. She had long abandoned any consideration for his feelings; he had no feelings. Quietly, incessantly, Becky kept at him. But the impression she made was small.

"Gavin, don't you see we can't go on this way? It isn't fair to Mother and Dad to land on them like this, to go on costing them money. And as long as you're out with that Perry gang down in Chinatown half the night, you'll never get a good job. Mother's been wonderfully patient, you know that, but it does make her mad to have you always late for dinner, and always coming downstairs in the middle of the morning."

"What's it to her? You give me my breakfast."

"It's *her* house, Gavin. Naturally she likes things to go her way."

"What's she afraid of?"

"Just that—that things aren't *right* this way." And sometimes she would add: "You ought to have more pride, Gavin. Everyone knows you're being supported by my people. Everyone knows I haven't any money except what my father gives me."

"Because these hicks won't get into a real game," Gavin might explain simply.

"But you oughtn't to be gambling with a lot of day laborers, Mexicans and Portuguese and Chinese and everything else! Lin Perry—why, he was tried for murder once! And that loathsome Snyder!"

"I'm going to get a job. I've got something swell lined up," Gavin would say if he were in a good mood. If he were dissatisfied and impatient in the dry, wearying heat of the relentless summer days, he would fling away impatiently, to go upstairs and sprawl on their bed for a sleep, or catch the bus and go into town.

Becky grew thin and anxious, worrying about him. Sarah saw her draw more and more into her shell. The younger woman wanted to see none of her old friends now; she was easily persuaded to leave the house except for the three-times-a-week shopping round. She was ashamed.

ONE day when Sarah was away on an all-day business trip with her husband, Becky seized an afternoon moment when Gavin was away and Gibbs asleep to take from her purse several strips that had been cut from a San Francisco newspaper. Her father got this paper regularly and in bygone years sometimes she had glanced at it idly, amused by a columnist, interested in a puzzle, or diverted by the pictures of the members of the social set.

But the strips that she had torn out today were want advertisements. Stenographers, cooks, chauffeurs, housekeepers, housemaids, saleswomen, agents. Becky settled herself in the desk chair and went over them carefully. Three she tore out roughly, taking the remaining papers to the kitchen woodbox afterward, where their mutilated condition would arouse no interest. The three clipped notices she studied thoughtfully, her brows knitted.

"Wanted. At once. Young woman, good cook, no objection to small children, mountains, general housework. Salary $60."

"Wanted. Strong, good-natured girl. Piecework at home. Good pay."

"Houseworker wanted in small San Jose hotel. Cook and waitress kept. Must be clean, capable, willing. Permanent place for right party. $45."

"That first one," Becky mused, half aloud. "Somehow I like it the best. I can't see myself doing very well with 'piecework.' Gibbs and I in a hot room somewhere, sewing on overalls. No, that won't do. And a small country hotel? It mightn't be so small. It would be frightfully hot, whereas the mountains are cool all summer long. 'Good cook.' I'm a good cook. 'Small children.' Well, God knows I've got reason to like small children! It might be bedlam. But it might be that if I offered to work for—say thirty dollars a month, she'd let me have Gibbs."

Her face grew serious; her thoughts wandered:

"It'd break Mother's heart. I wish I knew what to do. Maybe I'd not get away with it. I haven't gotten away with much. And his naps and his bottles and his clean clothes! It might kill me, and then he'd belong entirely to Gavin, of course—"

She had been groping in the old desk for a pair of shears that would trim her newspaper clippings cleanly. Suddenly under her eyes were several scattered papers; they had been clipped together; her rummaging had broken them apart.

They were acknowledgments of small loans—loans of fifty, of ten, of forty dollars. There were five—six—seven of them. One for only two dollars. They were IOU's from Gavin to her father!

BECKY sat perfectly still, feeling the blood churn up into her face and throat. Her eyes, fixed on the papers, glazed slowly. Her heart pumped—pumped.

She would not believe it; she could not believe it. She put her hand slowly over them, shutting them from sight. Oh, no, Gavin could not have added that to all the other obligations he had incurred here in her own home! He would not do that!

Spreading them on the desk, she stared at them for a long time. The largest one had the earliest date: fifty dollars. Then came the forty, and after it, in May, two for twenty-five dollars. Then a ten, another ten, and the two!

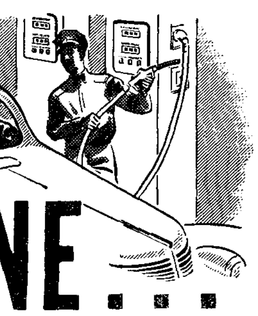
It was all very clear. He had told Dad some cock-and-bull story in April, and Dad had advanced him fifty, and afterward forty, probably for one purpose—for the job that Gavin was eternally sure he could take if he had a little "spot cash." The rest had been mere concessions to Dad's love for Becky, his anxiety lest she learn too much about this husband of hers. Petty loans, whining and borrowing— She put sudden hands to her eyes, sat bowed and broken under the utter hopeless ignominy of it.

The latest date was more than a week old. That accounted for Gavin's bad temper these last days. Dad had stopped short. Two dollars, and then no more. If Gavin wanted money after that he could earn it.

But what made her face burn with a fresh shame—she who had thought she had reached the very depths of shame!—was that three or four times in these weeks since his return Gavin had given her a little money; once five dollars, then later two, and two again. And she had been grateful, and had hastened to pay her mother some infinitesimal bills. Ten cents for safety pins; fifteen for vaseline; six for stamps.

That had been Dad's money! And Mother and Dad had been too generous to let her know that he had taken it from them to hand it to her.

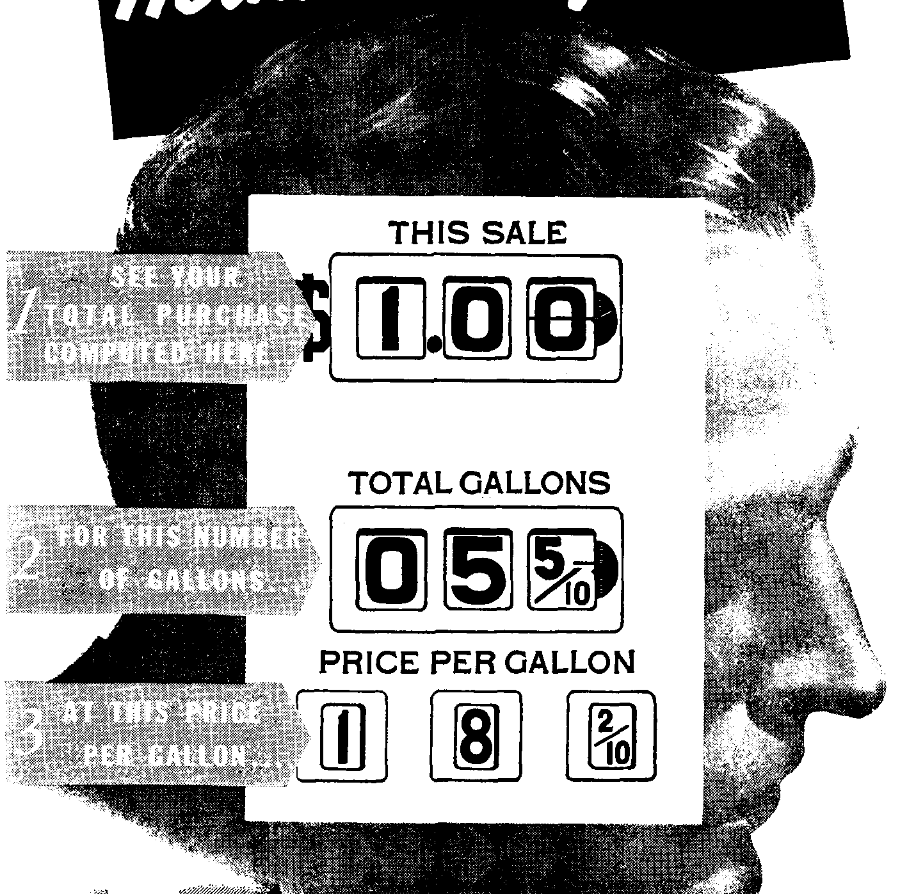
Fifty and forty were ninety, fifty

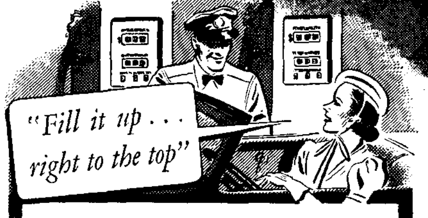


WHEN YOU BUY GASOLINE...

look for the 3 rows of figure-windows that distinguish...

PUMPS WITH THE "Head for Figures"


THIS SALE
1 SEE YOUR TOTAL PURCHASE COMPUTED HERE
$ 1.00
TOTAL GALLONS
2 FOR THIS NUMBER OF GALLONS...
0 5 5/10
PRICE PER GALLON
3 AT THIS PRICE PER GALLON...
1 8 2/10


"Fill it up... right to the top"

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN DRIVERS
When you buy at "even money"... $1, $2, $3... there is no time wasted in waiting for change. No greasy coins to soil clean gloves and purse.

You save time—and assure yourself of full measure—whether you buy a dollar's worth or a tankful. Pumps with the "Head for Figures" compute the exact price of the amount of gasoline you want... and also figure the exact gallonage due you (to a fraction) for the amount of money you spend. This *double check on accuracy* lets you buy at "even money"—$1, $2, $3—saves figuring and making change. Or it lets you "fill 'er up" right to the top and gives you the right price to the last cent. Wherever you drive, there are pumps with the "Head for Figures." Know them by the 3 rows of figure-windows shown above. Buy from them—*and get your full money's worth.*

NOTICE TO GASOLINE RETAILERS. *Computer Heads built by Veeder-Root are standard with leading gasoline pump manufacturers. More than a quarter of a million now in service throughout the world.*

Veeder-Root INCORPORATED STANDARD OF THE WORLD HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COUNTING AND COMPUTING DEVICES

GOING!...GOING!...GONE!

TALK ABOUT ANTIQUES! Get a whiff of that rancid old tobacco the duck in the derby is smoking! Even the auctioneer is groggy, so it must be pretty strong stuff!

"GOSH ALL HEMLOCK!" protested Mr. Felt Hat. "Why not give folks around you a break? Here—clean the goo out of your pipe and then switch from that stinko brand to

"A MILDER TOBACCO! Have you tried Sir Walter Raleigh? Not ever? Well, have some of mine right now! It's a very, *very* mild burley blend, and just as fragrant as it can be!"

GOING AT 15¢ for two heaping ounces! Sold! Sold to a million and more men who want a *mild* brand of tobacco that smells good to the man smoking, and to his friends, too!

UNION MADE
Switch to the brand of grand aroma
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco
FACTORY No 21 DISTRICT OF KENTUCKY

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-87.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, NBC Red Network.*

more, twenty-two more. Gavin owed them one hundred and sixty-two dollars.

Becky sat quite still, thinking about it. She felt as if she had had a clean wound straight through her heart. If she moved she would feel more pain.

She was still in a trance when her mother came unexpectedly in. Becky started, and turned to face Sarah with the promissory notes still in her hands. Sarah was frightened at the expression on her face.

"Mother—look here—" Becky said indistinctly. "I was looking for the old desk scissors and I happened to see them."

Sarah, still wearing her hat and black silk coat, took the notes into her hand.

"Yes, I knew about these," she said slowly.

"Oh, Mother!" Becky's tone was despairing.

"I know," Sarah said simply, sitting down. There was a silence. Becky, stricken, looked at her mother. Sarah looked away.

"Mother," Becky presently said, "this can't go on. It—simply, it can't go *on!*"

"H'm!" Sarah muttered, shaking her head, still not meeting the younger woman's eyes.

"What do *you* think, Mother?" Becky demanded despairingly.

"Well, I think there will have to be a change; I agree with you about *that,*" Sarah began guardedly. "Gavin—it's only reasonable to suppose that Gavin will get something to do sooner or later—"

Her voice wavered away doubtfully.

"Meanwhile," Becky said in the silence, "meanwhile I have to bear every possible humiliation with all of my old friends. That's nothing! I can bear that. It would have killed me a few years ago, but it's nothing now. I have to worry—worry—worry about myself and Gibbs! I can't have the joy of him, the pride of him, because I'm always afraid—afraid of what Gavin may do or not do. I'm sponging on you and Dad for every mouthful I eat and every one the baby eats, and now Gavin's added to that—now he's settled down here comfortably, too, eating and drinking as if it were a hotel and borrowing money from Dad to gamble with! Mother, I can't stand it! I don't want to stand it! Can't you and Dad get him to go away? I've tried. I've kept at him for days; I've said everything, insulting things, maddening things—"

"YOU may as well know, Beck," her mother said in a troubled, reluctant voice as Becky paused, "that Dad *has* tried to—to spur Gavin into something like ambition. He doesn't seem to have it. At first Dad looked for photography work for him here, but there wasn't much chance of that. Gavin—" Mrs. Gibson hesitated delicately—"Gavin wasn't interested," she finally said. "And now lately," she went on, "Dad's been very firm with him about going away and getting work somewhere, so that he can send for you and the baby one of these days. But Gavin—he was quite rude to Dad," Sarah finished, and was suddenly silent.

"Rude to Dad!" Becky echoed, aghast.

"Yes, he—he said that if he went he'd take you and the baby, and that we'd never hear of you again," Sarah answered. Sudden tears ran down her full, plain, middle-aged face and blotted out her courageous smile.

"But that's nonsense!" Becky said stoutly. "I could always come back and bring Gibbs with me. He's simply—bullying. He gets that way. And if he's being rude to Dad—"

Both women sat silent, thinking, for a few long minutes. Then Becky said abruptly:

"I've threatened divorce. You know how I feel, Mother. I hate it. But if I've been a fool there's no reason why I should go *on* being a fool!"

"Claiming nonsupport?" Sarah asked, eyes narrowed in thought.

"I suppose so. But Gavin says that he'll fight that. He'll fight for his half-year of Gibbs. He'll claim that I left him and came home with the baby to my parents. He says he'll never consent."

"What could he do with the baby?" Sarah asked, paling at the mere thought of it.

"He has a married sister at Whitney. She has two daughters, about seven and ten, I think. He says she'd take Gibbs." Becky's tone was unconcerned; this was not even a possibility.

"OH, WELL, that's out of the question. If he talks like that— No, we can't permit anything like that," Sarah said. "We'll have to think it out some other way. If you went with him, Beck, just until he gets settled—?" she suggested doubtfully.

"He doesn't want to work, Mother. He's perfectly comfortable here. He'll merely put up objection after objection until we stop arguing," Becky answered hopelessly, "and then he'll settle down here. Like Jud Mason after he broke his leg," she added. "The girls and Ray have been supporting him ever since. And like that big handsome loafer of a Buckley boy. Mrs. Buckley and Alma are always saying that Johnny isn't so well this spring, and Johnny is going to see a man about a position, and Johnny's older than I am and has never earned a cent!"

"Well, it's too bad," Sarah said after long thought on a deep sigh.

"What does Dad think?"

"He's—he's troubled."

Becky displayed the newspaper clippings.

"I was seriously thinking of taking a job somewhere," she said.

"What sort of a job, Beck?"

"Housework, I suppose. Cooking, maybe. Like Sophy. She has Anya with her and manages it all right."

"No," said Sarah, shaking her head, "you can't do that."

"Anything's better than a shop, Mother. They almost killed us at the Bon Marché."

"Dad only pays Sophy twenty-five."

"I know, but she and Anya get their meals and rent. That's more—more than Gavin's earned since he came here."

Bitter tears stood in Becky's eyes; her lips trembled. For a while Sarah could not seem to find anything to say.

"If you're going to do that, Beck, how much better to stay here!" she offered at last.

"But as long as I stay here, Mother, Gavin will stay here! And as long as I stay the whole town will know and watch and criticize. It'd be so much easier with complete strangers. I'll come back," Becky said, speaking cheerfully, but with tears running fast. "I'll come back some day. But I seem to have made such a—such a horrible mess of things! I suppose life can be pulled up, and some of it saved, somehow, at twenty-two—"

"Becky!" Sarah protested between a laugh and a sob.

"Yes, I know it sounds young to you, Mother. But with Gavin forever in the background like a—like a terrible shadow, and now my baby to care for, it seems as if it never could come straight again! Only—only I feel as if, when I'm gone, Dad can send Gavin away without being afraid of hurting me. And if other women have taken care of themselves and their babies, I can do it!"

(To be continued next week)

Smart Little Man

Continued from page 14

heavily. "Well, John, Anne's too level-headed to go overboard for someone who's just no good. I'll put my faith in that. If she sees it in him, maybe it's there." He turned his large head with its stiff black bowler hat and looked squarely at his friend. "Do what you can for him, John. This is my last try—sending him to sea with you."

"Not much I can do, Ras. You know as much yourself. I'm just a skipper here. He'll be an ordinary seaman in the fo'c'sle crowd."

Erasmus allowed himself the luxury of a dry, ironic smile. "John," he said, "I've heard that yarn before. What you do to them out where you go, I never could find out. But it's good enough for me. They bring something back they never had before. There isn't a master in one of my ships who got his command without first hurdling you. When you come to me and give a young lad the nod and say he'll do, he can have a ship of mine. But not before." He allowed his hands to fall to his side. "If he comes back from a China voyage under you the same as he went away—I'm through."

JOHN LANCEY said nothing at all to that. And the two men stood at the rail side by side, staring at the cluttered foredeck's run. Down there, Anne Lancey was staring up at Steve. They could see the shining light in her eyes. She was trim and very lovely, with a little of sunlight glinting in her dark nut-brown hair. She was smiling at him.

She must have found something worth while hidden away beneath that absurd, sophomoric football sweater. That's what old Erasmus hoped. But he said no more about it.

"Goodby, John," was all he murmured, turning toward the ladderway. "Good luck."

And Mr. Marbendone, on his brisk way forward, called aloud with dour severity to the man in the turtle-neck sweater: "Come along, Cassanova. Decorate the fo'c'sle head. It's time to sail—if you don't mind."

That way the freight ship Marpac took her lines aboard, moving gently from her berth with a long-drawn blast of her whistle to warn the Sausalito ferries that she was on her way to sea. Erasmus Packard, with the only bowler hat still extant anywhere along the western coast atop his snow-white head, stood at the seaward end of the dock with the girl at his side, watching his ship swinging in the stream to point her bows to the west. The shadows were lengthening. Overhead, thin strings of cloud appeared, their odd green patterns wandering the water of the bay. But beyond the bridge-hung headlands of the Gate there still was light. That open place out there was shining, and toward it the Marpac went. Anne Lancey watched her, with that funny little frown upon her face.

"I hope," Erasmus growled, "I hope he's seasick as a dog."

The girl smiled, suddenly and all at once, in a way she had of lighting up her eyes with the quick flash of some inner, joyful thought or memory. "He won't be, though," she said firmly.

"No," the owner agreed. "That's it: he won't. He'll ride this through right on the crest, the same as everything else. He'll come back just the same as when he went, laughing at everything he sees. Like an empty-headed fool."

"Well, Uncle Ras, laughter's good; isn't it?"

"Not when there's nothing solid underneath."

"You think there isn't?"

He turned on her quickly. "Is there?"

She nodded her small dark head with emphasis. "Yes," she said simply.

Old Erasmus snorted. But he said nothing. Anne watched the Marpac moving slowly into distance before she murmured quietly: "That laughter of his you think is so empty, Uncle Ras. is a funny kind of thing."

"I have no doubt," the other admitted, as dry as a bone.

"I know," she went on gently. "I ought to, if any one does. It's his shield. It covers bitterness and scorn, that laughter of Steve's you don't like. I don't like it, either, Uncle Ras. But for a very different reason."

"What nonsense! What's he got to be bitter and scornful about?"

The girl smiled again, but she didn't look at him at all. "What, indeed?" she murmured. "You send him through a university and he comes out of it with high hope and intelligent understanding. The trouble is they taught him to read the newspapers—and isn't that enough? Steve's all right!" she said with sudden fire. "He's just looking for something he can respect. It's pretty hard to find these days."

Erasmus was startled. He looked down on her in amazement, frowning. This was John Lancey's daughter, all right. Then he looked out across the wide sweep of the bay. But his ship was already out of sight, so he turned to her again. "Something he can respect," he found himself murmuring after her. Well, perhaps she was right, at that. The young had to have it, quite as much as the old. More so, in fact. "Anne," he said aloud, "maybe John Lancey will show it to him, out where he's going now."

The girl shook her head. "No. He won't find it out there either, Uncle Ras. Not unless he takes it with him."

Erasmus Packard opened his mouth to make reply to so astonishing a thing as that. But he thought better of it and held his peace. They went in silence toward the dock gates, where his car stood waiting.

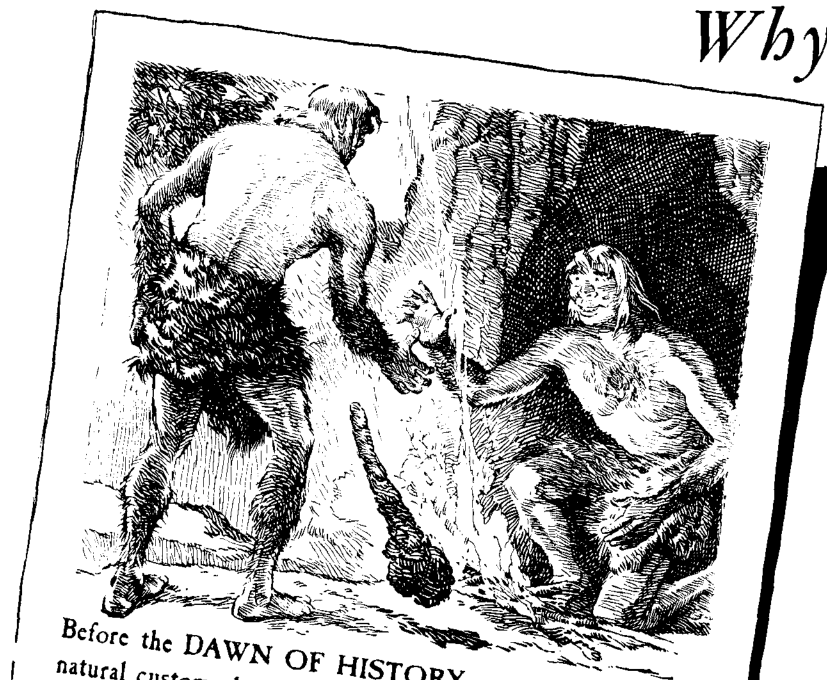
BUT Anne Lancey was right about Steve. He wasn't seasick at all. When the Marpac started swinging herself from beam to beam in the long Pacific swell, he took it quite in stride. The forecastle crowd kept eying him expectantly, waiting for the first sign of greenness to show around his gills. Steve Packard just grinned at them and went his scornful way. He was one of the lucky lads of earth, tall and robust and young. There wasn't a thing on the land or on the sea could touch the likes of him. He let them know it, too, that that was how he felt. If they thought an owner's son was soft because of the ridiculous sweater he wore on the deck of a deepwater ship, there was a way of showing them their mistake. That's what he did. In a most matter-of-fact way, too, and with the curling derision never once leaving his lips.

In the first seven days of the voyage, while the weather held on fine, he crossed fists with five of them, Chips included. The carpenter was the luckiest of the lot: he got off with no more than a swollen eye. The rest went down to a crossed right to the chin that came like lightning and landed like the crack of doom. Steve distributed black eyes and bruised lips to Mr. Marbendone's crowd with an aloof disinterest and without so much as mussing his hair.

When he was called up to drumhead, he came into the master's room still in his turtle-neck sweater with the big red

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS...

When meeting you "SHAKE HANDS" Why?



Before the DAWN OF HISTORY, one of Man's most natural customs had its beginnings in a simple gesture. By dropping his club or stone war axe and extending his empty hand, Primitive Man showed that he was unarmed and peacefully inclined. From this crude manner of inspiring CONFIDENCE in early times comes our handclasp of today. Based upon primitive

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Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

Gold Label—100 Proof
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Kentucky Tavern	Tom Hardy	Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY Bottled in Bond 100 PROOF	A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES 90 PROOF	KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKEY 90 PROOF

Lovely TO LOOK AT ...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!

I'M SORRY TO LEAVE EARLY, MADGE, BUT NOBODY BUT YOU WILL MISS ME. PEOPLE *NEVER* PAY ANY ATTENTION TO *ME* AT PARTIES!
RUTH, WILL YOU LET ME TELL YOU WHY? IT'S HARD TO SAY—BUT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH'S SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

S on his chest. Captain John Lancey, gray-headed, lean-faced and grave at his desk, looked up at him with his solemn eyes.

"Steve," John Lancey said, "they tell me you're a pretty handy boy with your dukes."

"Thank you." He grinned.

"I'm not complimenting you!" the master snapped tersely. "I hear you've licked five of them for'ard. All right. But any single one of them is a better man than you in this ship!"

"You think so, Captain Lancey?"

"I don't think about things like that. I know! You aren't worth your salt. They are."

Steve Packard smiled a little indulgently. "I'm sorry you think so. As for the fights, I didn't pick them. Joe Prince called me the fo'c'sle quarterback, so I had to put him right. It was the same with all the rest."

"Steve," Captain Lancey said, "you think this is rather a chickenhearted sort of game, this business of going to sea today. Don't you, now? It isn't half good enough for a smart little man like you. Isn't that the way it is?"

Steve grinned. "Yes," he agreed. "Since you put it bluntly, Captain Lancey, that's just exactly what I think."

"I admire your frankness." The master stood up, gaunt and lean and brown-faced. "But that's all I do admire," he added dryly. "After this," he went on with sharp severity, "you save your quarrels till we reach a dock. You do what work you're able to in this ship. You understand? And you do it well, or we'll see you do. Now get for'ard where you belong."

Steve was a little dismayed. He had expected an awful dressing-down. "Is that all you—"

"Certainly!" Captain Lancey's voice at times could have an acid sting. "I'm not running a reform school for underdone college boys. Get for'ard!"

Young Packard looked at that seasoned, hard-faced man, and how brittle and cold his eyes could be from long contention with forces a boy could know nothing whatever about. For the very first time the perpetual hint of smiling derision left Steve's lips in the face of it. There was something he wanted to say. That was plain. But for some reason he didn't. He just turned on his heel and went out.

FROM then on, Captain Lancey never so much as looked his way. Steve couldn't help but be aware of it. The master looked past him or through him, as though he were some fixture of the ship, a spare stanchion someone had ignorantly put aboard in a place where it was utterly useless to a mariner who knew his job, and had therefore to be completely overlooked. For things that are useless do not belong in ships. There is no place for them in the idiom or the strict economy of the sea. It bothered Steve more than he'd thought anything ever could. So his grin of derision grew broader; he laughed more loudly than before at such silly things for grown men to do as spreading red lead on an iron plate or washing paint in the lee of a house.

Mr. Marbendone couldn't understand the master's attitude, either. That was no way to teach an insolent pup his place. Captain John Lancey, that famous martinet who could dress the toughest of them down, was getting a little too old, the chief mate guessed. He was losing his grip. Perhaps it was time he went ashore and made room for someone else.

Thus the voyage went its routine way. Dull and boring to a high-minded man like Steve. Until, in course of time, the Marpac started coasting down the China Sea, swinging like a tolling bell in a mile-long swell out of south southwest. From that quarter a cirrus haze came crawling overhead, and faint little puffs of breeze gusted at her, baffling through all the compass points. The atmosphere grew thick and oppressive, like a heavy weight, with a strange illusion of clarity that brought the distant hummocks of ocean alarmingly close. The weird half-light puzzled young Packard when he came on deck. The ocean seemed too still, unnatural, the air breathless and expectant. Still, the Marpac rolled. For some reason she rolled heavily.

MR. MARBENDONE seemed anxious. He had his men setting extra lashings to all the boats. What a silly business, Steve Packard thought, in the face of just a thundershower. Sailors, he concluded were all a little daft, trying to do the simplest things in a complicated way. Here they were tossing overboard some empty drums from the foredeck because it was growing dark too soon, and rigging ropes they called life lines along both sides of the hatches from the midship house to the fo'c'sle head. He was tying one of these himself at the foot of the ladder when he looked up to the bridge and saw Captain Lancey there. He was standing in the wing in his waterproof, with a battered felt hat on his head. That was all of him you could see. He, too, looked anxious, peering steadily off to where a dense cloud like a column of black smoke plumed upward from under the horizon's edge. Steve just had time to notice that when he heard the bosun cursing savagely.

"Who made this fast?" he roared, tearing Steve's handiwork apart and deftly securing the line properly.

That angered Steve. "What the hell is the difference how a knot is tied!" he demanded. "It held, didn't it?"

"Did it?" The bosun looked at him with a cold and baleful eye. "You just keep out of the way from now on, little boy. We got no time for you."

Steve's fists clenched. But the bosun had already brushed past. The next instant a sheet of lightning flamed clear across the sky and with the crashing thunder came a deluge of rain and the skirl and whistle of the wind. The Marpac plunged, shuddering under the impact. When she rolled down again, half a lifting swell dropped aboard, washing white foam from one end of the deck to the other while the squall went roaring overhead.

Steve suddenly found himself alone. The others of the watch were over against the opposite bulwark with their backs bent beneath the savage rain at some work they understood. He looked to windward. Across a wilderness of ocean that already showed white fangs, he saw for the first time in his life the terrifying mass of the true typhoon cloud advancing swiftly on the ship.

After that first squall the high wind came shrieking and howling—*Teek Kiey*, the iron whirlwind of the China Coast. Out of abysmal blackness the great gale screamed, increasing hourly. The ocean and the heavens disappeared, except for monstrous, wailing shapes that hurled themselves aboard. The ship labored in that darkness, trembling each time she missed her lift by seconds, and great seas crashed their weight upon her. Steve began to understand faintly why men who knew what this could be grew anxious when they saw the signs that showed what might impend.

How long it lasted he didn't know—days or weeks. He remembered that at regular intervals he lay in a sodden bunk, listening wide-eyed to the thunder of seas against the vessel's skin. At other times he was aloft, standing a lookout's watch in the open wing where all the furies howled. But mostly he remembered that each time he came up there he found John Lancey in that same place of his.

Stephen Packard stood his watch, but that was all. No one noticed him. The officer of the watch, seeing who it was, pushed past him when there was a thing to do, and called another man. It left him solitary, beyond the pale, at a time when there is great need for the comfort of your fellows. But he had plenty of time to hear the banshees wail, to feel the lash of rain and spray like hail, to see how an old man could oppose barbarity with knowledge, with patience, and with fortitude. Young Packard was not afraid. But he understood at last that he was useless. More than that: he was helpless. And he knew that to be young and unafraid was not enough.

At times he saw the master point somewhere and shout things in his chief mate's ear. Then Mr. Marbendone went off, calling his crowd together, but leaving Steve strictly alone. He saw them on the foredeck, far below him, on what might have been a different ship. Aloft here Captain Lancey spoke quiet counsel to the man at the shadowy wheel before he went out in his place again, bringing the Marpac around before the gale. Steve had no knowledge at all of what that meant.

Looking down through flying spume, he saw the mate and all his men along that foredeck. They were hanging to the life line he himself had tried to make fast. What weird light there was revealed the glinting foam on a roller just before it curled its mammoth lip and crashed aboard. It sent them spinning head over heels, arms and legs above the boil—nothing between them and oblivion but a few knots the bosun hadn't liked and had cursed at and so had made secure himself.

Down there they were battling a wild tarpaulin, after making repairs to keep the Marpac from foundering by way of a stove-in hatch. The fellows he had licked were in the thick of it, including Chips, the carpenter. They couldn't any of them stand up to the fists of a smart little man like Steve. But they wanted none of his cleverness now. They didn't need his help. He would only be in the way. . . .

WHEN the gale blew out at last, the Marpac was not a lovely sight. She wallowed in the long gray hollows of the China Sea, arcing her trucks through dirty rags of storm wrack streaming away to the west. Water poured in cataracts from her freeing ports, and they clanged like gongs. Two of her lifeboats were stove in. Loose gear hung bedraggled from her forward cargo booms, and half her topgallant rail was twisted like the wreck of a foundry shop. But when Steve Packard started grimly aft along the slippery foredeck and grabbed hold of the life line to make his way—it held. It was solid.

He climbed the ladder to the lower bridge, and came to the door of the captain's room. It stood open. He stopped. John Lancey was in there. His back was to the open door. In the middle of his cabin, ruined by that gale and half awash, he was leaning his tough, spare frame against all that was left of a rack of books, resting his head on his arms in an attitude of utter weariness. For a long moment young Packard stood there in silence while the Marpac rolled heavily underfoot. Then the master turned around and showed his face. Steve would never forget the look of it.

It was an exhausted face. Water still glistened on its polished cheek. The eyes were hollow and red for want of sleep. He was all done in. Yet, looking at the eyes of him, you knew at once it was just the flesh that cried aloud for rest. His spirit was indomitable: it would never break. This was the man, Steve knew; this was that man who could stand in his appointed place aloft, unsheltered and unaided, while chaos and destruction were everywhere around. He could stand there and face it. He could see it through. It was a thing worth learning how to do.

"Well?" the captain said. The youngster stepped over the weatherboard, and when he did he took off his cap. John Lancey noticed things like that. He noticed, too, that the turtle-neck sweater was gone: a blue denim shirt and dungarees were in its place. "Well?" the master said sharply again.

"I—I'd like to ask a favor, sir." Steve Packard fumbled awkwardly for words. "When the ship gets home . . . I'd like to sail in her again. Could you save a place on the articles, sir, for . . . the likes of me?"

John Lancey just looked at him. It seemed at first to be a cold and scornful look. Till something bright came into his swollen eyes, and he nodded his old gray head emphatically. "Yes," was all he said. "I think you'll do."

"Thank you, sir."

The owner's son put on his cap and went away and that was all that was ever said till the Marpac finished her voyage in San Francisco Bay.

ANNE LANCEY was waiting for her, and so was Erasmus Packard, with his funny black bowler hat. When the ship nosed in against her dock, Steve was tending the forward lines with Mr. Marbendone's watch. There was something about him that caught the eye at once. It made Anne Lancey smile, with that funny little wrinkling frown upon her lovely face. Erasmus, too, was puzzled. Especially when he went aboard and stood with his friend on the captain's bridge and heard what John Lancey said.

"He'll do. You've got a skipper there. A good one, too. Just give him time."

"I never saw the beat of it," Erasmus Packard growled. "What do you do to lads out there? You must show them something they never saw before. Tell me, John. What do they find in you?"

"In me?" John Lancey shook his head. "Whatever they find, Ras, they find in no one but themselves. Some do. Some don't. That's all."

Erasmus turned his big head quickly. What an odd thing to hear a tough old seaman say! Just like Lancey's daughter, saying things like that. So he made no reply, but looked down along the dock instead. Steve and Anne were there, all right. Once again he could see the shining light in the eyes of the girl, and how the sunlight just caught at her nut-brown hair. Maybe she would know. She had said Steve was hunting for something he could respect, and maybe John Lancey showed him what it was. That was as close as an owner could hope to get to it. Steve tried to tell her. But even he didn't know for sure.

"There's a knot the bosun tied in a life line, Anne," he was telling her clumsily. "The men all hung to it when the seas came roaring over. There was nothing else between them and death. And it held. You could depend it would. I think it would be worth my while to learn how to make a life line fast that way. . . . Sounds silly, doesn't it, Anne?"

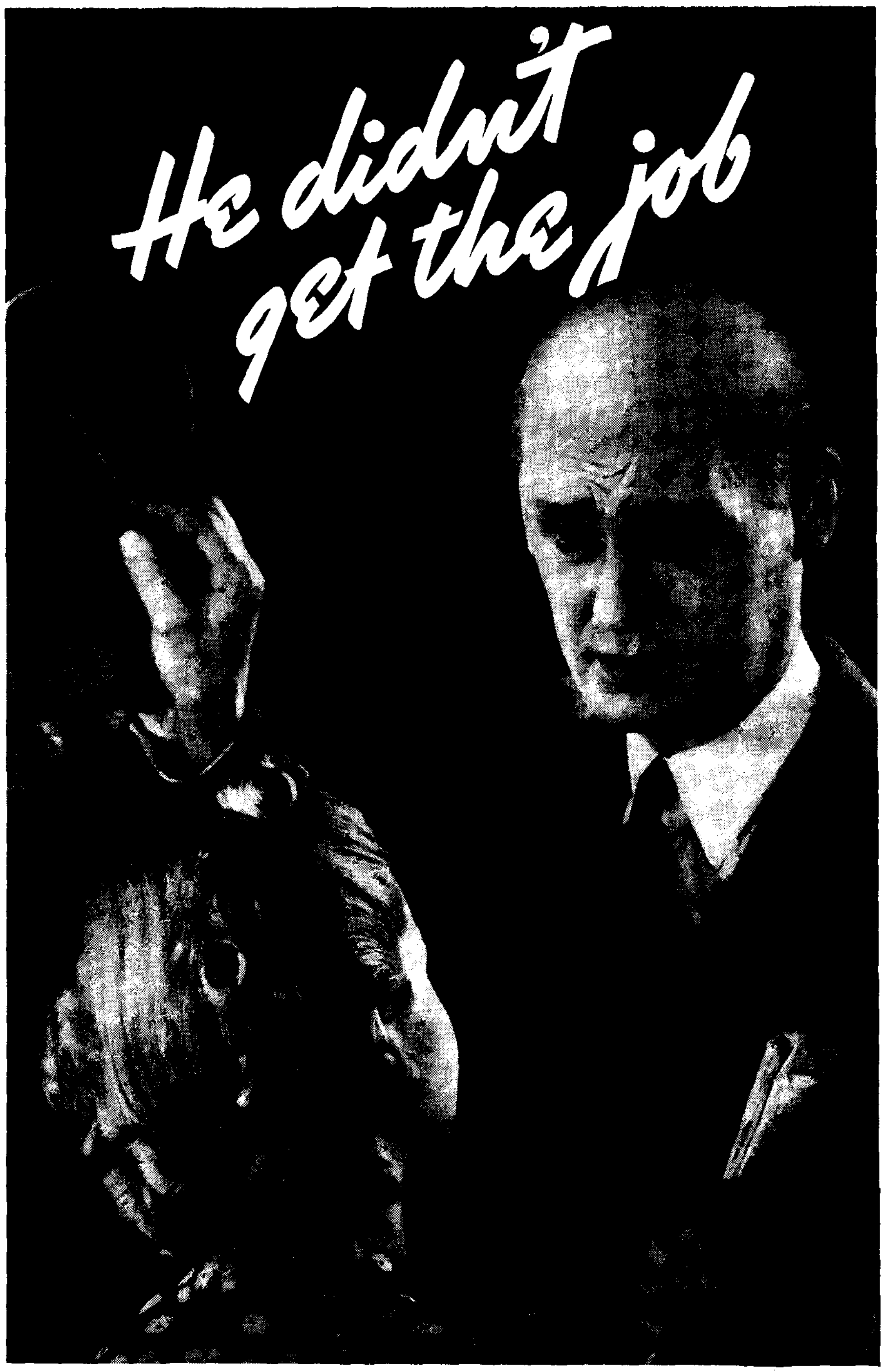
She kept smiling at him. "Not a bit," she murmured, because they both were young and could understand what old Erasmus couldn't. "I don't think it's silly at all."

"You'll wait till I do?"

The girl nodded. "I don't think it will take too long."

Captain John Lancey and the owner of the line couldn't hear what those two said down there at all. But they could watch how they walked together along the sunlit dock. The girl with the shining eyes, and the smart little man in sailors' dungarees.

"He'll do, Ras," the master of the Marpac said once more. "Just wait and see. He'll do, that lad."


He didn't get the job

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Coal Black and the Seven Dwarfs

Continued from page 13

Over all the regions is a central governing body. This is called the National Bituminous Coal Commission. Its members are appointed by the President. But the President must appoint two representatives of the producers and two of the miners and three representing the public. It is a 2-2-3 ratio. But it holds good only so long as the public representatives represent the public. The local boards make up price schedules and administer the law in their regions. But the final say on prices is in the hands of the Bituminous Coal Commission.

In the Role of Villain

The theory behind this law is that the coal mine belongs to the individual operator, which is sound, and that the function of mining coal also belongs to all the operators, which is not so sound. This is a complete reversal of the long-standing American doctrine. Of course the coal mine is private property. But the right of the American people to be supplied with coal is an interest that belongs to them. The function of supplying the nation with heat and power, and the means of heat and power through fuel, is a national right. The nation permits that function to be discharged through the institution of private property. Therefore, the individual mine-owner owns his property and has the right to manage it, regulate it, operate it to suit himself, so long as he does not invade the rights of others.

But Mr. Guffey's law turns the job of making the laws for the function of coal supply over to local boards elected, not by the people, but by the coal owners (even the miners do not have the right to elect them) and to a central board on which the coal owners and the coal workers have a majority as against the public representatives.

And now here are some little-understood facts about this act. It is called the Guffey Act. But its father is John L. Lewis. Or rather he is its foster father. As already hinted, John L. Lewis is a very practical person—so practical that this ogre of labor radicalism had been a Republican of long standing. When he threw the great vote of the miners to Guffey and Earle and the Democratic candidate in 1934 and to Roosevelt in 1936, he was indulging in no sentimental spasm. He was looking for some definite dividends for the coal miners and for those other unions that swarmed into his C.I.O.

One thing he wanted was a government sympathetic to his ambitious labor program. He was probably more interested in that than in any specific laws. An unsympathetic government could have ruined his first motor and steel sit-down strikes. Roosevelt could have cracked up the auto sit-down strikes in the fall of 1936 by the use of a very old device. He could have summoned the labor leaders and the motor leaders to the White House, talked in expansive terms of the great need for getting all the facts, proposed a commission to study the situation and in the meantime called on both sides to resume normal relations pending the inquiry. This would have taken the sit-downers out of the plants and the strike would have been ended. It is a fact not hitherto published, so far as I know, that this is precisely what Lewis feared Roosevelt would do, was, in fact, getting ready to do. And that is the reason behind that famous, startling declaration of Lewis in which he warned the President that the C.I.O. had put up half a million dollars for Roosevelt's campaign fund and that labor expected its reward. That was done to frighten Roosevelt from the use of the ancient stratagem already noted. Roosevelt did stand aside and let the strikes develop. That was more important to Lewis than laws, and that was one part of the price he expected to be paid. The other part of the price was the National Labor Relations Board. The election of Tom Kennedy as lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania was another consideration. The Guffey Act was the fourth.

Now the strange thing about this is that there is nothing in the Guffey Act for labor. The whole grant is to the coal owners. And this throws another little-understood light upon Lewis' whole principle of action. No one can understand Lewis' course who does not know his attitude toward the coal owners. There are 14,000 of these soft-coal owners, almost all of them little fellows. Lewis does not think of them as rich and powerful bosses. On the contrary, he thinks of them as miserable, exploited beings. And who, think you, does he cast for the role of villain? Who exploits them? The consumer. Not the lowly householder, to be sure. But the great railroads and utilities and industrialists who buy coal and are, in fact, the chief consumers of soft coal.

Lewis has, in fact, become the champion of the employers. He believes that the chief trouble of the coal fields is that these powerful consumers beat prices down.

It was Lewis, therefore, who used his great power with Guffey and the President and Congress to force through the Guffey Act. Lewis runs on the idea that labor must help the employer to get higher prices, to stabilize his business in order to be able to keep his workers employed and pay big wages.

Now watch this act in operation—as it throws a brilliant, even blinding light on the whole business of government regulation and self-government in industry—that weird offspring of the corporative state.

Under the Guffey Act the bituminous world is governed by a commission of seven members.

Two of these gentlemen represent labor—the United Mine Workers. They are Percy Tetlow of Ohio and John C. Lewis of Iowa.

Two members represent the coal producers. They are or were Charles F. Hosford, Jr., of Pennsylvania and Thomas S. Haymond of Kentucky.

Three others represent the public. They are Pleas Greenlee of Indiana, C. E. Smith of West Virginia and Walter H. Maloney of Kansas City.

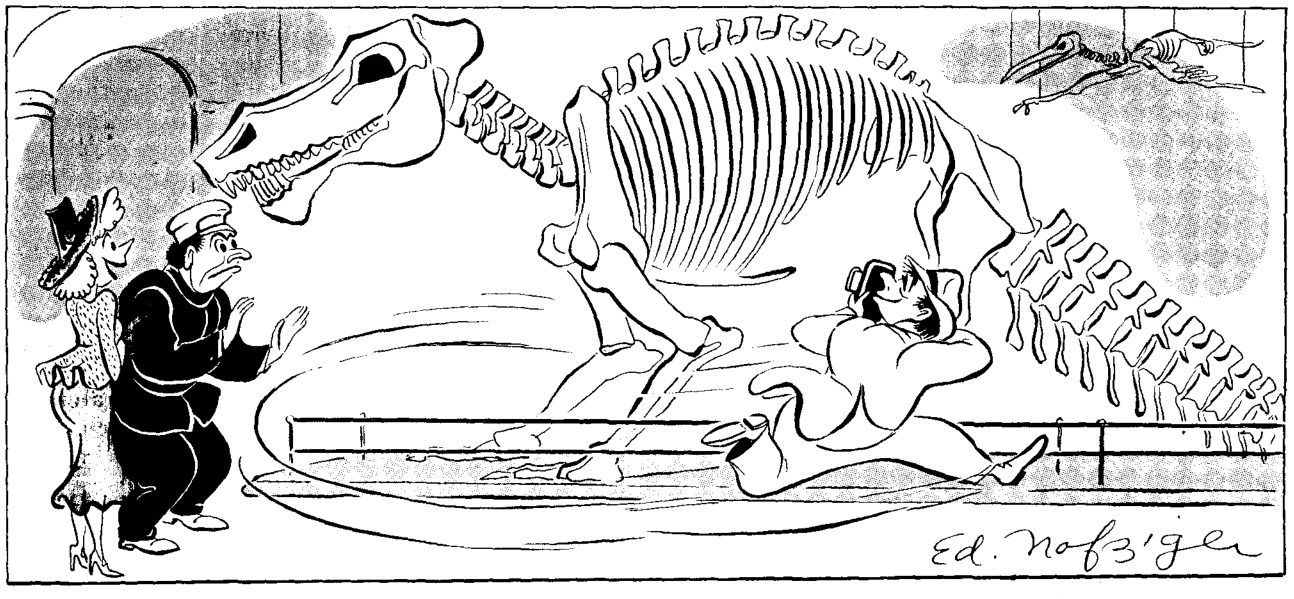
Moving Heaven and Earth

These seven gentlemen were supposed to be the rulers of our coal empire. They settled down to their business with two items on the calendar. One was to govern the coal world. The other was to fill 1,200 jobs. They promptly forgot about the coal world and gave their patriotic attention to the 1,200 jobs.

The two labor members are typical United Mine Workers' officials. Percy Tetlow, a one-armed former miner and, until appointment, an official of John L. Lewis' great union, has been in and around the mines since he was twelve, save for a brief period as a warrior in the Spanish-American War.

John C. Lewis is also a former breaker boy in the bituminous mines of West Virginia. He is not related to John L. Lewis, though he looks like him, bushy eyebrows and all.

Charles F. Hosford, Jr., representative of the producers, and who became the storm center of the commission,



"My husband just wants to get a good action shot of it!"

ED NOFZIGER

hails from Butler, Pennsylvania, where he once owned some mine properties. John C. Lewis charged him before the commission with still owning them, which would be a violation of the law. And Lewis demanded his resignation, which he refused to give. He was put on the commission at the behest of Boss Guffey of Pennsylvania and became its chairman.

The other producers' representative was Thomas S. Haymond of Kentucky, named at the instance of Majority Leader Barkley. He is a practical coal man, of no particular force, who thinks entirely in terms of the man who has coal to sell.

And so Tetlow and Lewis represented the miners, Hosford and Haymond represented the producers. What of the three members who represented the public?

Mr. Pleas E. Greenlee of Indiana has had gubernatorial ambitions and is said to cherish the hope of wresting control of the Indiana Democratic machine from Frank McHale and Paul McNutt. Greenlee threw in his lot with Mine Workers' representatives. The producers' friends charge he had a promise from John L. Lewis to throw the weight of the big mine vote in Indiana against McNutt.

But here is an interesting item. When the Guffey Act was before Congress the bituminous operators were moving heaven and earth to pass it. In Washington, pressing their interests, were two gentlemen of West Virginia. One was Walter Thurmond, secretary of the Producers' Association. The other was Mr. C. E. Smith of Fairmont, West Virginia. Mr. Smith owned a paper or two in Fairmont, a mine center, and was a valiant battler for the operators against the miners. In fact, it has been charged in the Senate that he was presented with a house by the mineowners as a reward for his services in driving the union out of the northern West Virginia fields. He was exceptionally well placed to represent the mineowners in a little lobbying pressure for passage of the Guffey Act. In fact, letters of Appalachian Coals, forwarding expense vouchers to Mr. Smith while the Guffey Act was pending, are in Washington.

A Job for Giants

Now, of course, Mr. Smith had a right to drive the union out of the Northern fields and to accept a testimonial of gratitude from the mineowners. Also he had a right to lobby for the owners for the special amendments to the bill and to take money for his expenses. But what is surprising is that when the commission was named, Mr. Smith should turn up on it as one of the members representing the public. But so it is. And, of course, it's not surprising that Mr. Smith should also turn up as a constant voter on all matters with the producers' representatives. Thus the mine group has three and the producers' group has three. There was a seventh member of the commission—Mr. Walter H. Maloney, of Kansas City. Whoever got Mr. Maloney would control the commission. Mr. Maloney is a tall, gaunt Irishman, member of a large law firm in Kansas City. Kansas City suggests Boss Pendergast. As a matter of fact, Boss Pendergast called up Boss Guffey and suggested Mr. Maloney, and Mr. Maloney got the job on the commission. Mr. Guffey's man on the commission was Charles Hosford. Was it surprising, therefore, that Mr. Maloney very quickly took his stand with the producers' group? Thereafter the producers controlled the commission. And Boss Guffey, who was John L. Lewis' ally, made it possible for the producers to control the commission.

When appointed in 1937, this commission faced a gigantic task—a task, in fact, far beyond the powers of the commissioners, beyond the powers, in fact, of any commissioners. That job consisted in fixing about 450,000 prices on about 4,000 classifications of coal.

In a larger sense, the job of the commission was to suspend or repeal the laws of nature and of economics and enact new laws to replace them—to make over, in a sense, the structure of the economic system as it applied to coal. It was a job for giants—giants in scholarship, in financial, commercial and economic wisdom, in courage and disinterestedness and social vision. But instead of giants to save poor little Coal Black, the hapless heroine, like her cousin Snow White, ran into seven persons who were not giants.

Behind the Scenes in Pennsylvania

Facing this immense task, the commission promptly turned its attention to and wrangled for months on a subject it knew more about—patronage. But one can hear whispers in the commission itself and in Washington that something a good deal more sinister was attempted. To clear that up first, here is what is persistently said: This commission was formed to stabilize a great industry that has suffered at the hands of ruthless large customers. The railroads, for instance, are the biggest customers of the soft-coal industry.

The first commission had not been long formed when trouble began on this front—the railroad front. There was an earlier commissioner, no longer a member, Mr. Acret of California, a lawyer, who arrived in Washington a little uninformed about the ways of that singular city. He had not been on the commission long when he publicly charged that the chairman of the commission took him for a walk and began to sound him out on the subject of prices on coal for railroads. The chairman, he said, was interested in putting into effect what he called a "use classification" of coal. That is, coal would be classified, not on the basis of its burning and fuel properties nor on the cost of mining it, but on the basis of the use to which it was to be put. One classification would be "railroad" coal. And this was to be priced for the benefit of the roads much cheaper than any other sort of coal. Commissioner Acret declared that when he refused to be a party to this, the chairman suggested that a large sum of money had been appropriated for a study of foreign coal conditions and that it might be an excellent idea for Acret to go to Europe for an extended study cruise. Commissioner Acret asserted that when he said he would be willing to go provided the subject of "use classification" for the railroads was not taken up in his absence, he heard nothing more about the trip.

Hosford wanted to be chairman. Smith, Neely's man, wanted to be chairman. Guffey sent for Smith and told him he was aiming too high—he couldn't be chairman; that Guffey's man Hosford would be chairman, but that Smith could handle the patronage.

The new government of coal promptly developed all sorts of diseases. The commissioners were at one another's throats while a great industry drifted along in uncertainty of what prices would be. Commissioners were not allowed to see the budget, couldn't get access to the files, couldn't find out what was going on. The secretary was not allowed in meetings for a while and had to pump the commissioners separately in order to write the minutes.

The labor group became bitter at Guffey for his gift of Hosford to the commission and finally John C. Lewis denounced Hosford publicly and demanded that he resign, saying that

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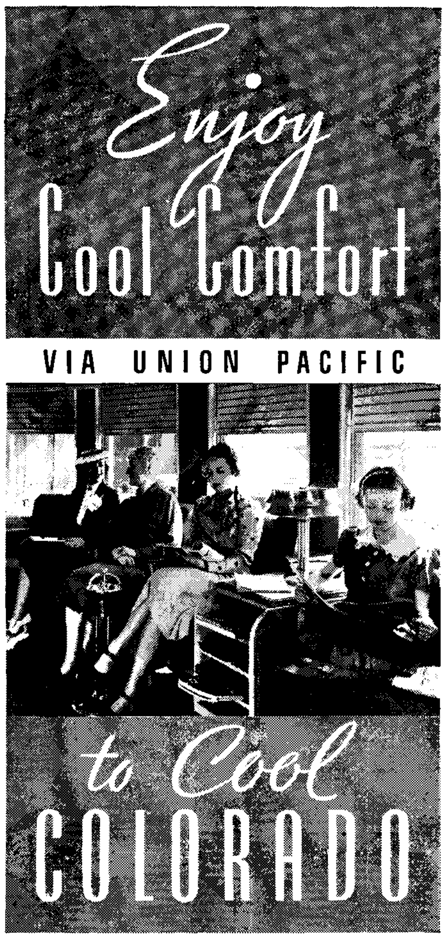

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Hosford had confessed to all the commissioners that he was $300,000 in debt and couldn't live on his salary and intimating that Hosford had interests in some coal properties, which was a violation of the law. The commission offices were a hot furnace of charges, innuendoes, gossip.

Meantime, things were happening behind the scenes in Pennsylvania politics. King Joe's throne was heaving and rocking under him. Prosperity had dropped into the lap of the once impoverished Democratic party of Pennsylvania, and the boys were using it rather badly.

In the early days of the New Deal the party advisers in Philadelphia were looking around for a new leader for the great city. They hit on Jack Kelly. He *was the biggest brick subcontractor in* Philadelphia and getting rich. Kelly liked the job. But as time wore on Democrats began to be aware that there was a co-leader, the Honorable Matthew McCloskey. Matt McCloskey was one of those four famed Vare Republican contractors—McCloskey, McNicoll, Vare, and Lauchheim. These gentlemen had split all the juicy contracts in the days of Penrose and Vare. And here was Matt, co-leader of the Democratic party, and the old Republican contractors getting the bulk of the contracting gravy under the new dispensation. The saints in the party began to murmur among themselves. Also the daintier members of the New Deal and many of the old-line Democrats began to be irked by the presence of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Tom Kennedy and the labor leaders in the old Jeffersonian bed with them.

A Hot Blast of Protests

And Lewis, too, was getting a little fed up with his blue-blood allies. They were well-intentioned persons, but they didn't seem to realize how deadly in earnest Lewis was. They faced continuing demands from labor that it was hard for gentlemen of such orthodox antecedents to swallow. Things were not going well with the Guffey Coal Commission in Washington. Good old Joe *was on the spot and he must have found* John L. Lewis looking scrutinizingly at him more than once with those cold eyes from under the bushy brows. Lewis made up his mind that he would trust to no Harvard graduate any further; that Tom Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the United Miners, would be governor of Pennsylvania. But this conflicted with the ambitions of other men. Mr. Earle had come to take himself very seriously indeed and was looking wistfully at the White House and wanted to go to the Senate as the first step.

The coal operators, too, were getting sore. The commission was getting nowhere. The new depression was getting under way and the failure of the commission to fix prices hung over the industry like a cloud. The mines were closing down. In the first half of November, 130,000 miners were laid off. The balance were working two days a week.

Then came pressure from the politicians on the President to make these bad little men on the commission behave. The President sent for them and demanded that they quit wrangling and fix prices. Apparently December 1st was made the deadline for this action. It was good advice. But unfortunately it was asking the impossible. It didn't have the data.

But the commission decided to do it nevertheless. And then came the final trouble. The law requires that hearings be accorded to consumers before prices are fixed. The law also provides for a consumers' counsel. The man appointed to this post is the one bright spot in the commission—John Carson, former secretary to the late Senator Jim Couzens. Carson is one of those Democrats who take their Democratic principles seriously and has the naïve illusion that government belongs to the people, that government employees are servants of the people. And somehow he got the funny notion that the law meant what it said about the rights of consumers. But he was alone in this illusion. He told a congressional committee that he could establish no relations with the commission, that he wrote the chairman letters asking for data, asking for appointments, and that his letters weren't even answered.

When the commissioners announced they would fix prices on coal—the coal that you and I and millions buy with hard-earned money, prices that ulti*mately meant an increase of as much* as 300 million dollars on the nation's soft-coal bill—Carson demanded that hearings be held at which the consumers might be represented. But the commission refused. It ignored Carson and went ahead with its plans. And on December 1st it announced the first batch of prices.

Then like a hot blast from a hundred ovens came the protests to Washington. The Associated Industries of New York protested that the state was gravely discriminated against. Such cute little kinks as this had crept into the schedules: A ton of three-quarters slack—a type of coal—cost $2.20 at the mine mouth if it was for shipment to Utica, Rochester, Buffalo; whereas the same coal from the same mine cost $1.95 if sold to Erie, and $1.75 at the mine mouth if sold to Cleveland.

But despite that, Cleveland protested that the city was being fined $700 a day by this commission through the increase in the cost of coal to the city. St. Louis sent up a howl that the new schedules would add $3,750,000 a year to St. Louis' coal bills. Chicago cried out that this was going to boost fuel bills in Chicago from eight to thirty per cent. It would add $300,000 a year to the cost of heating the city's buildings alone. Governor Horner protested that 11,000 Illinois miners had lost their jobs because of the *new rates. There was an endless stream* of protests and then a number of the complainants took the case to court.

The great point in all this was that seven men in Washington—and seven quite ordinary persons at that—behind closed doors and upon information they now confess was utterly inadequate, could reach into the pocket of every man and woman and child in America and impose a tax for the benefit of the coal operators and coal miners without revealing their data and without giving the legal representatives of the consumers so much as a hearing.

Every Man for Himself

The Circuit Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia put an end to the farce by holding that because the commission had refused to hold open hearings its action was illegal. Then the commission, without further fight, suspended its ill-starred price schedules and a little while later Mr. Hosford resigned as chairman.

This marked the climax of the meteoric career of the junior senator from Pennsylvania. From this point on it was every man for himself. Then followed that amazing series of charges and countercharges that preceded the dramatic Democratic primaries, split the Democratic party and ended in the calamitous defeat of the candidates of Guffey and Lewis. The commission hangs on. Mr. Tetlow, miner, is now chairman. What its fate will be no one can tell. But its history has dealt a severe blow to the expectations of the millennium that was to come out of this new form of government for democratic America.

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The Stepbaby

Continued from page 10

appeared very casually before the foreman's house, and stopped to "pass de time er day," but Giles and Betsy both knew exactly why they had come. The story was repeated, over and over. The Widow Duck had her little joke with Giles about the baby. She had heard tell, she related, that up in Arkansas, when a stranger brought a baby to a man's house like that, it was a sign that the baby's mamma and the man weren't strangers.

Betsy joined in the joke with, "Dat nigger which say he dis baby's papa didn't look like dis baby's papa to me. He looked like he might er comed f'm Arkansas. Giles, is you been up in Arkansas lately?"

"Ah, Lawd," laughed Giles, "I gits around a heap, and I might er stopped off in Arkansas."

THE laughter was interrupted by a loud cry from the baby now being held in the squatting Betsy's lap. Giles jumped up and started on a run. The Widow Duck, however, was not excited. "Hold on," she ordered. "Dat ain't nothin' but a toothin' squall." She waddled over to the baby.

"Open yo' mouf, son," she said, prying the baby's gums apart with an adroit twist of her finger.

She massaged his gums with her finger. "Yep," she declared. "He fixin' to cut some mo' teef, and hit make him ail. Betsy, bring me a piece er middlin' skin, and, Giles, you go pull up three stalks er cotton and bring de roots in hyar for me to bile. You see—" she turned to Betsy with the air of a teacher—"when his toof cut th'ough de gum, dat hurts. And den he swallow dem pains and dey gits in his stomach and dat give him de bellyache, and dat's how come he cryin'."

"Do for a fack?" Betsy was impressed.

"And so you gonter feed him cotton-root tea," the Widow Duck went on, "and dat's gonter wash dem pains right on th'ough him and he won't ail no mo'. Den he gonter chew on dat middlin' skin, which is so tough and stout hit gonter take up all de new pains which come outn de gums."

"Lawd!" exclaimed Betsy. "Babies is a heap er trouble to take keer of, ain't they?"

"Not near as much trouble as chickens," snorted the Widow Duck. "All you got to do is know how."

The cotton roots were cut off and washed, and a kettleful of water was placed on the stove. When the water boiled, the Widow Duck put the roots in the kettle and counted to a hundred. Then she removed the roots and served a cupful of the broth, spoonful at a time, to Loveless. The baby presently fell into a peaceful sleep.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after the arrival of the baby, an old car rattled up the bayou road, and a woman got out. She stopped in front of Giles' house where Betsy was on the porch waving a leafy cottonwood limb to keep the flies shooed off Loveless. Betsy's nose went up in disgust, for the woman wore a pair of red slacks that came almost to her armpits, a pink silk blouse and a pair of high-heeled patent-leather shoes. She held a folded newspaper over her bare head to ward off the sun.

"Is dis whar de head man er dis place live at?" the woman demanded.

"Hit is," Betsy answered.

"Y'all got my baby hyar," the woman informed Betsy, "and I comed to git him back."

"You and who else?" challenged Betsy.

"Gittin' hard, hunh?" the woman jeered. "Now, listen at me, country nigger. I comed to git dat baby, and when I comes to git somethin' I most gen'ally gits hit."

Betsy stood up and backed close to the open door. "Dar de baby, on de pallet," she offered. "Git him efn you feels like you's big enough."

The visitor drew a razor from her slacks pocket and flipped out the blade with an expert movement. "Efn I ain't big enough," she stated, "I got de diff'unce in dis razor."

Betsy reached behind her and dragged out Giles' pump-gun. "You's fixin' to wade th'ough some buckshots efn you come in my yard, gal," she warned. "You got dat much diff'unce?"

Betsy knew the weapon was loaded with birdshot but she didn't take the trouble to explain. The stranger stopped and stared at the muzzle pointed directly at her. The look in Betsy's eyes warned her; she sheathed the razor, returning it to her pocket.

"You got me wid dat gun, kid," the woman admitted. "But I'm comin' back wid de diff'unce."

Betsy was outraged. "Don't you call me no kid, you strumpet!" she yelled. "You better git on down dat path!"

The red slacks turned and started to walk away.

"Run!" Betsy shouted. "'Cause I'm fixin' to start shootin'!"

The woman quickened her steps.

"Run!"

The woman continued to walk; Betsy raised the gun and fired. The woman shrieked, jumped into the air and broke into a run. Betsy methodically fired four more shots, and with each charge the fleeing stranger leaped, squealed and put on speed. When she reached the automobile she hopped in and the machine was quickly driven away.

Betsy returned the gun to the rack by the door and resumed fanning the sleeping baby. Giles rode up breathlessly a few moments later.

"What goin' on?" he demanded. "Who you shootin' at?"

"I was shootin' at a razor-totin' alley-bat," Betsy told him calmly, "that claim she Loveless' mamma."

"Did you hit her?" Giles asked.

"I sprinkled her some," Betsy admitted, "but hit wan't only birdshots—"

GILES was disgusted. "Fool," he said, "don't you know better den sprinkle somebody wid birdshots? Don't never shoot at nobody onless you aims to kill 'em off."

"De gun was loaded up wid birdshots," Betsy apologized.

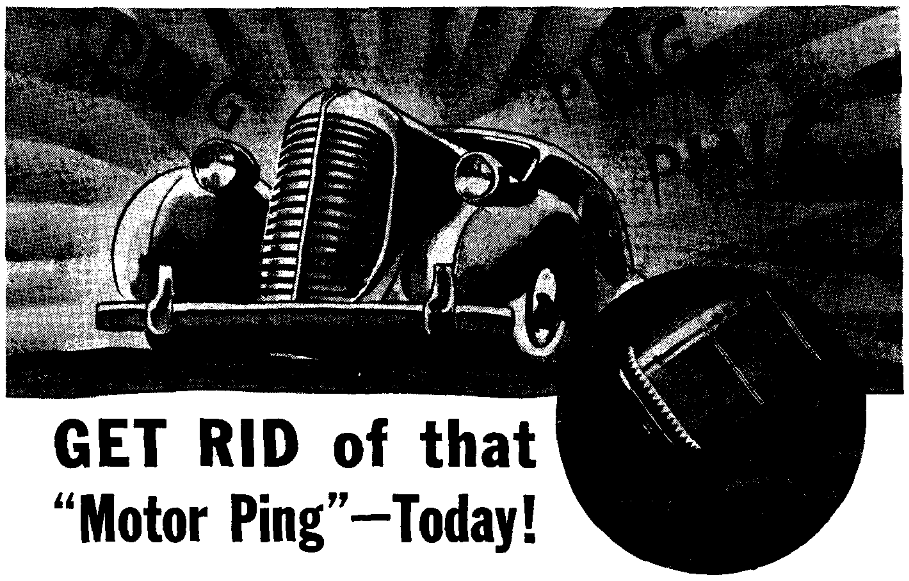
"Whyn't you git de .270 hawk gun?" Giles demanded. "You can't never do nobody nothin' wid birdshots. Dat jest burns 'em and makes 'em mad. Now, I bet she's fixin' to come back and make trouble."

"Nope." Betsy was positive. "She might come back but I'll make de trouble. I done loaded dat gun up wid buckshots dis time."

Less than an hour later, the old car drove up the road again. Giles stepped indoors, filled the magazine of the rifle and brought it with the shotgun to the porch. He handed the gun to Betsy and held the rifle on his lap.

The woman in the red slacks stepped out of the car. Immediately behind her, Albert crawled out, followed by another man. Giles and Betsy waited patiently as the trio walked the two hundred yards of path from the road.

Giles decided that the woman was all that Betsy had said she was. Albert was



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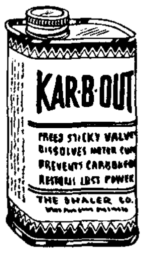

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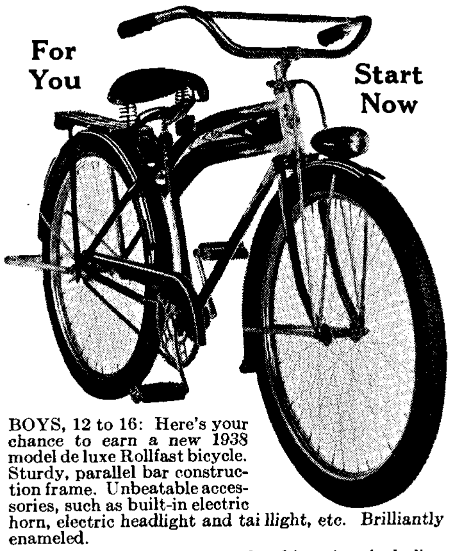

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still the halting, timid no-good that Giles had seen four days before. But the man who walked behind Albert was a different proposition. He looked hard and mean. He was small, with saddle-colored skin and a quick, nervous step, and moved as if he knew exactly where he was going. He followed Albert and the woman to the yard gate and stood behind them while Albert talked. Giles noticed that the man kept his hand in his shirt bosom.

"Us comed," Albert began meekly, "to git dat baby that I left out hyar."

Giles sniffed pointedly. "Does I smell cucumbers," he asked, "or is dat smell a snake crawlin' 'round?"

The man behind Albert whispered something and Albert said: "Hit was a mistake about me leavin' dat baby hyar. I stole dat baby f'm Ruby, hyar, and now I comed to git him back, so's I kin give him to Ruby."

"I'm de baby's mamma," Ruby explained, "and Albert, hyar, is his step-pappy, and he got jealous and gived de baby away."

"I reckon," Giles observed sarcastically to the other man, "dat dis baby is about yo' granchile, hunh?"

"Naw," said the hard man. "He my oncle."

GILES saw a hawk light in a dead tree on the bayou bank, a hundred yards away. Deliberately he lifted the rifle and made the kill with a single shot. "Well, hyar de baby layin' on de po'ch," he invited. "Efn any y'all feel like you wants him bad enough, jest open dat gate and wawk in."

The little man nudged Albert. "Go git him," he commanded.

"Aw, Black Jack," Albert protested, "dat man'll shoot me like he done dat hawk."

"Go on," Black Jack repeated.

"Jest hold off," ordered Giles, swinging his rifle toward the visitors. "You, Black Jack boy, drag yo' hand outn yo' shirt front wid de pa'm twarge me. And do hit now or I'll put a size .270 right th'ough yo' gizzard."

Black Jack pulled his hand out of his shirt and the little pistol he had been holding dropped down against his belt.

"Now, Albert," Giles continued, "reach yo' hand in and pull dat little ole Sad-day night pistol out and drap hit on de ground."

Black Jack glared sullenly as he was being disarmed.

"And you, Ruby," the foreman went on, "you take and fold yo' hands behind yo' haid, whilst Albert gits dat ole razor outn yo' pocket."

The razor dropped to the ground beside the pistol. "When I has dealin' wid snakes," Giles explained amiably, "I pulls out dey fangs, so's I won't git bit."

His three prisoners maintained a dark silence.

"Albert," Giles turned to him, "I tole you when you brang dat baby out hyar, you might be snake-in-de-grassin' me, and I tole you dat efn you was, bad luck was sho' gonter overtake you."

Albert squirmed, started to speak, and changed his mind.

"Ruby, you's gittin' off lucky," the foreman told the woman, "'cause about all you gonter git outn dis humbug you done already got when Betsy sprinkled dem red britches er yo'n wid de birdshots. But, Albert, I'm gonter give you to dis hyar Black Jack boy, and I bet he gonter kill you. And dat's gonter be dat bad luck I tole you 'bout. And, Black Jack, yo' bad luck is comin' when de high sheriff tie dat rope 'round yo' neck and snatch de floor out f'm under you for killin' Albert. Now, all er y'all drag hit on back to de road and drive away fast. 'Cause quick as I kin count up to a hund'ed, I'm gonter start shootin' dis .270 at you. And dis gun will blow up yore car a half a mile off. Now, git!"

The three turned and started down the path.

"He meant for you to git fast," Betsy yelled. "Run!"

Albert and Ruby began to trot, but Black Jack walked.

"You squinchy nigger," shouted Betsy, "I said run!"

Black Jack glared over his shoulder in time to see Betsy bring the shotgun to firing position. He ran.

Giles returned to the fields. When he came to Doc's field, he saw Blue Racer was chopping but Doc was not plowing. "Whar Doc at?" he demanded.

"He driv Mis' Duck over to town," Blue Racer told him. "Mis' Duck claim that she ailin' bad, and she yelled for Doc."

Giles frowned. The Widow Duck was not one to pretend sickness when there was grass in the field. "Did she look bad off?" he asked.

"Naw-suh, she look jest like she always look. She jest say she had to git to town, quick."

"Her and Doc bofe know she got to ax me befo' he kin drive off like dat," Giles reminded her.

"She claim she didn't had time."

"I bet dat ole woman is up to some devilment," he reasoned.

"I bet, too," Doc's wife agreed. "She kind er had dat up-to-devilment look in her eyes."

"Well," concluded the foreman, "standin' hyar tawkin' ain't no way to whup dis Johnson grass. Efn a rain'd come up and ketch us, us'd sho' be in de grass, bad." He galloped off, riding from job to job, urging harder work against the flourishing grass, but even as he spoke, he had a feeling of his own inefficiency.

When the breeze came up, between midafternoon and sundown, he rode back to the house to see Betsy and Loveless. As he arrived, he saw a strange car drive up to the road and stop. Betsy at once put down her fly-chaser and picked up the shotgun.

"Hold on!" Giles warned. "Hit's a white lady gittin' outn dat car. I know she ain't gonter claim to be de mamma er dis dark chile."

Betsy looked. "Hit's Miss Mildred!" she exclaimed. "De welfare lady!"

"Sho'," said Giles, "she don't mean us no harm."

Just then Doc drove up in the plantation car, which disgorged the Widow Duck and another woman as big and black as she.

"Damn!" Giles ejaculated. "Yonder come another ot-to! Look like hit's de high sheriff's car!"

"Hit is," Betsy affirmed. "Dat's Mister Brady Jarrett, hisse'f, gittin' out." She made a grab for the baby.

"Hey," Giles stopped her, "whar you fixin' to go?"

"I'm hittin' for de woods, wid dis baby," Betsy said. "Ain't nobody gonter take dis baby—"

"Ain't no need runnin' f'm Mister Brady Jarrett," Giles told her. "You jest run into mo' trouble—and looky yonder at dat red-britches gal and dem mens gittin' outn Mister Brady Jarrett's ot-to!"

BY THIS time, Miss Mildred was nearly to the house. She waved a friendly greeting to Giles and Betsy. "I hear," she called, "that you all have a baby visiting you?"

"Yas'm, Miss Mildred," admitted Betsy. "He hyar."

"I've been hunting for that baby for the past two weeks," Miss Mildred said, "and as soon as I learned you and Giles were taking care of him, I decided to let him stay with you until somebody showed up to claim him."

"Somebody," said Betsy miserably, "showed up today. Twice."

"I know," said Miss Mildred. "The Widow Duck brought me word about them. The sheriff picked them up at the bridge." She pointed to the sheriff's party. "Are they the ones?"

"Dey de members," Betsy stated. "Red-britches Ruby and all!"

The Widow Duck and her companion waddled up. "Betsy, you and Giles meet up wid de Widow Bowers, f'm over at Plain Dealin'. Mis' Bowers, dis is Betsy and Giles."

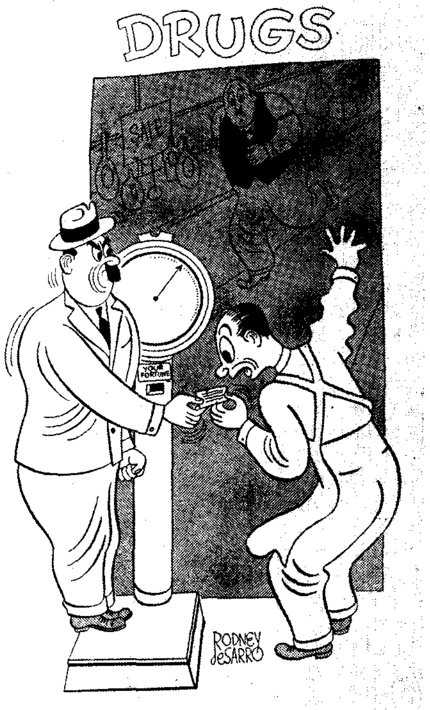
The Widow Bowers was politely pleased to make their acquaintance.

"She is the baby's great-grandmother," Miss Mildred told them, "and the nearest kin. The baby's mother sort of went to the bad—"

"Bessie was kind er fast," the Widow Bowers put in hurriedly, "but hit wan't her fault. She got mixed up wid some boys in de public works, and kind er drifted over to Shrevespo't. She claim she workin' in de laundry."

Giles and Betsy nodded their understanding and sympathy.

"She died off about two weeks ago," the Widow Bowers went on, "and I went over and buried her. I hyared she had a baby, but I couldn't find him, so I axed Miss Mildred hyar—"



"Something's wrong with the scales, boss! Listen to this: 'A grumpy person, you are inclined to fits of rage; a sap in business matters, you will pull a shady deal if given the opportunity!'"

RODNEY DE SARRO

The sheriff and his three prisoners came up. "You know these people, Giles?" he asked.

"Yas-suh, Mister Brady Jarrett," Giles said eagerly. "Dat slow-movin' nigger say his name is Albert. He brang de baby at my house last Chuesday. Dat bad-lookin' nigger call hisse'f Black Jack, but he was totin' a Sad-day night pearl-handle in his shirt front when I seed him a while ago. And dat lady in her red britches—efn she got some bumps on her behime under dem britches, well, dat's whar Betsy sprinkled her wid some birdshots, when she claim she de baby's mamma."

"No doubt about them, I reckon, Miss Mildred?" the sheriff asked.

"Ruby and Black Jack both have a bad record," stated the social worker. She turned to Albert. "How did you happen to get messed up in a kidnaping, Albert?" she asked. "You've never been in trouble before."

Albert hesitated. "Well, I tell you, Miss Mildred," he said. "Ruby is married up to me. I bought her a pair er cou't-house licenses—"

"Nigger, dat was fo' years ago," snapped Ruby.

"I paid three dollars and a ha'f for dem licenses—"

"And I quit you—"

"Wait a minute, Ruby," ordered the sheriff. "Let's hear Albert."

"So when Bessie died off," Albert continued his explanation, "hit was some in-surance jue de baby. So Ruby and Black Jack stole de baby so's dey c'd git de money and run off and leave me. So I tuck de baby out hyar and gived him to dis man, yonder, so's dey couldn't git dat money and run off."

"In-surance?" the Widow Bowers interrupted. "Bessie didn't had no in-surance. Hit was me. I had five hund'ed dollars on her and I done already collected and banked hit."

"Hunh?" Black Jack turned on Ruby. "Gal, you lied to me!"

"Bessie tole me she was in-sured—"

"Never mind," broke in the sheriff. "Come on!" He led the prisoners away.

The Widow Bowers turned to Giles and Betsy. "I know y'all hates to give up dat fine-lookin' baby," she said sympathetically, "but I reckon I got to take my own flesh and blood. And I reckon"—she reached into a roomy handbag she was carrying—"I reckon I better pay y'all for his keep. Long as I got a dime, I aim to pay dat boy's way."

"You don't owe us nothin'," Giles protested vehemently.

"Naw, hit was a pleasure," Betsy assured her. "And efn he git de bellyache, dat's on account er him cuttin' teef and swallowin' de pains."

The Widow Bowers laughed. "Go 'haid," she said. "I rose up nine chilluns er my own, and I don't know how many for yuther people. A little middlin' skin and sassafras tea—"

"Cotton-root tea," Betsy suggested.

"Sassafras tea," snapped the Widow Bowers.

"Wait a minute," the Widow Duck interrupted. "Hit ain't no need to squabble. When de baby is over hyar, us gives him cotton-root tea, cause us got plenty er cotton. When he git back to Plain Dealin', you give him sassafras, cause y'all got a heap er sassafras. De Book say, 'Wither thou goest wid de baby, be it in a strange land, wharfo' you give him what grow tharin.' "

"Amen!" said the Widow Bowers fervently. "De Sperrit be on you, sister."

"God will change conditions, soul," the Widow Duck returned politely. "Be not disencouraged. Now, Doc, you take and drive Mis' Bowers and her grandbaby on back home. And you better hurry on back and hit a few licks in yo' field befo' sundown."

THE Widow Bowers and the baby left with Doc, while the Widow Duck stood and glared at the foreman. "Doc's field is plenty grassy," she said accusingly, "and he got de cleanest field on de place."

"I know dat," Giles shouted. "Dis whole place done gone to de dogs!"

He went hurriedly to his horse, growling and snarling to himself: "Us gittin' in de grass, and I won't have hit. Ev'ybody got to th'ow hit in high gear and bear down."

He climbed into the saddle. "And dat mean you, same as de rest, Mis' Duck," he shouted at her. "Grab yo' hoe and hit de field!" He rode away at a dead run.

The Widow Duck grinned at Betsy. "He mean business now," she observed. "He got his mind off'n babies and on dis cotton crop."

"He gonter be mighty hongry when he git in tonight," Betsy predicted. "I better git him a good supper."

Loony Lew

Continued from page 11

(first noted film), with new comment by a speaker. Lehr wrote the comment and dubbed it in and the pictures had some small success. At about the same time Don Barclay, the stage comedian, was doing an act with a Charlie Chaplin film in Ziegfeld Follies. Barclay would act as a screen director, giving advice to Chaplin on humor. Truman Talley of Fox Movietone News saw the act and thought it was immense. He called in Kirby. "Why can't we have something like that?" Kirby screamed back at him: "We have! Right downstairs!" and that's how Lew Lehr got into pictures.

He began writing comment for serious short subjects and from that graduated into nonsense. Right now he edits, writes and speaks. It is a job fit to kill a mule. Twice a week Lehr works all day and until four or five o'clock the next morning. He has to see thousands of feet of film run off. Then it is selected, cut, and sound is dubbed in.

Lehr got his start in hokum in a most honorable way, being a graduate of a vaudeville act called Mother Goose. It was a standard act for years with J. C. Mack playing the part of the old lady who had trouble with her brats. Lew was Simple Simon, and his wife, Anna Leonhardt (stage name, Nancy Belle), was Little Bo Peep.

When war was declared in 1917, Lew joined up with the 74th Railway Artillery and in 1918 was off to France on the S. S. Mongolia. More than two hundred men died of flu on that voyage and Lew remembers the trip with distaste. He raised the silly mustache on a bet and it immediately established him as an actor in France. From his memory he dredged up every act he had ever seen in vaudeville and plagiarism ran rampant on the Western Front. When he got back after the Armistice, he launched out in an act called Lehr, Edmunds and Marr, a piano act with comedy, the boys dressed in khaki (which was all they had). It folded and Lew started selling real estate.

That also flopped and he started out with his wife in the act that kept them going for years. They opened in Bridgeton, New Jersey, and Lew closed the bill with a burlesque dance in which he was dressed as a dame, very bare in the back (and with a question mark where clothes might have been), a bow and arrow, a falsetto voice, and a closing dance (the Fawn in Spring). His wife cried in shame in the dressing room after it was over, but she was wrong, because Bridgeton loved it and the act never got along without it thereafter.

Lew lives in Forest Hills, Long Island, with that same wife, the Nancy Belle of the act, and is extremely proud of his daughter (aged fifteen).

What he is selling the dear public is hokum and he understands the matter fundamentally.

"Hokum!" he cries. "You bet. . . . You gotta give it to 'em. . . . ZAM! No turning back halfway. You go the whole hog. You hit 'em with it. . . . ZOWIE. If they like it, you get a yell. If it flops, which heaven forbid, the thud will remind you of clods hitting your coffin."

Mr. Lehr shudders at the thought.

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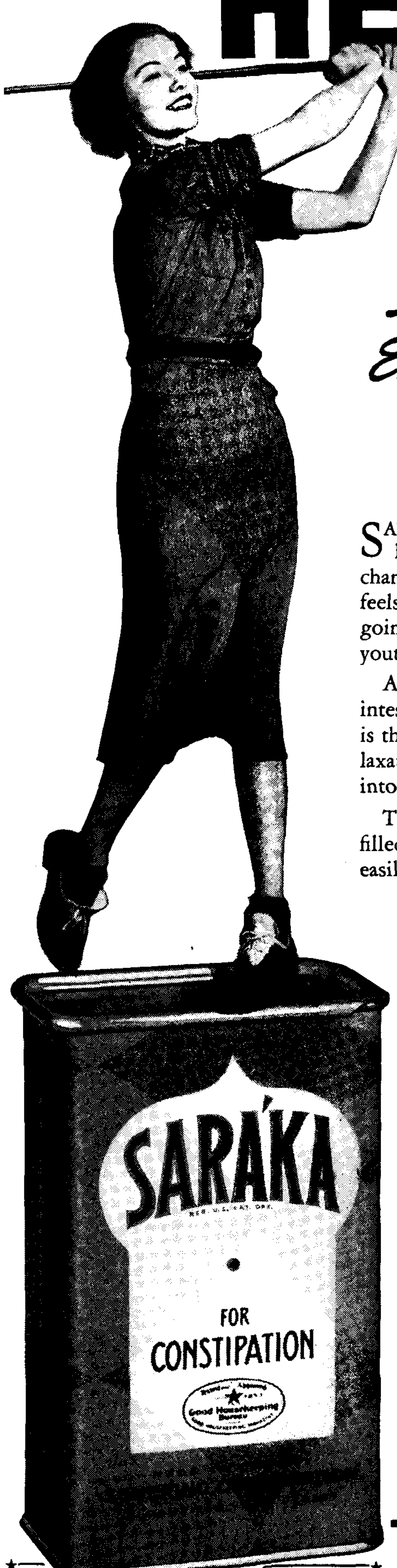

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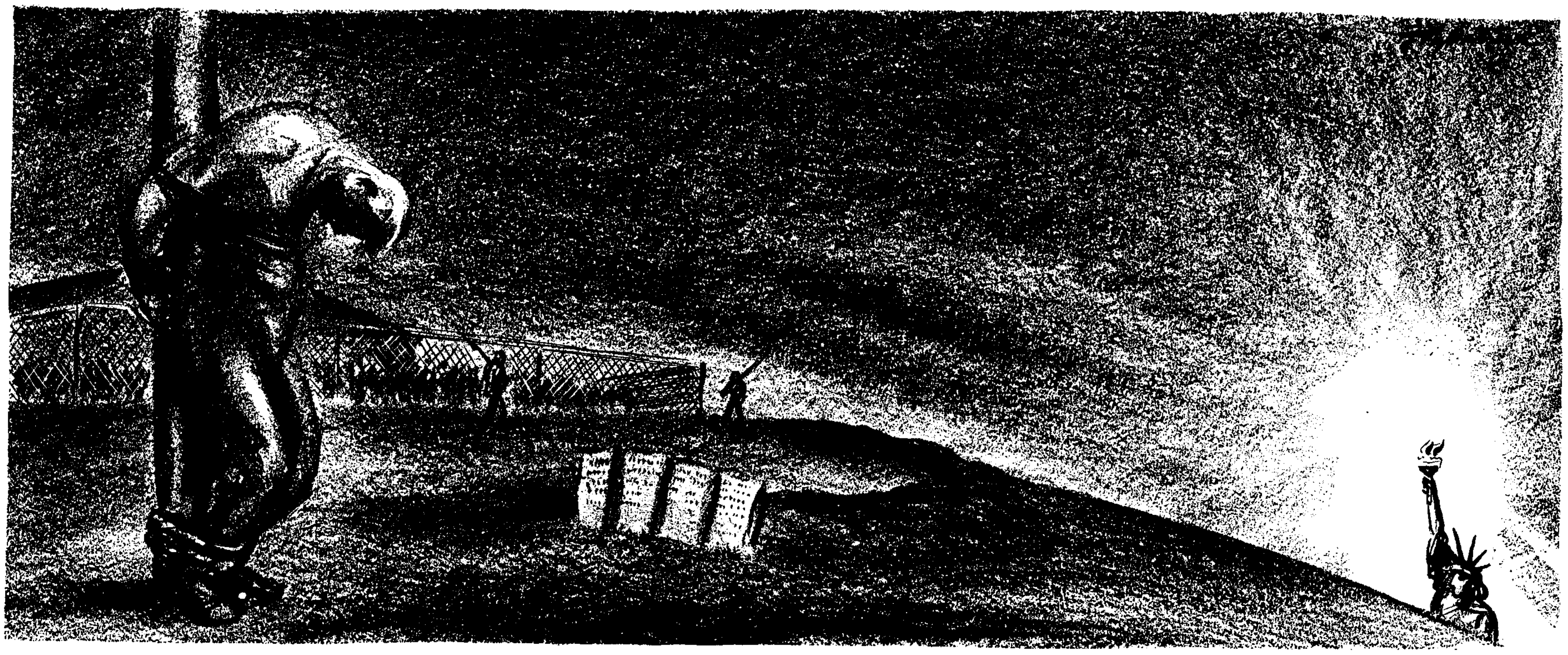

The Battle Cry Still Rings

WHEN those of us who are now mature, not to say middle-aged, were very young citizens, the Fourth of July speechmakers seemed wordy and windy. In our youthful ears liberty and independence and self-government were all right but, we asked, why get in a lather of excitement? Ain't we free and independent? Don't we govern ourselves? Why so much oratory about questions that were settled for all time long, long ago?

The young people of 1938 are not quite so smug. They may not be wiser or even less easily bored than were their fathers and mothers but the wheel of destiny has turned. Rights and privileges that twenty-five years ago everyone accepted as parts of the fixed order of life must once more be won by endless sacrifice throughout much of the so-called civilized world.

What do you think would happen to an Austrian or a German or an Italian who stood up in public and began to recite these words:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Concentration camps are maintained in Germany and Italy and Austria for the custody of people who are even suspected of harboring such heretical views. The speaker who had the audacity to read our Declaration of Independence in Russia or Japan would be lucky to escape being murdered. Over much of the world the privileges we regard as inalienable human rights must once more be won by bitter sacrifice if men and women are to have them and enjoy them.

We, ourselves, are not so inclined to assume that we cannot lose the liberties we inherited. The spectacle of the subjugation of other proud people by dictators and their arrogant gangs of gunmen is disconcerting. Maybe we are not immune to political disturbances that destroyed the immediate possibility of self-government in so many other lands. At all events, it will do no harm to be alert.

The people who have lost their liberties traded self-government for something that seemed tangible. Actually, they got little or nothing in the exchange. Governments do not have to be generous to impotent citizens. Germans and Italians thought they were getting economic security when they surrendered self-government. Actually, their material standards of living did not rise. By their surrender they lost even the right to protest.

We have not attained economic security in this country even though as a nation we continue to live far better than any other people. We are struggling to attain economic security. In this effort the national government is assuming many responsibilities hitherto borne by individuals and by state and local governments.

Much of this change is the inevitable adjustment to new conditions. New inventions, new machines, new techniques have created new living conditions. Every human activity is being organized. Business, labor, science, religion, even entertainment, are managed for us by national organizations. Some are private and some are governmental. Almost all are organized. Machines that we wanted and invented did this to us. When we eat the same foods, prefer the same styles in clothes and hats and toothbrushes, hear the same jokes and listen to the same songs and the same speeches, it is absurd not to expect to have country-wide services organized on a national scale. We cannot escape the logic of the motorcar, radio and telephone.

The government, moreover, is going to continue to play an increasingly larger part in the management of our lives. The government has extended its control over business because some businessmen asked the government to supervise other businesses. Such is the history of the growth of government. There is no reason to think that politically powerful groups of citizens will cease demanding extensions of governmental authority.

But all this inevitable expansion of governmental activity need not be purchased at the cost of any fundamental liberties. If we want freedom we can be free. Machines enable us to produce more, to travel more extensively, to enjoy new things, to live on a higher material level. We don't have to trade freedom for economic advantage.

On the contrary, the more freedom we have the more active our minds become. It was no accident that a land dedicated to personal liberty and universal self-government became swiftly the richest of nations. For a free life gave every ambitious boy the most favorable opportunity to go as far as talent, energy and luck could carry him.

A hundred and sixty-two years ago great courage and great intelligence were required of those who gave us liberty. The men who signed our Declaration of Independence were not being bombastic when they said simply: "for the support of this Declaration . . . we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor." As a matter of calm fact, any one of them unlucky enough to be captured before the Revolutionary War was won would have been in imminent danger of hanging. Victory made them safe.

Not so much daring is required to safeguard liberty today but the need for considered wisdom is very great. It is all too easy to abandon basic rights in the hope that a generous government will care for a helpless people. It is much more difficult to insist that fundamental human liberties be undisturbed and that at the same time the government be expanded to carry on its extensive responsibilities in our very complicated social order.

In our own time and in our own way we must carry on the struggle if we want to enjoy those inalienable rights that for so long have made the United States a promised land to all who craved liberty and opportunity.

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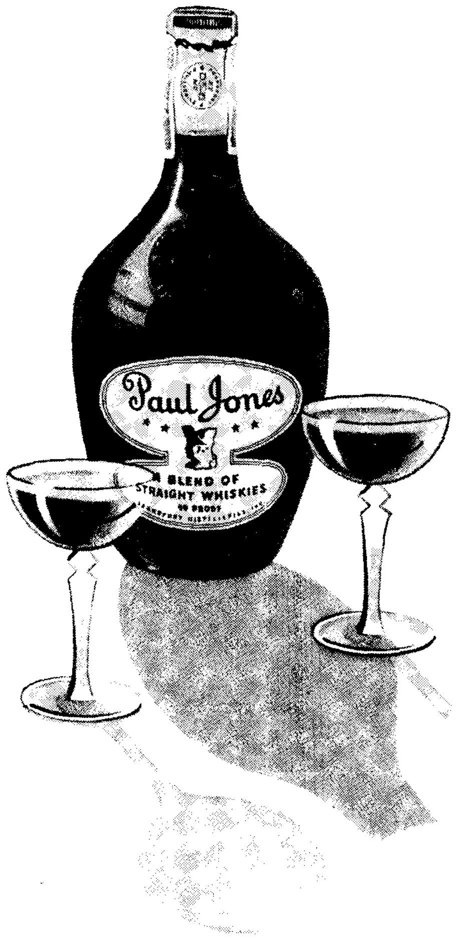
R... is for the *red-letter* day when you first discovered how grand a whiskey can be when it brings you the same quality of dryness you've always prized so highly in your champagne, your sherry, and your cocktails, too!

Y... is for the 73 *years* we've been distilling this noble whiskey. *Every drop is whiskey*—distilled by the same slow old-fashioned method we used back in 1865, when Paul Jones first became known as "A Gentleman's Whiskey!"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